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THE NEW YORKER

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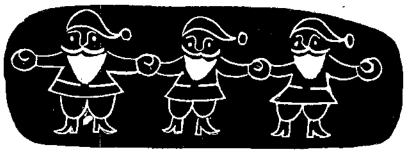
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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4	5	6	7	8	9	10

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—Loring Mandel's melodrama, an adaptation of the Allen Drury novel, deals with political shenanigans in Washington in the course of a struggle by the conservatives to prevent the appointment as Secretary of State of a professor who has shown some Leftist leanings in the past. None of the characters—and more than thirty of them file by in the course of the affair—have much substance, and the playwright's ideas of governmental procedure are highly implausible. However, Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy make an exciting group of senatorial battlers. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Becket—Portraying, respectively, the Archbishop and the King in Jean Anouilh's dishevelled account of the twelfth-century struggle for dominance between Church and State, Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn employ such different styles that they never do blend their performances satisfactorily. Nor does Peter Glenville's direction succeed in weaving all the wayward strands of the play into a coherent pattern. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Best Man—Melvyn Douglas, Lee Tracy, and Frank Lovejoy are the main participants in this lively *drame à clef* by Gore Vidal, which deals with the backstage maneuverings at an unidentified Presidential convention. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A felicitous and funny divertissement in which two highly original comics spoof everything from modern drama to the P.-T.A. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

The 49th Cousin—Menasha Skulnik, the droll sprite from the Yiddish theatre, tackles the task of portraying a family ogre in this simple little domestic comedy, but the role is alien to his nature. Nevertheless, he is beguiling, and he gets warm support from Martha Scott, Marian Winters, Evans Evans, Gerald Hiken, and John Boruff. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Hostage—A sprawling play by Brendan Behan that is at once prankish, vulgar, and amusing as it describes the commotion in a Dublin brothel where a British soldier is being kept prisoner by the I.R.A. The direction has been capably handled by Joan Littlewood, and the cast, led by Maxwell Shaw and Avis Bunnage, is extremely competent. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Invitation to a March—The impressive talents of Celeste Holm, Madeleine Sherwood, Jane Fonda, Eileen Heckart, James MacArthur, and Richard Derr are not used to much purpose in this comedy by Arthur Laurents about life as it is lived on the dunes of Long Island's South Shore, but there are occasional lively lines, and some of the situations have spirit. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Period of Adjustment—A Tennessee Williams drama that is advertised as a serious comedy. It is often silly when it tries to be serious and glum when it tries to be comic, but Barbara Baxley and Robert Webber, and Rosemary Murphy and James Daly, who portray two star-crossed married couples in the South, are laudable performers. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—There are some strange characters on view in this drama, but Shelagh Delaney, the North Country English girl who wrote it a couple of years ago, when she was nineteen, has certainly infused them with life and put them into a convincing setting. The cast contains only five performers, and they are all excellent—Angela Lansbury, as a prostitute getting long in the tooth; Nigel Davenport, as her protector; Joan Plowright, as her daughter; Billy Dee Williams, as the daughter's colored seducer; and Andrew Ray, as the girl's sympathetic homosexual pal. Miss Plowright is especially noteworthy in a very taxing role. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Under the Yum-Yum Tree—Lawrence Roman's comedy about a San Francisco maiden who is happy to share quarters with her fiancé but wants him to keep his distance is all pretty arch. Sandra Church is occasionally diverting as the determined virgin, and Dean Jones is reasonably helpful as her frustrated suitor. It is Gig Young, however, as a libidinous landlord, who provides the play's most antic moments. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wall—Millard Lampell's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the Jews trapped in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. It has some strong scenes, but it tries to interest us so swiftly in so many people that we never get to know most of them more than casually. Among the prisoners in the ghetto are George C. Scott, Yvonne Mitchell, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—the miracle worker: Some seventy years ago, an Irish girl called Annie Sullivan taught a blind deaf-mute named Helen Keller how to communicate with the world. William Gibson wrote the script, and his leading players are Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the tenth man:** A nihilistic young lawyer is restored to life and love by an exorcism ceremony performed on a Jewish girl who is thought to be possessed by a dybbuk. With Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi. Words by Paddy Chayefsky. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **toys in the attic:** Lillian Hellman's play about the ways in which sex and money undermine a genteel New Orleans family. Irene Worth, Maureen Stapleton, and Robert Loggia star in it. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

All the Way Home—A play by Tad Mosel, taken from James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family," with Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, and Lillian Gish. Directed by Arthur Penn and presented by Fred Coe, in association with Arthur Cantor. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bye Bye Birdie—A bouncy and diverting introduction to some fresh, feckless, and captivating people in the orbit of rock' n' roll. Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke are at the head of the cast, and Charles Strouse, Lee Adams, and Michael Stewart are responsible for music, lyrics, and book, respectively. The direction, by Gower Champion, is a triumph. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—Using leers as substitutes for laughs, this importation—from France via England—describes the antics of a Parisian tart and her innumerable clients. Elizabeth Seal is an agile type, about whom the males in the cast keep buzzing. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—As directed by George Abbott (who collaborated on the book with Jerome Weidman), this show about a snoopy parson given to exploring the haunts of sinners in old Manhattan is quite a tumultuous business, but it isn't very long on comedy. Maurice Evans heads the large and lively cast, and the play has some clever settings by Cecil Beaton. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—A jolly account of the ups and downs of a backwoods Colorado girl who strikes it rich by marrying a man with a silver thumb, goes on to crash Denver and French society with a hell of a bang, and eventually survives the sinking of the Titanic. As played by Tammy Grimes, the lady is a delight, and so, on the whole, is the show in which she figures. It has agreeable tunes by Meredith Willson, colorful sets by Oliver Smith, ingenious choreography by Peter Gennaro, and has been lovingly directed by Dore Schary. (Winter Garden, Broad-

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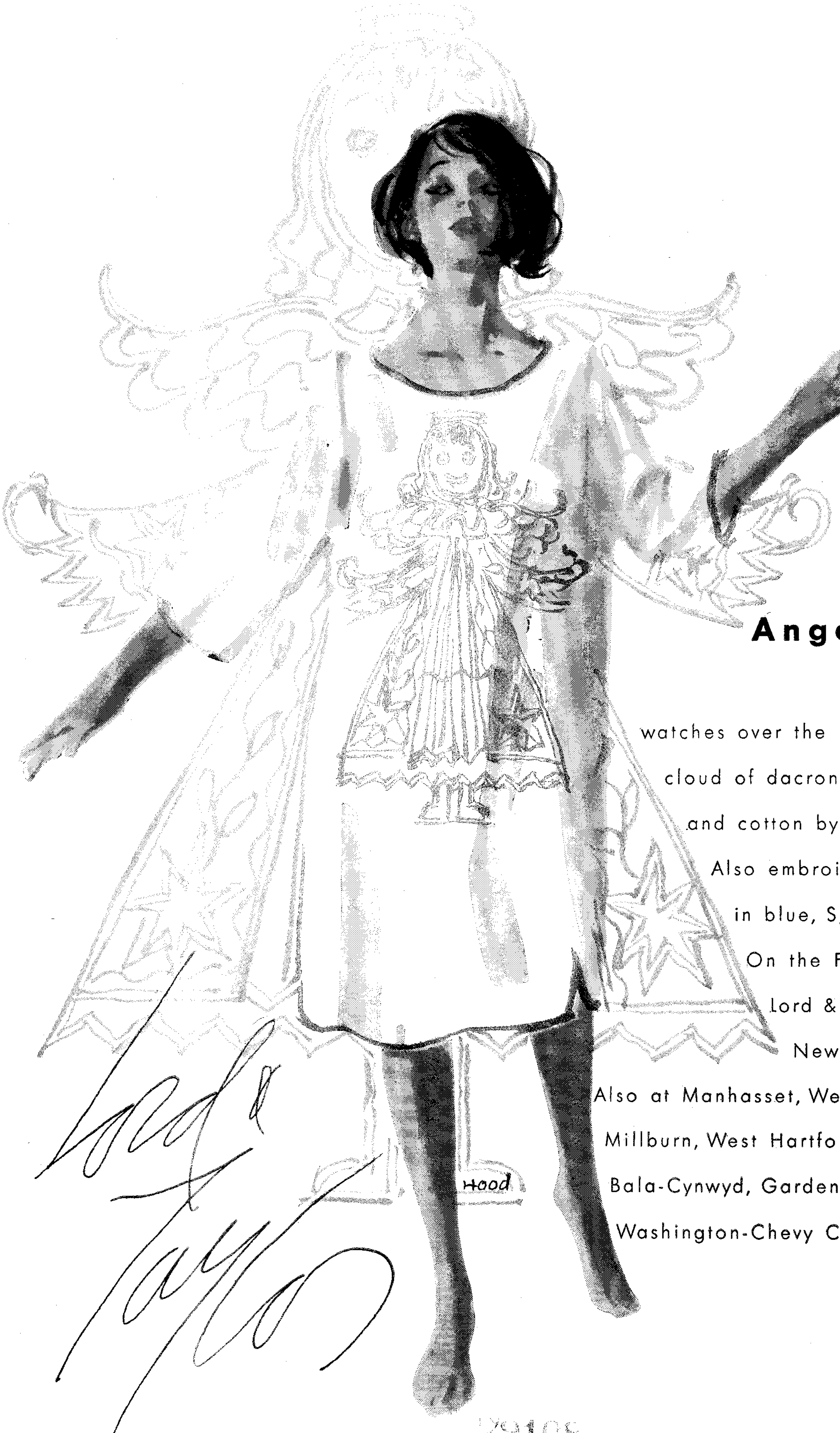

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

way at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—FIORELLO!: A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of LaGuardia as Mayor of New York. Howard Da Silva and Tom Bosley keep the Little Flower blooming. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GYPSY:** The career of Gypsy Rose Lee, from humble beginnings in vaudeville to ecdysiastic heights in burlesque. Ethel Merman plays Gypsy's mother. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MUSIC MAN:** Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Bert Parks. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Pamela Charles that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LA PLUME DE MA TANTE:** A Parisian revue in which Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and several lively girls explore the fringes of Surrealism. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 17.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us about the Trapp family, who fled Austria in 1938 to evade the Nazis and became well known as singers in the United States. With Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **TAKE ME ALONG:** O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!," transformed into a musical. The performers include William Bendix, Eileen Herlie, Sidney Blackmer, and Robert Morse. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WEST SIDE STORY:** "Romeo and Juliet," restated in terms of a teen-age gang war. The cast includes Carol Taylor and Allyn Ann McLerie. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 10.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Little Moon of Alban—Julie Harris and John Justin in James Costigan's play. Mildred Freed Alberg is the producer and Herman Shumlin the director. Opens Thursday, Dec. 1. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Camelot—*Enfin.* Based on T. H. White's novel "The Once and Future King," it has a book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, a score by Frederick Loewe, and a cast headed by Richard Burton and Julie Andrews. Staged by Moss Hart and produced by him and the Messrs. Loewe and Lerner. Opens Saturday, Dec. 3. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Send Me No Flowers—A comedy by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, starring David Wayne and Nancy Olson. Presented by Courtney Burr and Edward Specter Productions, and directed by James Dyas. Opens Monday, Dec. 5. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Love and Libel—Dennis King in a comedy by Robertson Davies. Directed by Tyrone Guthrie and produced by the Theatre Guild, in association with Don Herbert. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 7. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées the first week on Thursday and Saturday, both at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 7-8, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

Dream Play—A brave attempt to squeeze Strindberg's fifty-gun salute to Surrealism, symbolism, "Alice in Wonderland," and Freud into a theatre only half the size of a squash court. John Bowman, who produced, adapted, and directed, has muscles, but they aren't mighty enough. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Drums Under the Windows—A crowded, faithful adaptation by Paul Shyre of the third of Sean O'Casey's billowy autobiographical novels. The time is early in the century and the setting Dublin, and it all depends on how much O'Casey prose you can ingest at one sitting. The cast is admirable under Mr. Shyre's direction. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Greenwich Village, U.S.A.—A musical revue, whose title unfortunately explains all. The cast is extremely peppy, but loses in the end. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, a last-minute replacement, concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two stimulating one-act plays, excellently performed. The first was written by Samuel Beckett and the second by a heretofore unknown American, Edward Albee. The entire enterprise employs only three actors—Henderson Forsythe, Mark Richman, and George Bartenieff. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

BANK FOR SAVING
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Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Mondays through Fridays, except Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. Eileen Brennan ticks off the heroine with consummate art. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Marcus in the High Grass—Marcus, a Virginia boy, don't know who his daddy is, and Bill Gunn, the author, don't know how to write a play, but there is a remarkably good small-house-on-Maple Street set and a sterling performance by J. Frank Lucas, as a long-nosed neighbor. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:45 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

The Mousetrap—Agatha Christie in a retread of some very old material found in her files. There are a lonely English country mansion, uneasy guests, and a homicidal maniac who unwittingly reveals his identity about halfway through, thus casting all suspense to the winds. The play, for some very esoteric reason, has been going for eight years in London. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Plough and the Stars—Gerry Jedd in a revival of Sean O'Casey's play, directed by Stuart Vaughan. Previews Friday through Monday, Dec. 2-5. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 6. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30. Opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

La Ronde—Arthur Schnitzler's celebrated sexual circle has all the fascination of a chart of a round-robin golf tournament but little of the fascination of a play. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

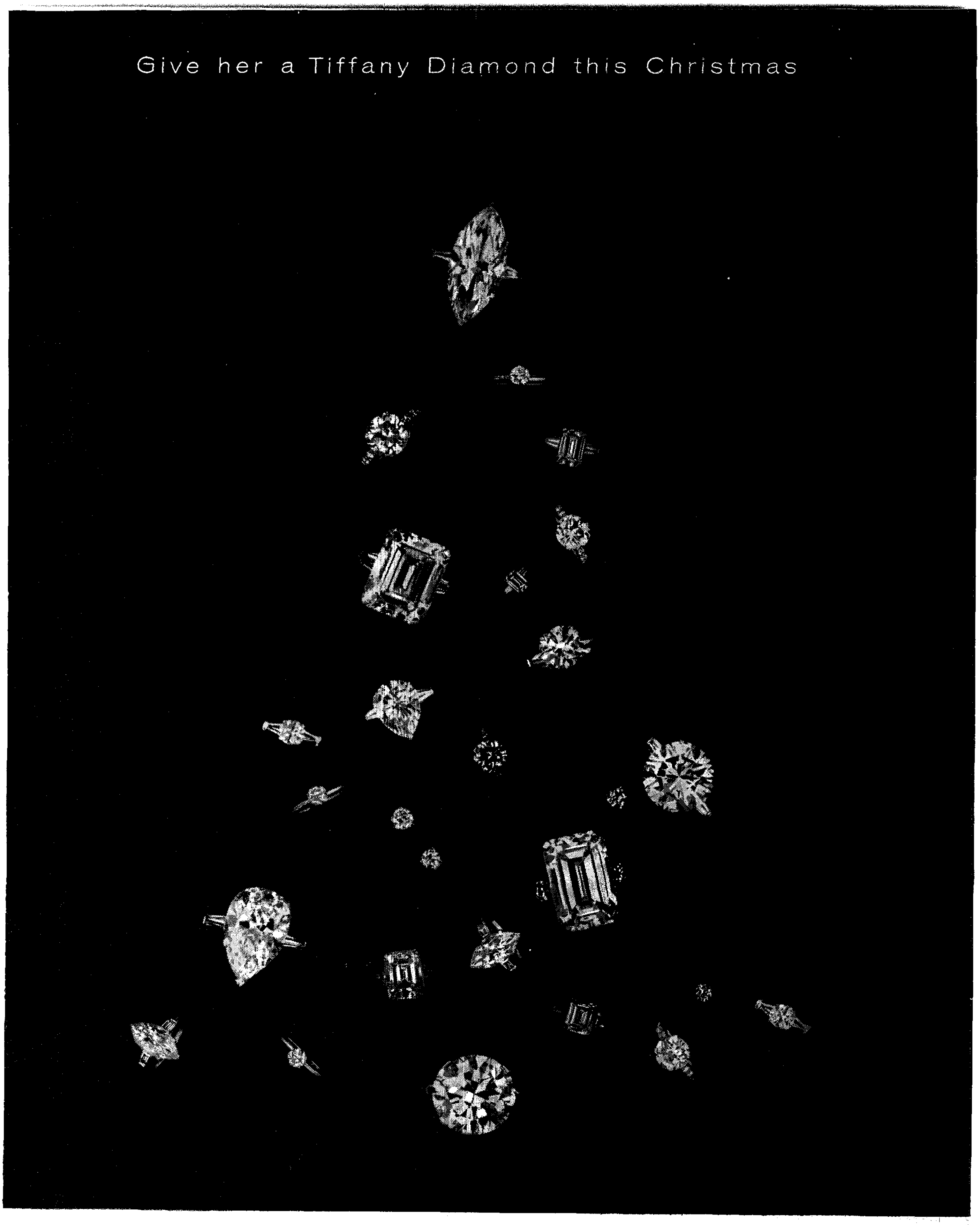
Rosemary and **The Alligators**—Molly Kazan has apparently fashioned these one-act plays out of the funnies and Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" (the first has to do with sorrow in vaudeville days, and the second with a graying gangster's moll who talks too much), and Jo Van Fleet, the mainstay of the evening, does her best not to show that she knows it. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Sundays at 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—Remember the six-day bike races? In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Dec. 1: "Con Amore," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Stripes."...¶ Friday evening, Dec. 2: "Serenade," "Agon," "Still Point," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 3: "Swan Lake," "Agon," "Pas de Deux," and "Firebird."...¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 3: "La Sonnambula," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Tender Night," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 4: "Pas de Dix," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 4: "Souvenirs," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Apollo," and "Swan Lake."...¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 6: "Firebird," "Still Point," and "The Figure in the Carpet."...¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 7: "La Sonnambula," "Jazz Concert" (première), and "Symphony in C."...¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 8: "Interplay," "Tender Night," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Gounod Symphony."...¶ Friday evening, Dec. 9: "La Sonnambula," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Deux," and "Gounod Symphony."...¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 10: "Swan Lake," "Con Amore," "Allegro Brillante," and "Firebird."...¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 10: "Interplay," "Apollo," "Medea," and "Fanfare." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 15.)

Ballet Español Ximenez-Vargas—Flamenco dancers, singers, and guitarists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou, not to mention birds of paradise enow. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra play industriously for the entrance makers.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—"Naughty Marietta," a Victor Herbert soap operetta, has been boiled down to size, which is to say the Cotillion Room, and converted into the dessert for dinner and supper. Wilbur Evans, who understands this sort of musical chairs perfectly, leads a choir that includes Jimmy Carroll. There's no scenery except the customers' furs. Between showings, there's plenty of dance music. Closed Mondays.... ¶ Stanley Worth's polite followers are the dance musicians in the upper-bracket Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The happy talk of Ted Straeter's flowing covey of minstrels and the brisk persiflage of Mark Monte's little band make the Persian Room glow in the dark of night. At dinner and supper, there are songs by Lilo, an inexhaustibly noisy Parisienne and a gleaner of La Ville Lumière's horse-chestnut trees. Lilo departs on Tuesday, Dec. 6; her successor, due next evening, is Pat Windsor, a soprano unknown to a lot of us. Closed Sundays....¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays in the Palm Court for the cocktail hour (four to seven) and in the Edwardian Room for the dinner hour. No dancing in either abode....¶ The stilly night in the Rendez-Vous, a good-looking rest home, is being mildly punctured now and then by the languid dance orchestras run by Maximillian Bergere and the almost legendary Nicholas D'Amico. They start at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Warren Covington, occasional trombonist and singer, occupies the Grill with a fifteen-man dance band that throws the good old Tommy Dorsey book at the customers. Local ground rules require that the boys do it ever so softly. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a remarkably easy way to live like a king, Gloria De Haven shows up at the dinner hour and again at the supper hour to bounce some songs at the customers on the wings of Peter Appleyard's quartet, which is fairly frisky music for the dowager Maisonette. Miss De Haven and the Appleyards go away on Wednesday, Dec. 7; one night later, Bud and Travis, two young men with guitars in hand and their hearts in the highlands and backlands of America, start singing, and well. Milt Shaw's band and Walter Kay's trio fill the rest of the evening with cut-glass dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

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Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Rome of truly noble proportions is the scheme of the Columns, a moonlit terrace upon which dinner music begins at seven-thirty and dance music an hour later. Gunnar Hansen's and Charles Holden's little orchestras do the 3/4 and 4/4 honors. Closed Sundays....¶ There's room for the improvement of one's peace of mind among the widely spaced armchairs and tables of the Savoy Room, where Ray Hartley addresses a piano from cocktails through suppertime every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The sun sets on the local empire (the Embassy Club and the Knight Box) only on Sundays. The Club serves strutters' music by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band from eight-thirty or nine until one-thirty or two; the Box serves sitters' music by Jani Sarkozi's violin from eight o'clock on.

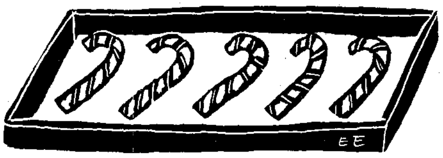
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, the sonorous dance band of Emil Coleman, which in its time has launched a thousand débutantes, carols away whenever a smaller band, run by Theo Fanidi, is not performing. At dinner and supper, the three Kim Sisters, who seem much too young to have worked with Al Jolson when they were all schoolmates back in South Korea, sing sort of like him and like a whole lot of others in a review of the American pop song as it impinges on the ears of the Orient. Closed Sundays....¶ *In* Peacock Alley, decorated to suggest an Elysian field, Michael Zarin's band alternates with the orchestra of Ray Bari. The music is sedentary from six to eight-thirty, and dance-tune after that. Sundays, when the music is sedentary from six to eight, and then dance-tune until one, the Baris are by themselves.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a rooftop with a view, opens at four-thirty every afternoon but Sunday for cocktails, dinner, and non-dance music by a trio. The locale: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): The resident characters didn't come out of storybooks, no matter how improbable they may seem; they were all created by the process of living in New York. Jack Banan's piano, which begins at eight, provides a sturdy, down-to-earth, on-the-beat counterpoint to every one of them. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The playboys (j.g.) and the playgirls (j.g.) of the Western World at their decorous merrymaking, which is supervised by Goldie Hawkins, headmaster and pianist-in-chief. The order of the evening is this: Bob Printz on piano from five-thirty to eight; Mr. Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a team. Closed Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter brings out the best in his Steinway, situate on the nineteenth green of a course where it's always fair weather. He's there from cocktails until one in the morning. Joel Forbes is the Sunday performer.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the biggest traffic jams in downtown Rome. No one is more expert at threading the amiable throng than Herman Honigsberg's élite corps of ambulatory violinists, which is on the move until all hours. Whenever they cool out, a squad of ambulatory guitarists fills the breach. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine family dinner party in a combination concert stage, opera house, and dance hall. The head of the family is Aldo Bruschi, operator of piano, oboe, concertina, and basso profundo. Every week from Tuesday through Saturday he stages miniature cloak-and-dagger valentines (by G. Verdi, R. Leoncavallo, G. Puccini, and such). Additionally, from Thursday through Saturday, he runs a dance group and accompanies the succession of singers who wander in and out of the spotlight. I.e., never a dull moment. Closed Mondays, and small wonder.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle keep that is 1066 and all that, plus a few moves to bring matters up to date, such as Norbert Faconi's tableside manner and violin. No music Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards at play, which is hard on the feet, vocal cords, and stringed instruments but generally easy on the ears. The theme is flamenco. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays.... **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The style to *which we'd all like to become accustomed.* The piano in the bar is run by Jules Kuti, who is on from five to eleven. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The House of Lords in a sociable mood. The court musician is George Feyer, whose piano is distributed from eight-thirty through suppertime. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): An old-established pump room, rebuilt into a Moorish town house, and a rather handsome one. The bar and kitchen remain American, though, and so does the leisurely music, which is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, with and without a bordure of violin by Richard Wilson. This goes on from six to midnight, and a trifle later on Saturdays. No music Sundays.... **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Part picture gallery, part restaurant, part launching pad for performers not yet in the public eye. The merriest of these, at the moment, is Danny Apolinar, who sings as though the bells of hell were going jing-a-ling-a-ling in his head. Mickey Manners is a conversationalist with a few moments of madness; the rest of the amusement is just an awkward pause. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle displaying his transatlantic portfolio, mostly British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays.... **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): Skillfully sidestepping the native girl who is giving away *leis* by the armful, you press on into the interior of Polynesia, where a native restaurant and native musicians (the Polynesians seem to have been the inventors of the electronic ukulele) await you every night of the week. George Taylor, who's definitely from the mainland, plays piano in the bar every night but Sunday.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Trattoria* of style, without being obtrusive about it. The music, which is wandering minstrelsy, is provided by the voices and instruments of casual hillbillies from (where else?) the seven hills of Rome. Their work night is six to two. Closed Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A slice of life after dark in Madrid. The illusion is assisted no end by Fernando Sirvent's guitar. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): First, second, and third Hungarian rhapsodies, sometimes simultaneously. The ceaseless ebb and flow of music is most successfully surmounted by the Old World tenor of Tibor Rakossy and Jeanine Poret's light little French voice. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): From nine-thirty to one, this opulent little bar, a Joan Miró daydream, is in the charge of Renato Rossini, whose guitar turns Latin into anything but a dead language. No music Mondays.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who keeps making the grand tour from Caracas to Europe



Is it love... or Crescendo?

CRESCENDO

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and back, is spending this winter at the piano of the Casino-on-the-Park. He's around from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, and Sunday is his day of rest. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons. In the midst of it all—among plenty of other things—is Yvonne Constant, a singer who first came to local attention in "La Plume de Ma Tante." Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The management, deciding that one picture is worth a thousand words, has removed nearly all extraneous dialogue from the tremendous revue that surges for nearly two hours across the stage. It has also, in its infinite wisdom, removed nearly all extraneous raiment from the cast's young ladies, as fine and healthy a set of Olympic athletes as has been fielded in years. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): Lenny Bruce, this country's closest approximation of a Lord High Executioner, is doing the talking here, sometimes in jest, sometimes in sorrow, sometimes in anger. The music is being made by the sextet of Georgie Auld, who dates back to when everything was right off the boat; the singing, such as it is, is being done by Pat Morrissey, a girl apt to be much too rampant. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Connie Francis, a raucous voice that practically everybody must have heard by now, rolls it out a couple of times a night; Jackie Mason, a treasure house of jokes that have nine lives, spells her. The choreography is set forth by eight lovely handmaidens who do not always believe in letting their left foot know what their right foot is doing. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Semantics by Kaye Ballard, whose closet must be full of nothing but broomsticks, and folk music by Odetta, beside whom nearly every other singer of such stuff pales. Also on display are (1) the completely silent Reneaux, a show of hands that mysteriously fill with doves, olive branches, and whatnot, and (2) the garrulous Ted Markland, a West Coast editorialist on his first trip East. The background is the inventive Jimmy Lyons' trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his aides) and the garrulous piano of Otis Clements. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty's piano recites casual tone poems from six to eight, and the Lyons group does milkman's matinées. No music Saturdays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Dressed to the Nines," which is Julius Monk's most recent and most pungent white paper on the state of the nation, pays its disrespects at nine-fifteen and midnight. The *farceurs* in the revue are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, and Gerry Matthews (Monk veterans all), as well as Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl. William Roy and Carl Norman make their two pianos sound like an orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): On the rostrum, Jane Connell and Jack Fletcher, two members of the Julius Monk graduate course, are conducting a sort of Open End séance all their own. Their hey-nonny-nonny is supplemented by the pianos of Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, whose variations on themes by Gershwin, Kern, et al. are seventeen-jewel. The pianos begin at nine, Miss Connell and Mr. Fletcher at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Not as far off Broadway as it used to be, principally because of Sallie Blair, a girl apt to give her ballads a steam bath, and the tandem Tony and Eddie, whose pantomime (done to the recordings of performers who didn't think twice) is now broad enough to require snow tires. The only old family retainers left are Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, musicians to whom every night is Halloween, and Jimmie Daniels, *padrone* and tenor. Peter Daniels is at the solo piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Tun Tun, a Mexican Peck's Bad Boy, makes most of the noise in a semi-Spanish fandango that burbles its way across the stage of the back room, where the capers cut by the dancing customers are often worth the price of admission. Sundays, the sole event is a tea trot, three to eight. . . . ¶ Around ten, next door to the bar, the tense, eerie flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata makes the alcove it occupies one of our best music rooms. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): One of those dark alleys in which Second Avenue now abounds. This one, though, contains Felicia Sanders, whose skilled soprano writes her lyrics upon the night sky in letters of fire. Most of the other participants may have mistaken their calling. . . . **CAMELOT,** 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): Just the place to be all ears. Matt Dennis, who has the grace to write songs like "Violets for Your Furs," skims his pliant tenor and his pliant piano through a vast collection of them; Isobel Robins, who has the wit to latch on to songs like Sheldon Harnick's "Summer Is" and Tommy Wolfe's "All the Sad Young Men," makes the most of them in her soubrette fashion. Closed Sundays. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Through the lips of Mabel Mercer pass the most beautifully phrased songs in the world, by turn casual, impassioned, and bittersweet. Her dignified mountain fastness, high above the torrential freshet called the Roundtable, is also inhabited by Sam Hamilton, her almost lifelong pianist. Ralph Strain and his Romance-language piano are also part of the *mise en scène.* Closed Sundays.

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MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Rock-ribbed tradition, now upheld by the sunny disposition of Ralph Sutton's long-lost missionaries, among whom are Peanuts Hucko and Buzzy Drootin. During the intermissions, Bob Corwin keeps the keyboard warm as toast. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Gerry Mulligan, who could pass for a pride of lions all by himself, runs the assortment of symphonic jazzmen who overflow the bandstand and fill the room to the brim with riches. Bernard Peiffer, a school of new-era pianism known only to himself, takes turns with the Mulligans. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Tyree Glenn's quartet is of two minds—let them eat dinner in peace, let them eat supper in a steady downpour. Also among those present is the Martin Denny trio, with orchestrations by the Hawaiian Chamber of Commerce, and Adam Wade, who sings mostly with his hands. They all lay down their arms on Saturday, Dec. 3; on Monday, Dec. 5, the arrivals will be the band of Cootie Williams, who is turning his second century; the Deep River Boys, a glee club absent from New York for years and years; and Gloria Lynne, another of the new crop of girl singers. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some real veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are whooping it up, and sometimes gagging it up, for the sake of that dear old Southland. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join up with Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The return of the golden age to this ancient chophouse. At ten, Marian McPartland, who's in high spirits these nights, lays cool hands on her piano. Her bass man, Ben Tucker, is a big help around the house. She and her trio take turns with John Bunch, a New Wave piano man, and his bass, Henry Grimes. No sounds on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Music to watch Grandma Moses to. The exhibit of primitives opens up at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman handle the day trick; the night job is handled by three batteries—Red Allen's sextet (off duty Mondays), Sol Yaged's fivesome (off duty Wednesdays and Thursdays), and Lionel Hampton's band (off duty Sundays). . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The Broadway beat, which is elbow to elbow and dark to dawn. Buddy Rich, that delirium of drumsticks, takes his happy-go-lucky band away on Wednesday, Dec. 7, and Maynard Ferguson takes his horde, which shivers like ten million aspirin trees, away the same night. Count Basie's bombastic crew, for which Joe Williams declaims the blues in no uncertain terms, arrives a night later, along with John Handy's neat little foursome. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are out of action. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A gathering place for people who are between sales conventions. Over and above their hubbub floats the rumpus set up by the quartet of Jonah Jones, who could blow the place to smithereens were he allowed to take the mute out of his trumpet. Action begins at eight. Sundays are assigned to irregular troops; that is, just about anyone with a union card. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The big city seems far away from this cozy hero-sandwich conveyor belt. Herbie Mann's sextet, which has looked upon West Indian and African rhythm and found it heady indeed, is arriving on Tuesday, Dec. 6. Come as you are is O.K. with the owners. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Cookouts every night but Monday by the Bourbon Street Six, which considers Memphis to be way up North. Sundays, there are five-o'clock matinées as well as soirées. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): A part of the Village where the iceman cometh, and every night, too. Right now, the fare is pretty fancy: Gigi Gryce's quintet, which is marshmallow-coated calculus, and the fivesome belonging to Ahmed Abdul-Malik, which is Persian rug. The Gryces are off Mondays, the Abdul-Maliks on Tuesdays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Reading from left to right, we have the Jazztet, an unforced *démarche* from beaten paths (Art Farmer and Benny Golson are the principals); Ernestine Anderson, girl tempest, girl caroller; and Mal Waldron's threesome, which writes its arrangements in code. Cannonball Adderley's crashing fivesome will succeed Miss Anderson and the Waldrons on Monday, Dec. 5; Nina Simone, *soi-disant* femme fatale, and her piano and trio will succeed the Jazztet on Thursday, Dec. 8. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): Thelonious Monk, whose farewell tours sometimes begin before he even gets to his piano of an evening, makes good his escapism on Wednesday, Dec. 7, along with his three sidemen, who are likewise *n*th degree, and the quartet owned by Terry Gibbs. Next night, Dave Brubeck, poet and pedant, takes charge of the piano. Kenny Burrell, guitar and voice, comes in that night, too. Both these men are also attached to quartets. Closed Mon-

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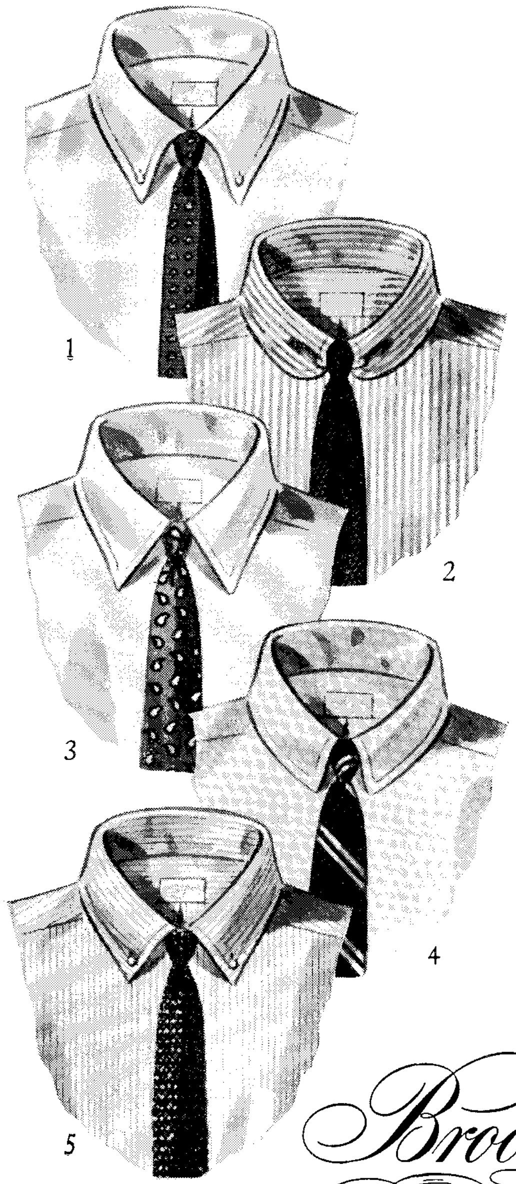

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Old wine in an old bottle. The tastings are held only over the weekends. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, Claude Hopkins, Max Kaminsky, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Johnny Letman, Zutty Singleton, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis will pour.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Peter Agostini—Bronze and plaster sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

Jean Arp and Sophie Taeuber-Arp—A large, handsome collection of sculptures, paintings, and other works by a team of early modernists; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Constantin Brancusi—Abstract sculptures in wood, bronze, and marble, together with drawings and gouaches; through Dec. 31. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Brook—Paintings, in his first exhibition in eight years; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Michel Cadoret—Paintings by a Paris modernist as yet little known in this country; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Norval, 53 E. 57th St.)

Rhys Caparn—Bronze sculptures based mainly on landscape and animal forms; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

Lovis Corinth (1858-1925)—A small, well-selected survey of portraits and portrait drawings by the German artist; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Salvador Dali—Paintings, many of them never shown here before, and drawings; through Dec. 31. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

Elaine de Kooning—Abstract paintings and drawings on the theme of the bullfight; through Dec. 31. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Enrico Donati—Abstract paintings; through Dec. 17. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—Oils, collages, and other works in a minor retrospective, 1943 to the present; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Claire Falkenstein—Constructions of copper, steel, iron, bronze, and glass fused to metal; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Mayer, 762 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

Hamilton Fraser—Paintings by a young British modern; through Dec. 17. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Sidney Geist—Small terra cottas; through Dec. 15. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Adolph Gottlieb—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Childe Hassam (1859-1935)—Paintings by this leading American Impressionist; through Dec. 31. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Albert Hirschfeld—Drawings and gouaches by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Kearns—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Dec. 17. (G Gallery, 200 E. 59th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Lee Krasner—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

André Lanskoy—Paintings, Tachiste in style, by a school-of-Paris artist; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Ibram Lassaw—Welded-metal abstractions, mainly based on organic motifs; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Israel Levitan—Abstract sculptures in wood and stone; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Berthe Morisot (1841-95)—A comprehensive loan exhibit of about seventy paintings by the French Impressionist. For the benefit of the National Organization for Mentally Ill Children. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.). . . ¶ Another exhibition of her works, this one containing drawings, pastels, and water colors; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

Ivan Mosca—Landscapes and seascapes by an Italian painter; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St.)

Mario Negri—Bronze and silver sculptures, elegant in style, by a modern Italian sculptor; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Betty Parsons—Abstractions, 1957-60 and varying in subject from Wyoming to the Orient; through Dec. 18. (Latow, 13 E. 63rd St.)

Picasso—Linoleum prints in color (1958-60); through Dec. 31. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reginald Pollack—Paintings, mostly portraits; through Dec. 17. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Abraham Rattner—New abstractions, many based on Gothic-church suggestions, in his first sizable gallery showing in four years; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Seventy-five paintings and drawings by the Austrian Expressionist make up the opening show at the Galerie St. Etienne's new location, 24 W. 57th St.; through Dec. 15.

William E. Sebring—Abstract canvases; through Wednesday, Dec. 7. (Nonagon, 99 Second Ave., at 6th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6:30.)

Kurt Seligmann—Thirty years of etchings, lithographs, and book illustrations; through Dec. 31. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Hyde Solomon—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Raphael Soyer—Drawings and paintings; through Dec. 17. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Stella—Paintings and collages; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Peter Takal—Drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851)—A smallish but stimulating loan showing of water colors and drawings, many of them from seldom-tapped collections abroad; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John von Wicht—Solidly patterned abstract oils, some in the form of scrolls; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

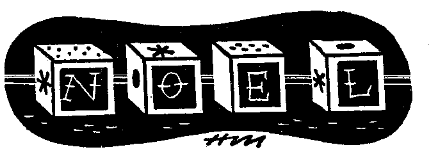
George Wardlaw—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Dec. 17. (Parsons, 11 E. 57th St.)

John Wilde—Small still-lifes and figures; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Ulfert Wilke—Water colors, drawings, and bronzes; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Karl Zerbe—Paintings concerning the South; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

African Art—Twenty-five tribes are represented in "Sculpture from the Congo," an exhibition containing masks, stools, statues, headdresses, and so on, in wood, ivory, and stone; through Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)



Americans; Group Shows—At the **ALAN**, 766 *Madison Ave., at 66th St.:* Herbert Katzman and Jack Levine (oils), William King (bronzes), and Yutaka Ohashi (collages); through Saturday, Dec. 3. . . . **CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The December show consists of paintings selected by Reuben Tam, Joseph Solman, and Walter Murch; through Dec. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 19 E. 71st St.: A Christmas show of paintings and sculptures by Sam Middleton, Hollis Holbrook, and Sanford Goodman, to name a few; through Dec. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **CRESPI**, 1153 Madison Ave., at 85th St.: Paintings by Pachita Crespi, Victor Correa, and others; through Dec. 13. (Daily, noon to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.). . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: "Enormous Room III," a show made up of three huge works—Abstract Expressionist canvases by Sam Francis and Alfred Leslie and a construction by Louise Nevelson; through Jan. 14. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: "Paintings for the Home" by, among others, John Sloan, Stephen Etnier, and Luigi Lucioni; through Dec. 30. . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The thirty-sixth annual of the New York Society of Women Artists, consisting of works in a variety of mediums by residents of New York State; starting Friday, Dec. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.). . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings, 1910-60, by (for instance) Ben Benn, John Hultberg, and Bernard Karfiol; through Dec. 31.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Two exhibitions—Old Master drawings by such painters as *Jacopo Tintoretto, Gainsborough, and Géricault;* and drawings by Walter Stein for the book "Natural History," by Jules Renard; through Dec. 23. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: John Marin, Degas, and Toulouse-Lautrec are three of the artists represented in a showing of drawings, water colors, and pastels; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century water colors by well-known painters and sculptors, including Gauguin, Kandinsky, and Andrew Wyeth; through Dec. 31. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings by Darrel Austin, Modigliani, Picasso, and others; through Jan. 7. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings by Arp, Gris, Schwitters, and other modern masters, predominantly *European; through* Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: "Paysage de France"—Courbet to de Staël; through Saturday, Dec. 10.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Arts of Denmark: Viking to Modern," an exhibition of art treasures from Danish royal and public museums and private collections, along with contemporary craft objects—furniture, silver, pottery, porcelain, textiles, embroidery, and glass; through Jan. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred modern European and American drawings, dating back to Seurat and van Gogh, from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A small exhibition of abstract paintings and drawings by the French master Fernand Léger (1881-1955), also from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Some hundred and forty Egyptian sculptures of the Late Period (700 B.C. to 100 A.D.) assembled from public and private collections; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Jacob Lawrence, including examples from his series on various themes—"Migration," "Harlem," "John Brown," and "Struggle: From the History of the American People;" through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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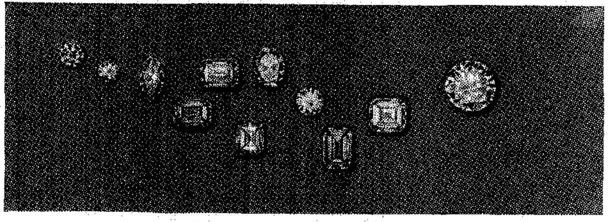

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

way at 155th St.—Sixty-five paintings by contemporary American artists (Jimmy Ernst, Ogden Pleissner, and Andrée Ruellan, to mention a few), from which the Academy's Childe Hassam Fund purchases for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada will be chosen; through Sunday, Dec. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The prize-winning painting by Karel Appel, together with a selection of candidate pictures, in the Guggenheim International Awards Exhibition, 1960; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—An exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, drawings, bindings, incunabula, and autograph manuscripts that have been prized possessions of renowned collectors; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Only in New York!," an exhibit of portraits and city scenes by René Bouché; through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A showing of the entire collection of Raymond Wielgus, of Chicago, comprising masks, figures, ornaments, and pottery vessels, from the Americas, Africa, and Oceania; through Feb. 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—New York theatre posters of the eighteen-seventies and eighties, plus photographs of the stars (Edwin Booth, Sarah Bernhardt, and others) and the theatres they made famous. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Etchings and lithographs by Goya and Manet; through March 15. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—A joint exhibition of paintings by the Japan Women Artists Institute and the National Association of Women Artists of the United States; starting Sunday, Dec. 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1960 Annual Exhibition of Sculpture and Drawings; starting Wednesday, Dec. 7. (Daily, except Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 5-6, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Dec. 1: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Barry Morell, and Lorenzo Testi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 3: "Nabucco," with Leonie Rysanek, Rosalind Elias, Cornell MacNeil, Eugenio Fernandi, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 3: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Brenda Lewis, Joan Wall, Jerome Hines, Brian Sullivan, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 5: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Roberta Peters, Mildred Miller, Giorgio Tozzi, and Kim Borg. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 6: A new production of Gluck's "Alcestis" (in English), with Eileen Farrell, Nicolai Gedda, Walter Cassel, and William Olvis. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 7: "Nabucco," with Leonie Rysanek, Rosalind Elias, Anselmo Colzani, Eugenio Fernandi, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Dino Formichini, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 9: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Brenda Lewis, Mildred Miller, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 10: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 10: "La Bohème," with Lisa Della Casa, Laurel Hurley, Richard Tucker, and Lorenzo Testi. A benefit for Hartman-Homecrest. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

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ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Hans Rosbaud conducting on Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 2, at 2:15; and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3 (all with Rudolf Firkusny, piano). . . . ¶ Karl Boehm conducting on Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 9, at 2:15; and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 3 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting, with Monique Haas, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2:30.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8:40.)

American Opera Society—Nicola Rescigno directing a performance of Handel's "Hercules" in concert form, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; Richard Verreau, tenor; Walter Berry, bass-baritone; and John Parella, bass. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:45. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—Daniel Saidenberg conducting the Saidenberg Little Symphony in the second in a series of four programs of baroque chamber music. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 4. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618. Thursday and Friday.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Nathan Milstein, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Hunter College Choir and Lehigh University Glee Club—A joint concert, with Anders Emile and Robert Cutler directing, and with Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:15. For tickets call TR 9-2100, Ext. 325.)

New York Pro Musica Motet Choir and Wind Ensemble—Noah Greenberg directing a program of Flemish music, with Robert White, countertenor; Charles Bressler, tenor; Gordon Myers, baritone; and Brayton Lewis, bass. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8:40.)

New York University Glee Club—Alfred M. Greenfield directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with Donna Jeffrey, soprano; Margaret Roy, contralto; Walter Blazer, tenor; John Macurdy, bass; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:15.)

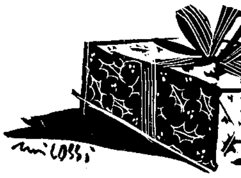
RECITALS

Andrew Heath—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Doda Conrad—Bass, in Brahms' song cycle "The Wondrous Love Story of the Fair Magelone." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:45.)

Coleman Blumfield—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 2, and Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30, the third and fourth in a series of five all-Mozart programs, with Walter Trampler, viola. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30, the third in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)



Hungarian Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Leon Bibb—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:40.)

Eunice Alberts—Contralto. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2:30.)

Birgit Nilsson—Soprano, with the Symphony of the Air conducted by Tibor Kozma. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Stanley Babin—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Kroll Quartet—With Artur Balsam, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Joerg Demus—Piano. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Robert Casadesus—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Rey de la Torre—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Coldstream Guards and Cameron Highlanders—The Regimental Band of the Coldstream Guards and the Pipes, Drums, and Dancers of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 7.)

Jazz Concert—Cannonball Adderley's quintet; Lambert, Hendricks & Ross; and John Handy's quartet, with Leonid Hambro, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 8. For tickets, call OX 5-8457.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Dec. 2, at 9: Knicks vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 7: Philadelphia vs. Syracuse and Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

Boxing—Benny (Kid) Paret vs. Federico Thompson, 15 rounds, for the World Welterweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Dec. 10. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2:05.)

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 10.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 7:30.)

Skating—Finals of the Silver Skates competitions. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **Brooklyn Philharmonia:** Siegfried Landau conducting the opening children's concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 3.) . . . **Budapest String Quartet:** With Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 3. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Stage Shows—By the PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES: "Dick Whittington," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.) . . . PAT DEANE PRODUCTIONS: "Christopher Fish." (Steinway Hall, 111 W. 57th St. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 12, 1:30, and 3. For tickets, call PL 3-2271.) . . . MERRI-MIMES: "Alice in Wonderland." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS: "Witches Are for Wearing," Saturday, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ "It's So Nice to Be a Fish," Saturday, Dec. 10. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Afternoons at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets call WA 9-7407.) . . . PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS: "Beauty and the Beast." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Rip van Winkle." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 3.) . . . THEATRE EAST: "Rumpelstiltskin." (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings by children of Chile; through Sunday, Dec. 4. (Thursday and Friday, 10 to 11 and 1 to 5; Saturday, 3 to 5; and Sunday, 1 to 5.)

Model-Train Exhibit—Seven electric trains hustling along a miniature railroad, complete with freight yard, villages, factories, rivers, and such. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "20,000 Leagues Above the Sea," studies the area presently being invaded by rockets and satellites. Starting Tuesday, Dec. 6, there will be a new show, "Star of Wonder." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Feature pictures or cartoons. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films on General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Drama and Poetry Readings—A group of actors, including Kenneth Whitlock and Jack Manning, sponsored by Helen Hayes, in readings of Shakespeare's "Othello." (Helen Hayes Equity Group Theatre, 145 Bleecker St. Sundays at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 3-2310.) . . . ¶ Archibald MacLeish reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Dec. 1, at 1:45; Friday, Dec. 2, at 10:15 and 1:45; and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 1:45: Early American furniture; Colonial silver; Liverpool historical jugs; Wedgwood, Leeds, and Staffordshire ware; and St. Louis, Clichy, and Baccarat paperweights. The property of Joseph P. Levy.

Note—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its three thousand lights and its thousand red, green, blue, and white balls, and ready to be lighted at 6:15 on Thursday, Dec. 8.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Dec. 13, 20, 26, and 30, and Jan. 3 and 8.

College Football—Oregon vs. Penn State. (Liberty Bowl, Philadelphia. Dec. 17.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Cleveland Browns. (Yankee Stadium. Dec. 18.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 11, 18, 21, 25, and 28, and Jan. 1, 4, and 8.

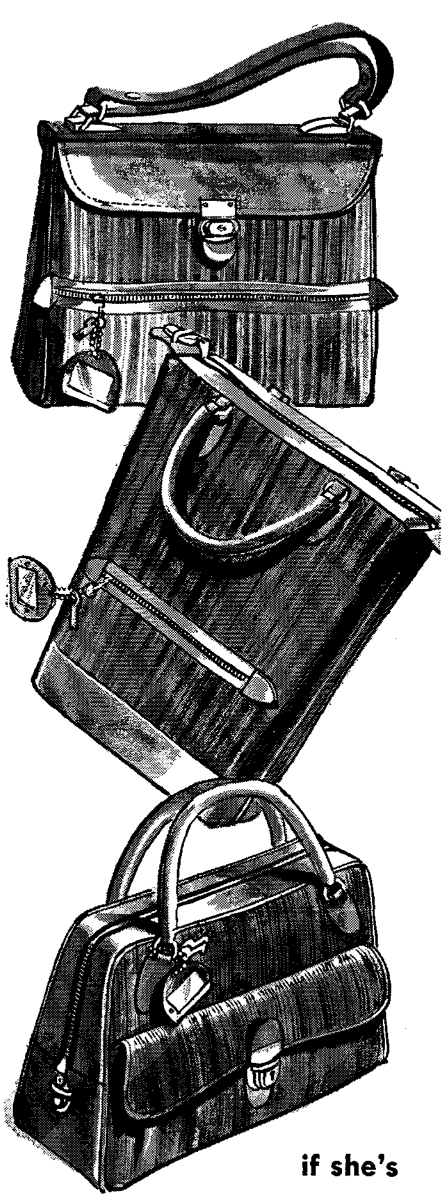
Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship. (Downtown Athletic Club. Jan. 4-18.)

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 15. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): The New York Philharmonic season continues through April 16. . . . ¶ Hans Richter-Haaser, piano, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 13 and Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Orchestra of America, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Pete Seeger, folk singer, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Sviatoslav Richter, piano, Dec. 23 and 26. . . . ¶ Christmas Eve Concert, Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Jan. 4 and 7. . . . ¶ Warsaw Symphony, Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Benno and Sylvia Rabinof, violin and piano, Jan. 15. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Little Orchestra Society, Dec. 12 and 19. . . . ¶ Frank Glazer, piano, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Concert Artists of Pittsburgh, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Mount Holyoke College Glee Club, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ New York Chamber Orchestra, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Earl Wild, piano, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Mildred Dilling, harp, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Beveridge Webster, piano, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Town Hall Festival of Music concerts, Jan. 8 and 15. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Kim Borg, baritone, Jan. 15. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Joel Ryce, piano, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Musica Æterna, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Cantata Singers, Dec. 29. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (RE 7-8490): Nathan Milstein, violin, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Rodgers and Hammerstein concert, Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Isaac Stern, violin, Jan. 14.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Henry Fonda in "Critic's Choice," a comedy by Ira Levin. . . . ¶ "Wildcat," a musical with a book by N. Richard Nash, lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, and music by Cy Coleman. Lucille Ball and Keith Andes have the leading roles. . . . ¶ A musical, "Do Re Mi," adapted by Garson Kanin from his novel of the same name. Jule Styne composed the score, Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. . . . ¶ A musical called "The Conquering Hero," based on Preston Sturges's 1944 film "Hail the Conquering Hero." It is the work of Larry Gelbart (book), Moose Charlap (music), and Norman Gimbel (lyrics), and stars Tom Poston. . . . ¶ Eli Wallach and Zero Mostel in Eugene Ionesco's play "Rhinoceros." . . . ¶ "Show Girl," a revue by Charles Gaynor, with Carol Channing and Jules Munshin.

Poetry Readings—W. H. Auden. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A. AT 9-2400. Dec. 19.)

Other Dates—Christmas Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ The first day of winter is Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Sundays; Monday, Dec. 26, and Monday, Jan. 2, will be holidays. . . . ¶ Ice Follies of 1961, at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 10-22. . . . ¶ National Motor Boat Show, at the Coliseum, Jan. 14-22. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Monday, Jan. 16.



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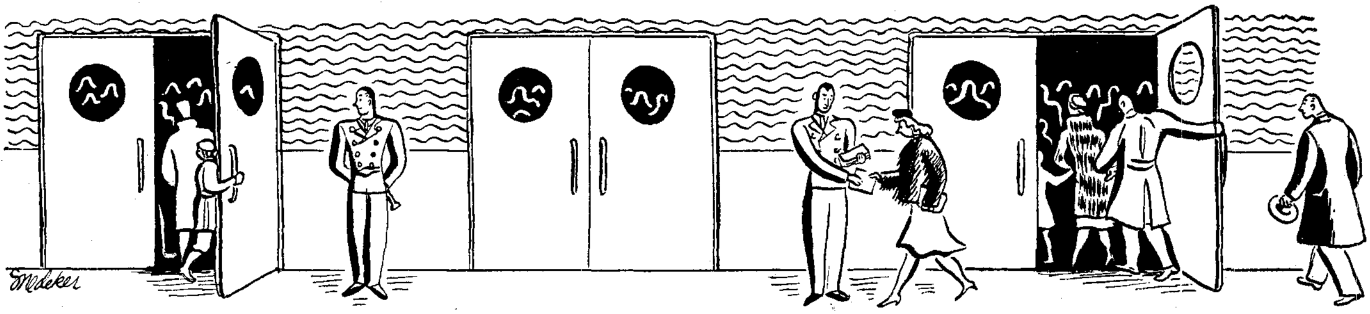
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Ben-Hur—This winning entry in the 1959 Oscar Stakes cost a lot of money to condition, and it certainly covers a lot of Near Eastern ground. Time: three hours and thirty-two minutes. Charlton Heston is up in the climatic chariot heat. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Big Deal—An extremely funny parody of a crime melodrama. Half a dozen radically incompetent petty thieves in Rome attempt a difficult safecracking job and at every point outwit and double-cross themselves. The slapdash manner in which they finally attack their rich prize is as funny a scene as you're likely to encounter this year. An Italian import. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Entertainer—A rendering, in savage blacks and grays, of life among the lower orders. Laurence Olivier, playing the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer, is at the very top of his bent and makes every moment of the squalor to which we're subjected seem worthwhile. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

General della Rovere—A magnificent picture on all counts—subject matter, direction, acting, and photography. The scene is Genoa, the time is 1943, and the story tells of a sleazy little Italian collaborator with the Nazis who learns, little by little and half against his will, how to become a good man and, in dying, a great one. The director, Roberto Rossellini, has brought out the best in two splendid actors, Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer, and the rest of the cast is exemplary. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour—A fine French film, directed by Alain Resnais and written by Marguerite Duras, that makes a strong plea for peace as it describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Photographed in Japan, the picture has in its principal roles Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada, who are superb. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 7, tentative.)

I'm All Right, Jack—Peter Sellers as a shop steward in an English plant that is at sixes and sevens because of a lunatic management and a working crew that is just as balmy. A very droll British film, in which Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, Liz Frazer, and Richard Attenborough also figure admirably. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Love Game—A trio of attractive young people in Paris are more or less living together but are not as happy as they should be, since the girl wishes to marry one of her young men, the young man refuses to go along with her plans, and the second young man is plainly doomed to remain a friend to both. Their plight isn't very desperate and is constantly interrupted by rounds of joyous love-making. The director, Philippe de Broca, has produced a true comedy, full of invention and guaranteed to make you laugh out loud. French, of course. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Dec. 4.)

Picnic on the Grass—Nothing very lucid can, or need, be said about this delightful, utterly confused romp through some of the prettiest meadows of Provence. A stiff-necked professor is pursued by a passionate peasant girl and does not escape. Jean Renoir, who wrote, produced, and directed this French film, preaches a gospel of love and idleness, and very convincing he is. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Sons and Lovers—This first screen adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's 1913 novel concentrates so closely on the author's superlative dialogue that there is almost no time for the camera to catch up with the streets, fields, and houses of Nottingham, the English coal-mining town in which the story is set. Trevor Howard, as the brutal, drunken Morel, turns in the best performance of his career, and Wendy Hiller, as his long-suffering wife, is appropriately long-faced. However, Dean Stockwell, as the Morels' troubled, gifted son, seems more troubled than gifted. The direction, by Jack Cardiff, and the script, by Gavin Lambert and T. E. B. Clarke, are reverent. An English-American production. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 7, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 5-6.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 2-5.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 7.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the King. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 2-5.)

The Roof (1959)—An Italian film, directed by Vittorio De Sica, about a pair of newlyweds sorely beset by poverty and a crew of outlandish relatives. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Dec. 7.)

The Sheep Has Five Legs (1955)—Fernandel as a Gallic father and as all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 1.)

La Strada (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Dec. 7.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films called "Americana"—Through Dec. 3: "A Good Job" (1942), written and directed by William Saroyan; and "The Little Colonel" (1935), with Shirley Temple and Lionel Barrymore. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 4: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), with Charles Laughton and Mary Boland. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Dec. 4: "Girl of the Night," Anne Francis, John Kerr.
From Dec. 5: Theatre closed.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Esther and the King," Joan Collins, Richard Egan.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"G.I. Blues," Elvis Presley, Juliet Prowse.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Crowning Experience," Muriel Smith, Ann Buckles.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 7 (tentative): **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Dec. 6: "Hell to Eternity," Jeffrey Hunter; and "Sex Kittens Go to College," Mamie Van Doren.
From Dec. 7: "Journey to the Lost City," Debra Paget, Paul Christian; and "Michael Strogoff," Curt Jurgens, Genevieve Page.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 6 (tentative): "Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
From Dec. 7 (tentative): **SONS AND LOVERS.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE ENTERTAINER.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 6: "Hell to Eternity," Jeffrey Hunter; and "Sex Kittens Go to College," Mamie Van Doren.
From Dec. 7: "Journey to the Lost City," Debra Paget, Paul Christian; and "Michael Strogoff," Curt Jurgens, Genevieve Page.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE BIG DEAL (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
PICNIC ON THE GRASS (in French). No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 4: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French).
From Dec. 5: "Upstairs and Downstairs," Mylène Demongeot, Michael Craig.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Dec. 6: "Surprise Package," Yul Brynner, Mitzi Gaynor; and "I Aim at the Stars," Curt Jurgens, Victoria Shaw.
From Dec. 7: "All the Fine Young Cannibals," Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner; and "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 6 (tentative): "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire.
From Dec. 7 (tentative): "Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 6: "Hell to Eternity," Jeffrey Hunter; and "Sex Kittens Go to College," Mamie Van Doren.
From Dec. 7: "Journey to the Lost City," Debra Paget, Paul Christian; and "Michael Strogoff," Curt Jurgens, Genevieve Page.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 6: "Surprise Package," Yul Brynner, Mitzi Gaynor; and "I Aim at the Stars," Curt Jurgens, Victoria Shaw.
From Dec. 7: "All the Fine Young Cannibals," Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner; and "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Dec. 7: **THE ROOF** and **LA STRADA** (both in Italian and both revivals).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Dec. 4: "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
Dec. 5-6: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival; and "The Rising of the Moon," revival, with Cyril Cusack and other Abbey Theatre players.
From Dec. 7: "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand; and "These Thousand Hills," revival, Don Murray, Richard Egan.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 6 (tentative): "Man in a Cocked Hat," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas; and "The Easiest Profession" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
From Dec. 7 (tentative): "The Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The World of Apu" (in Bengali).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 6: "Surprise Package," Yul Brynner, Mitzi Gaynor; and "I Aim at the Stars," Curt Jurgens, Victoria Shaw.
From Dec. 7: "All the Fine Young Cannibals," Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner; and "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 3: "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire; and "The Widow," Patricia Roc.
Dec. 4-6: "Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Bluebeard's Ten Honeymoons," George Sanders, Corinne Calvet.
From Dec. 7: **HENRY V,** revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Belles and Ballets," a film made up of excerpts from six ballets performed by the Ballet de l'Etoile.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
GIGI, revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 3: "The Last Angry Man," revival, Paul Muni, David Wayne; and "The Last Hurrah," revival, Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien.
Dec. 4-6: "Home from the Hill," revival, Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker; and "Julie," revival, Doris Day, Louis Jourdan.
From Dec. 7: "All the Fine Young Cannibals," Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner; and "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 6: "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine; and another feature, to be announced.
From Dec. 7: "Song Without End," Dirk Bogarde, Capucine; and "Our Man in Havana," revival, Alec Guinness, Burl Ives.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 1: **THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** (in French), revival; and "Rififi" (in French), revival, Jean Servais.
Dec. 2-5: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII,** revival.
From Dec. 6: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Erno Crisa; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Henry Bookholt, Lisa Pulver.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Dec. 7: "Hell to Eternity," Jeffrey Hunter; and "Sex Kittens Go to College," Mamie Van Doren.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 6: "Man in a Cocked Hat," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas; and "The Man Who Wouldn't Talk," Anthony Quayle, Anna Nagle.
From Dec. 7: **SONS AND LOVERS;** and "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Dec. 3: "The Last Angry Man," revival, Paul Muni, David Wayne; and "The Last Hurrah," revival, Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien.
Dec. 4-6: "The Killer Shrews," Ingrid Goude; and "Giant Gila Monster," Don Sullivan.
From Dec. 7: "All the Fine Young Cannibals," Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner; and "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Dec. 6: "Hell to Eternity," Jeffrey Hunter; and "Sex Kittens Go to College," Mamie Van Doren.
From Dec. 7: "Journey to the Lost City," Debra Paget, Paul Christian; and "Michael Strogoff," Curt Jurgens, Genevieve Page.

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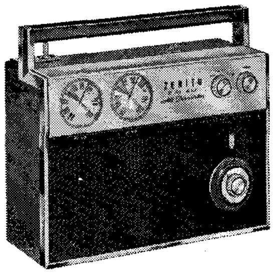

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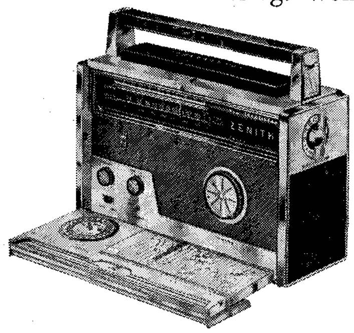

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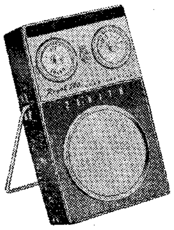

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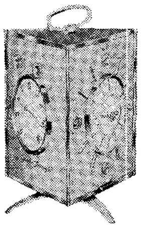

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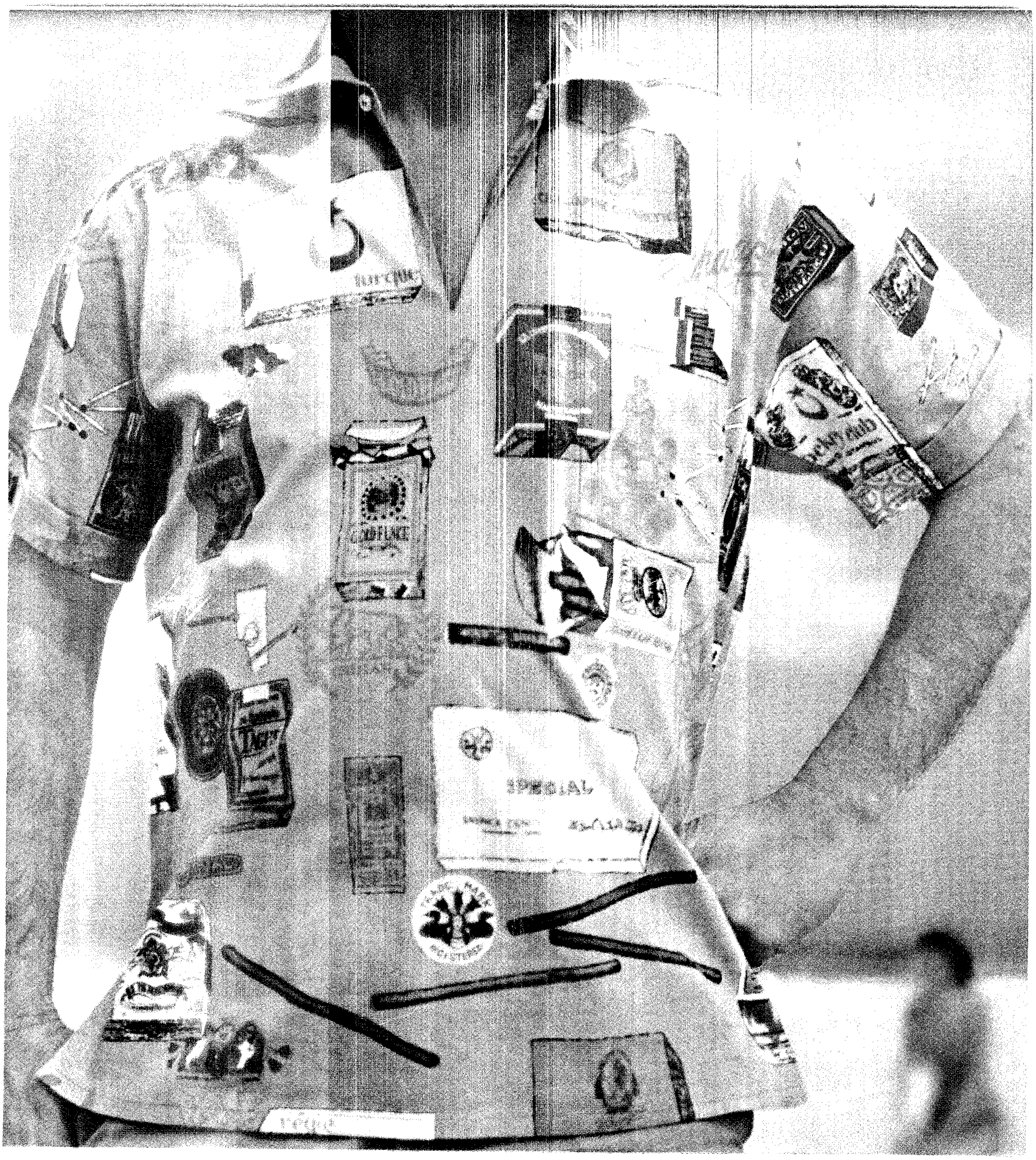

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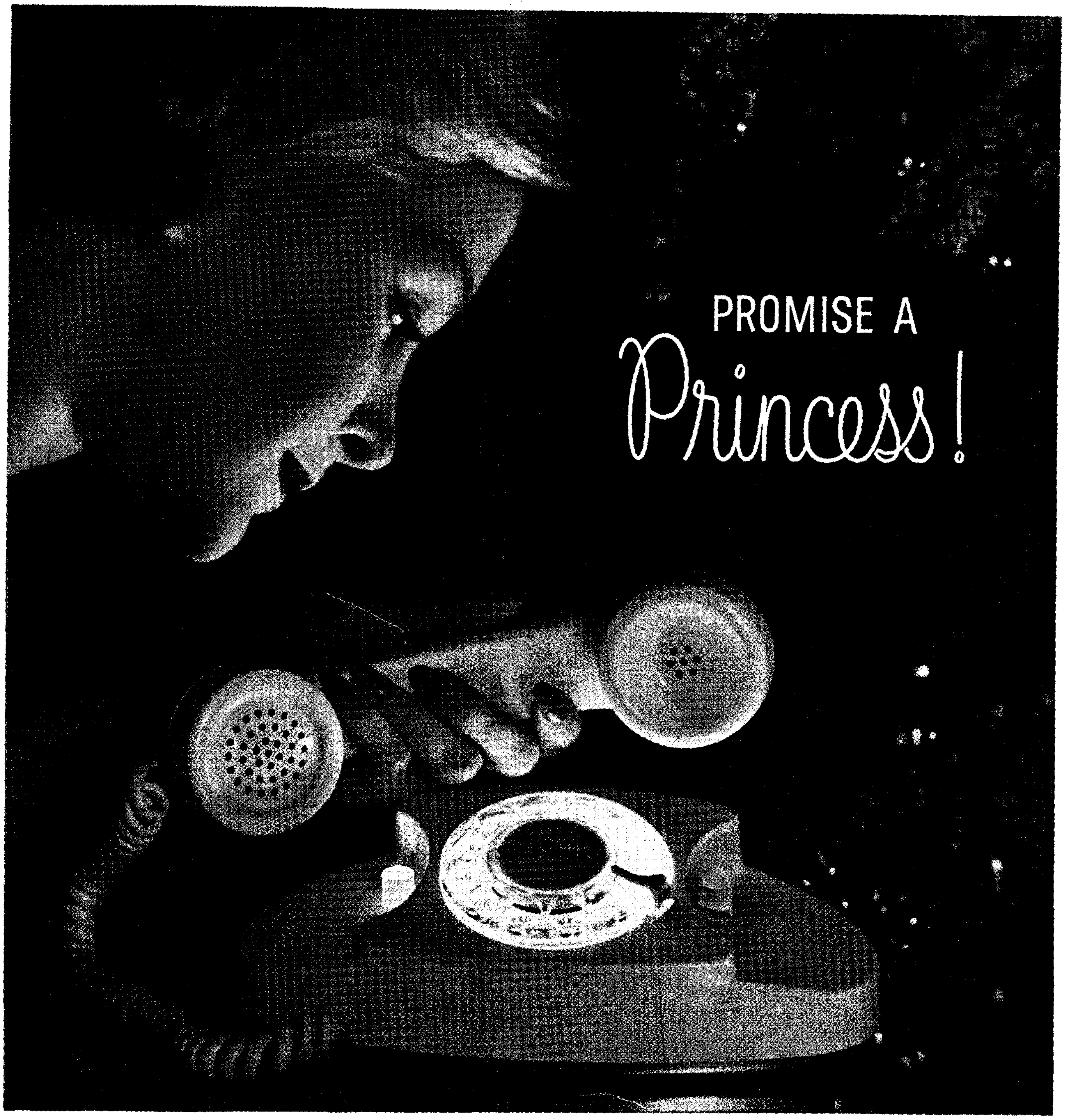

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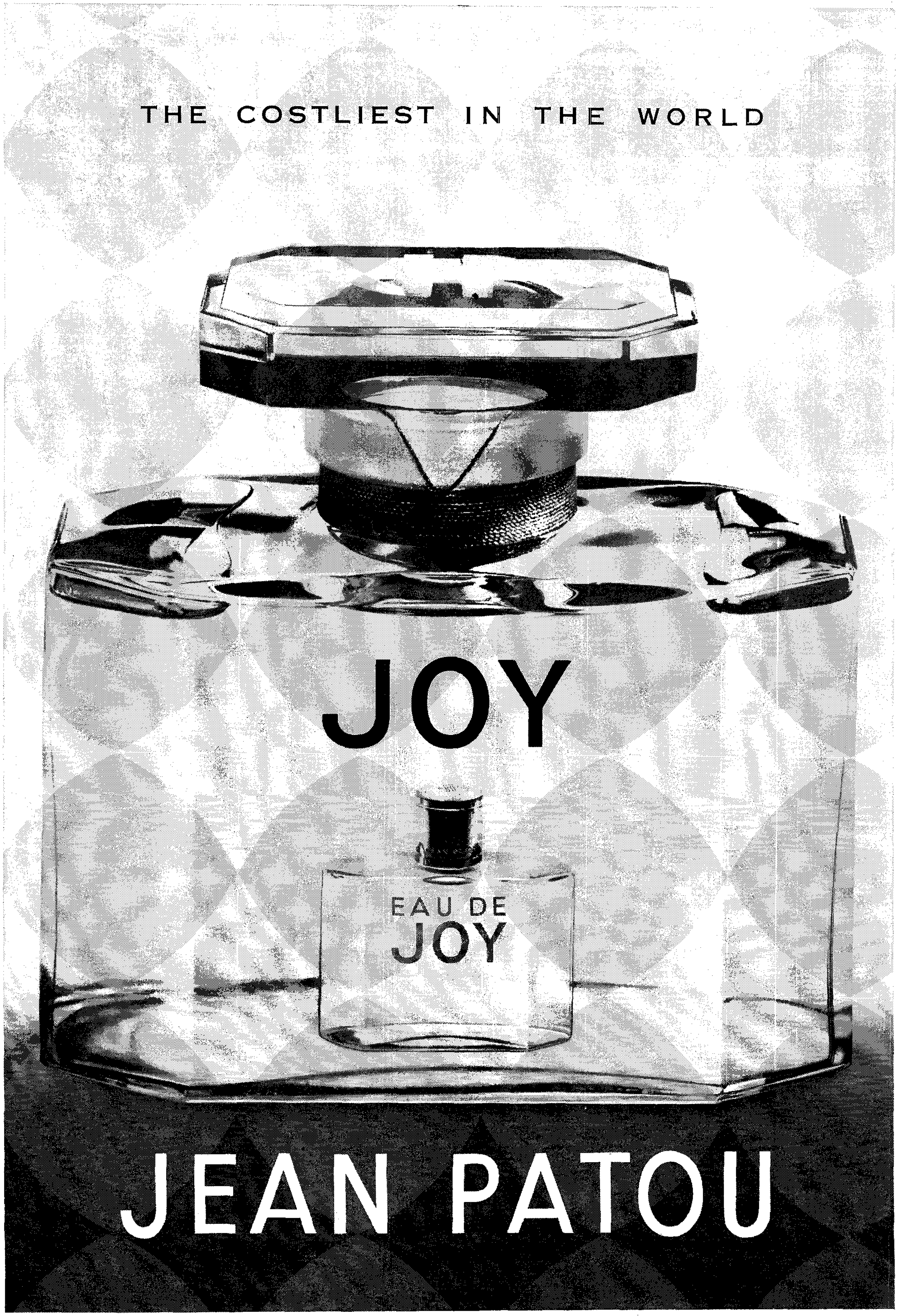
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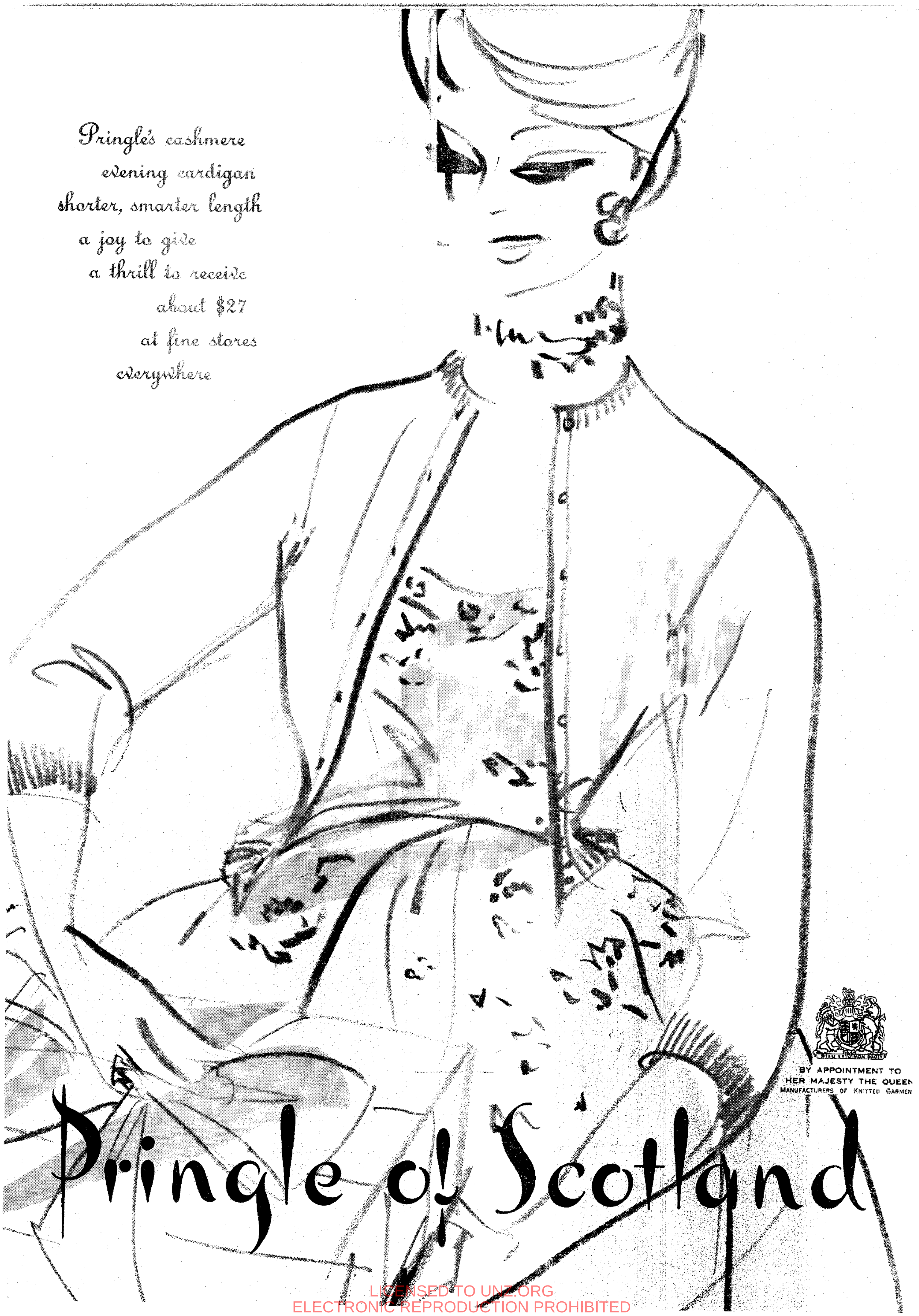

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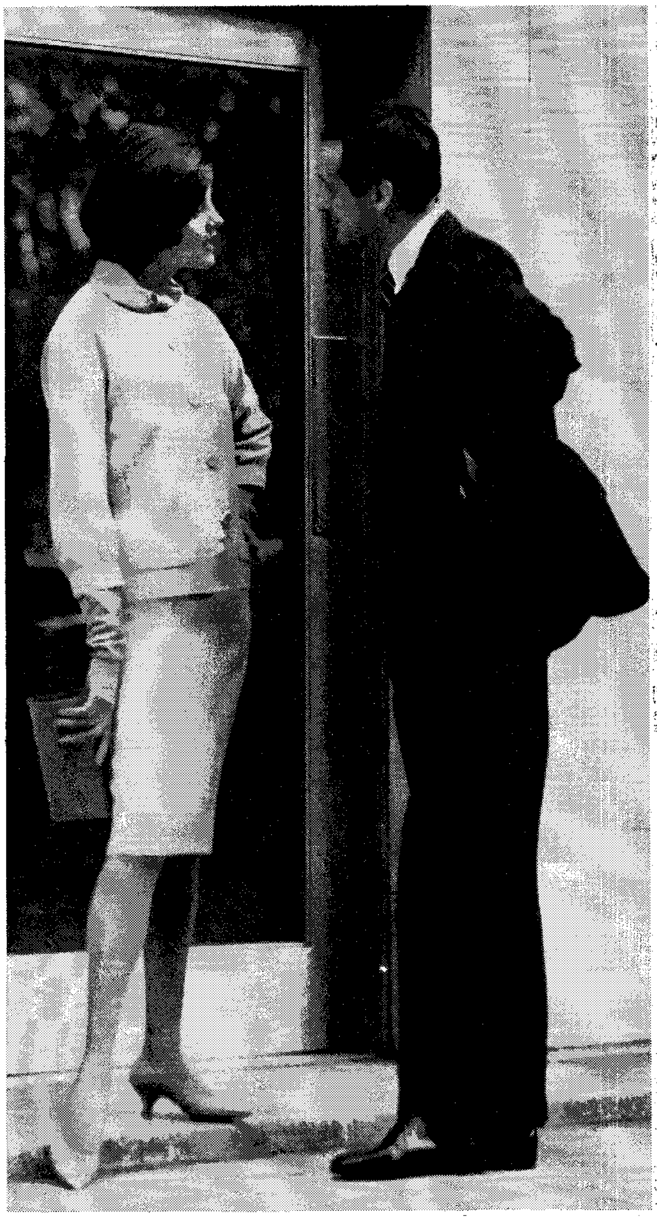

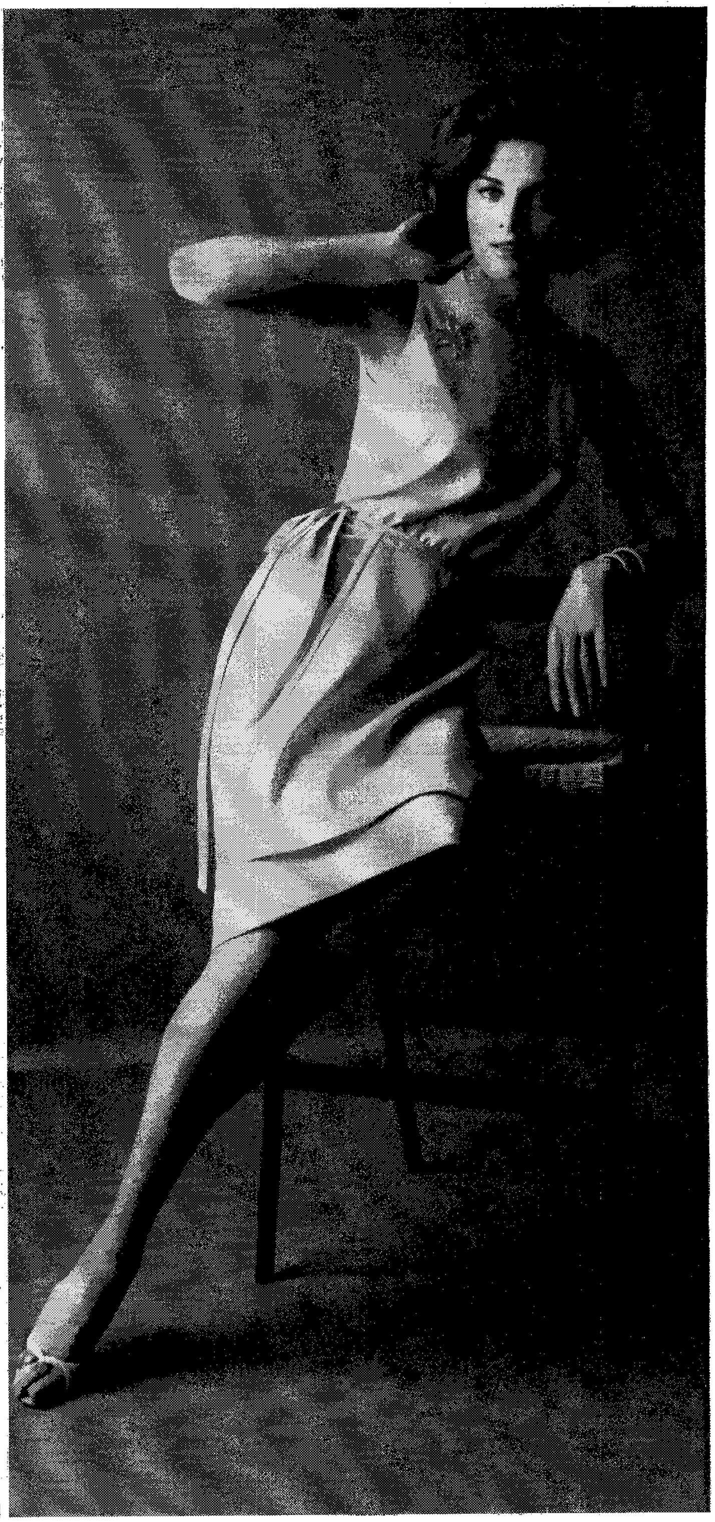

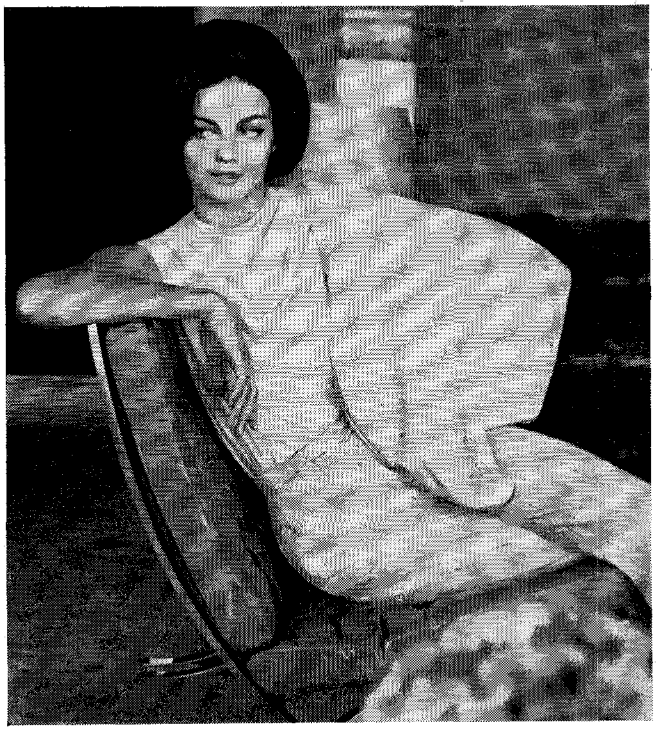

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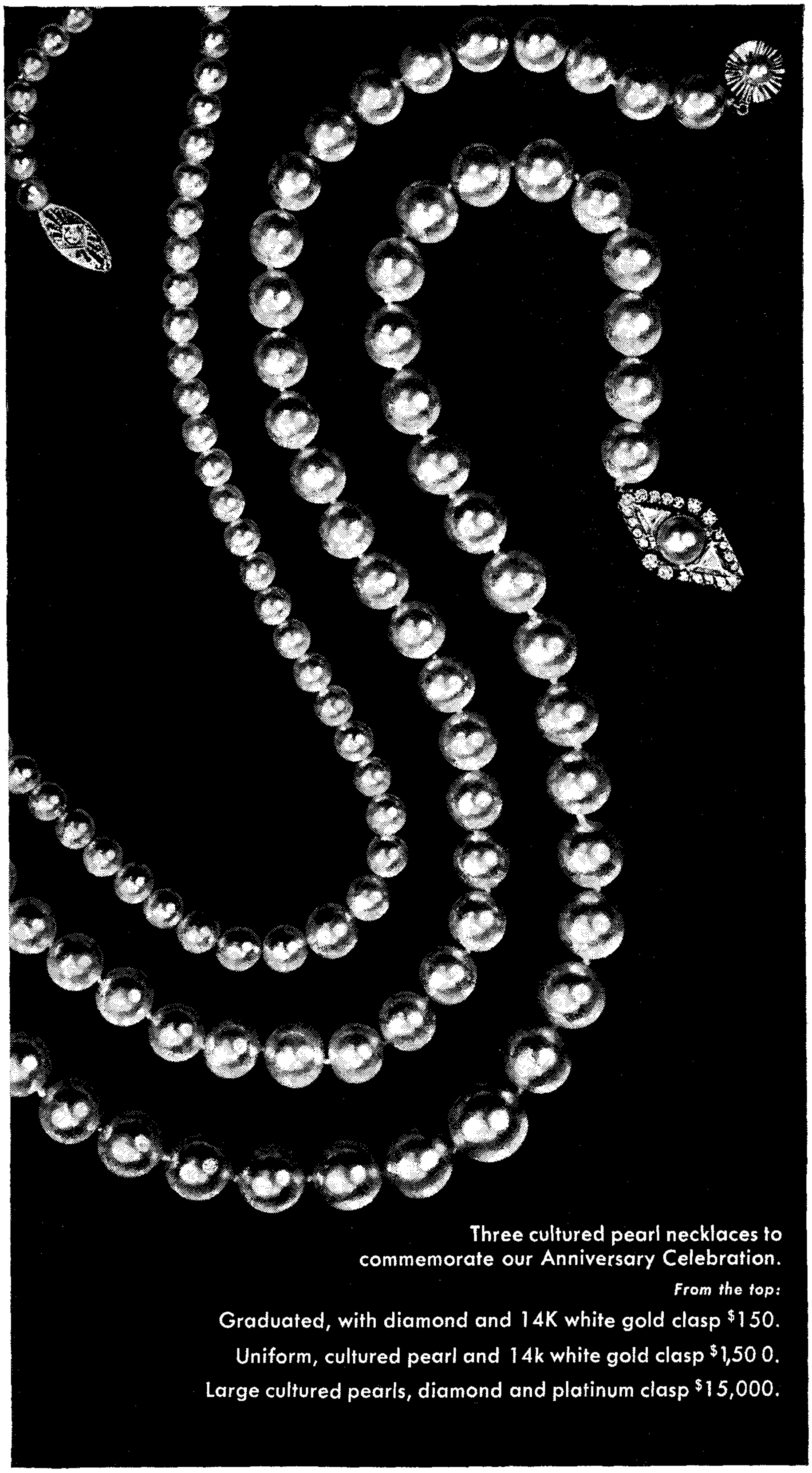

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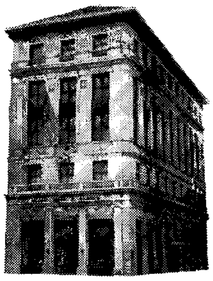

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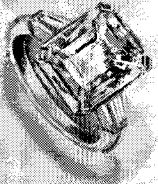
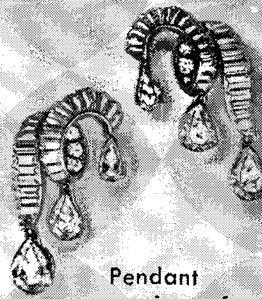
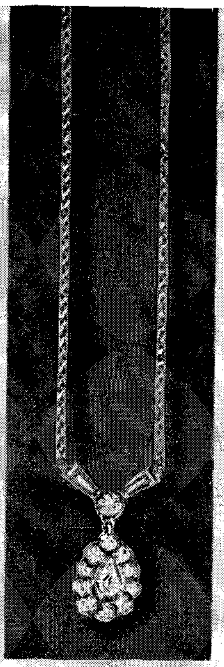


Superb emerald cut diamond set in platinum $39,500.



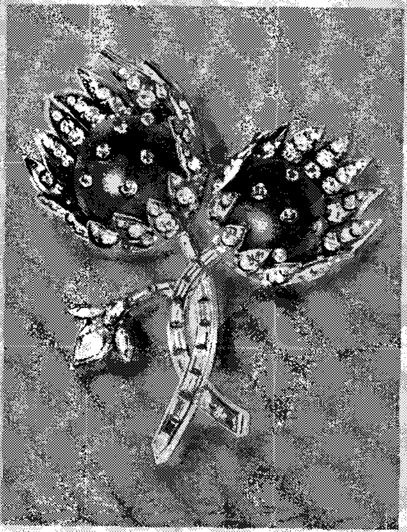
Pendant earrings of pear-shaped, baguette and round diamonds in platinum $5700.



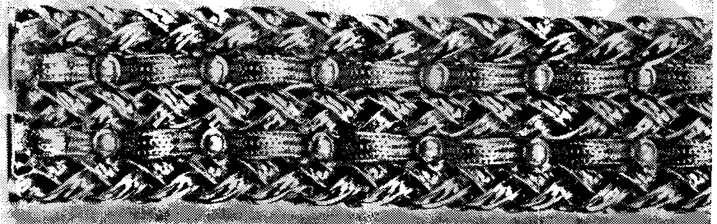
Pear-shaped diamond and platinum pendant, 14k white gold chain $600.

Dainty ring of round diamond clusters in platinum $1800.

Pear-shaped, round and baguette diamonds in platinum $975.



Diamonds-International Award Design: "Sea Pinks," diamonds with removable coral centers in platinum $5500.



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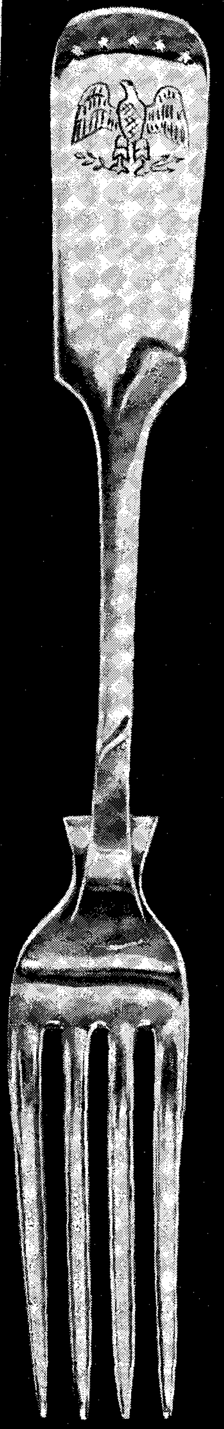

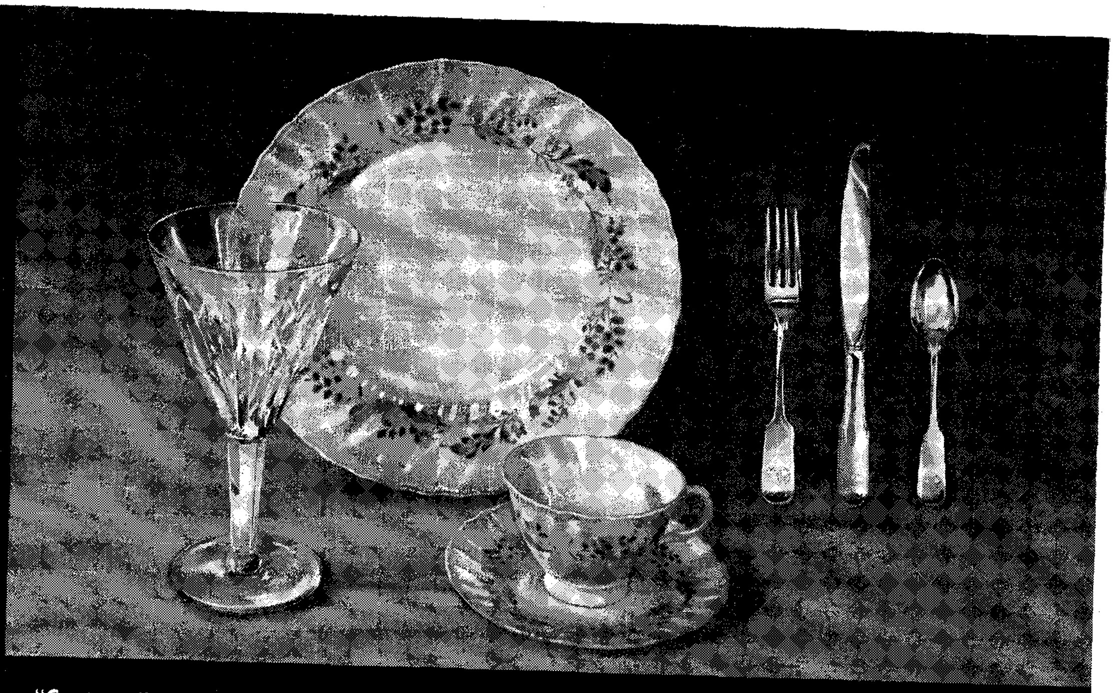

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Strawberries Romanoff, page 13, "The Gourmet's Guide"

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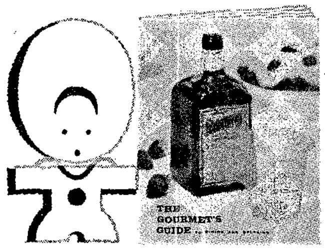
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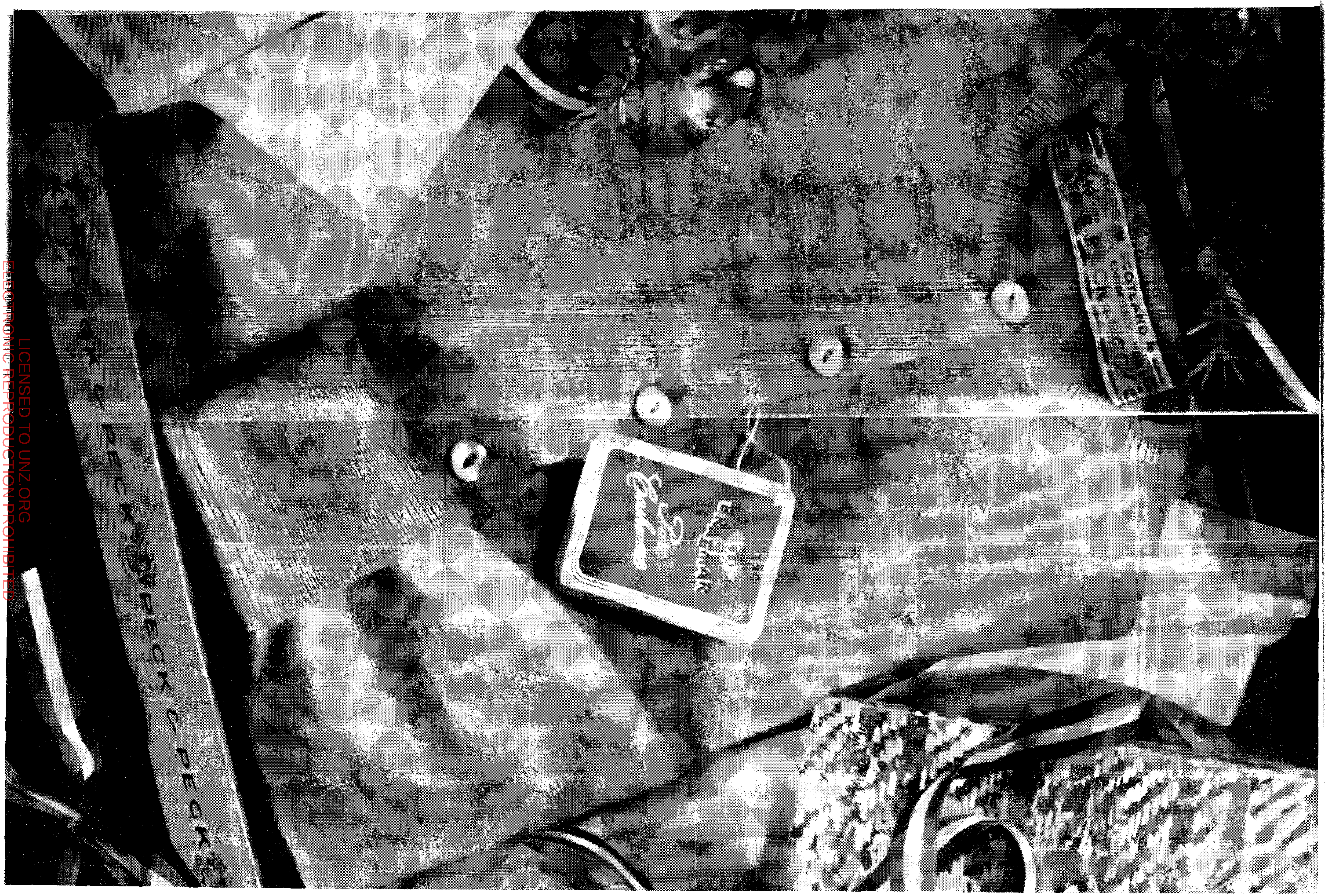
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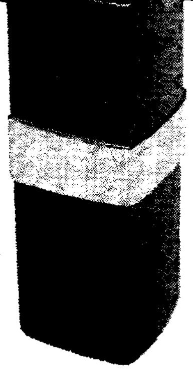

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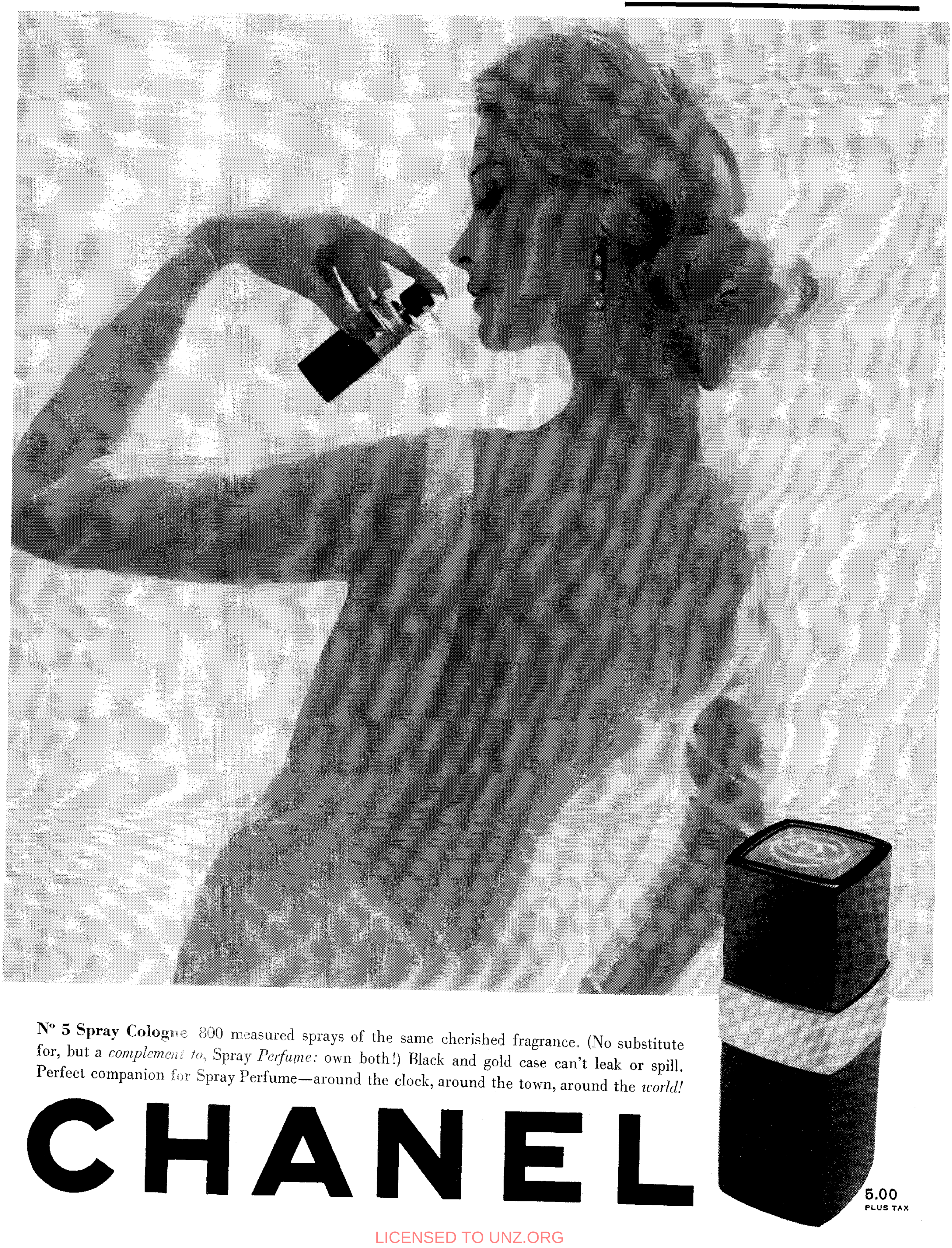

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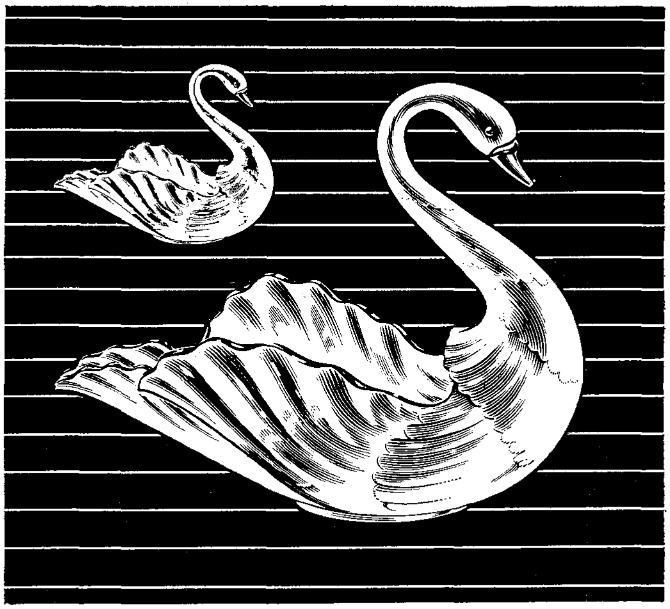

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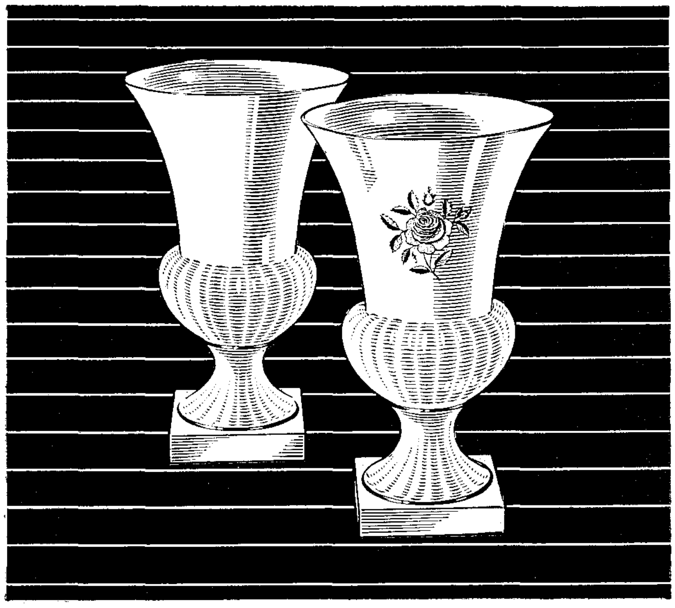
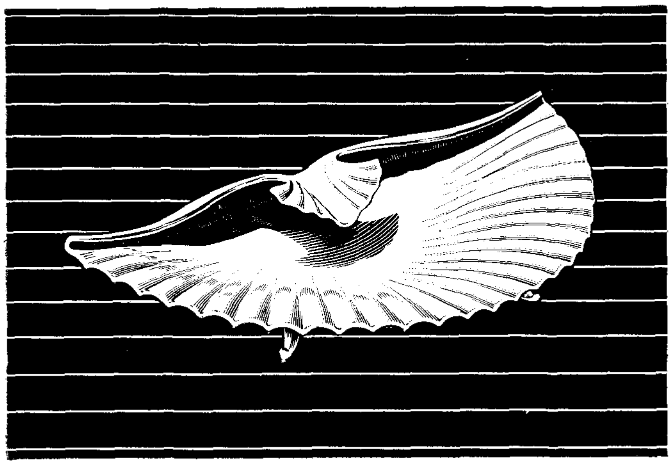


ARDMORE VASE. *A classic beauty for formal flower arrangements. Lovely, too, in ornamental pairs for a mantel or shelf. 9″ tall. Ivory with rose decoration and 24-k. gold trim,* $\$14^{95}$. *Ivory with 24-k. gold trim,* $\$13^{95}$.



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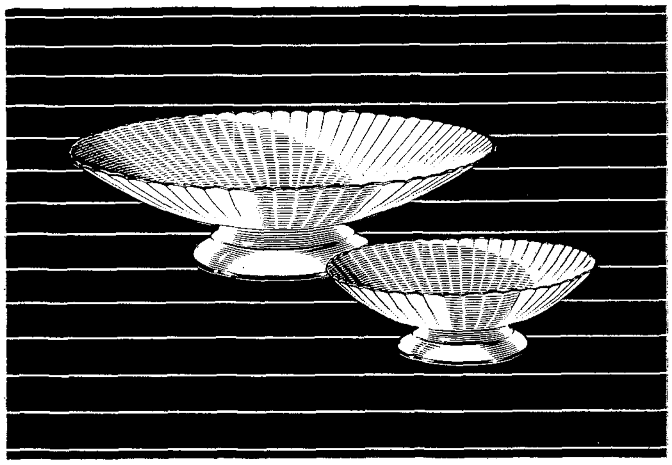

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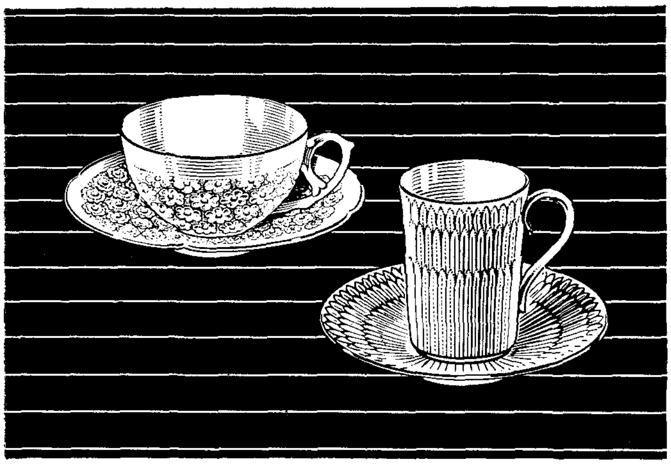
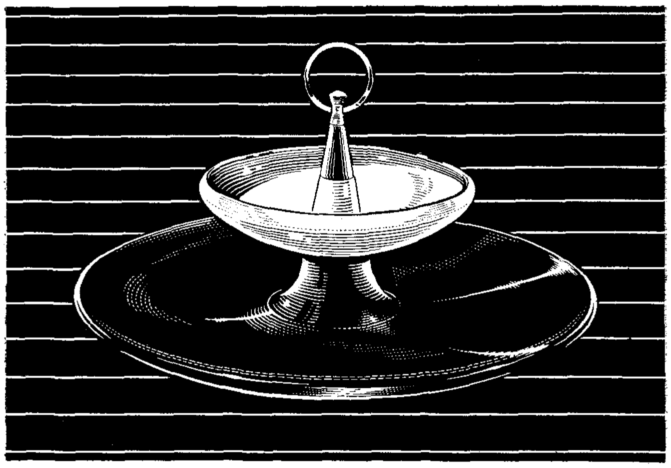
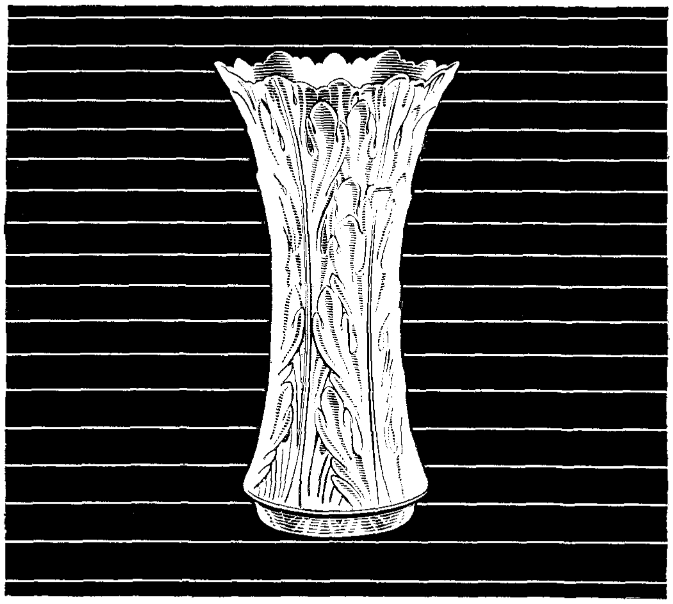


COLLECTOR'S CUP. *Reproduction of first Lenox piece. Handcrafted in textured ivory, gift boxed,* $\$6^{95}$. **PLAZA DEMITASSE.** *After-dinner elegance in delicately embossed ivory,* $\$5^{95}$. *Both with 24-k. gold trim.*



CANAPÉ SERVER. *A hostess's delight. Genuine hand-turned "fruitwood" finished mahogany. Center bowl has 24-k. gold trim. A lovely centerpiece with flowers. Comes apart for washing and storing. Tray diam. 15".* $\$29^{95}$.



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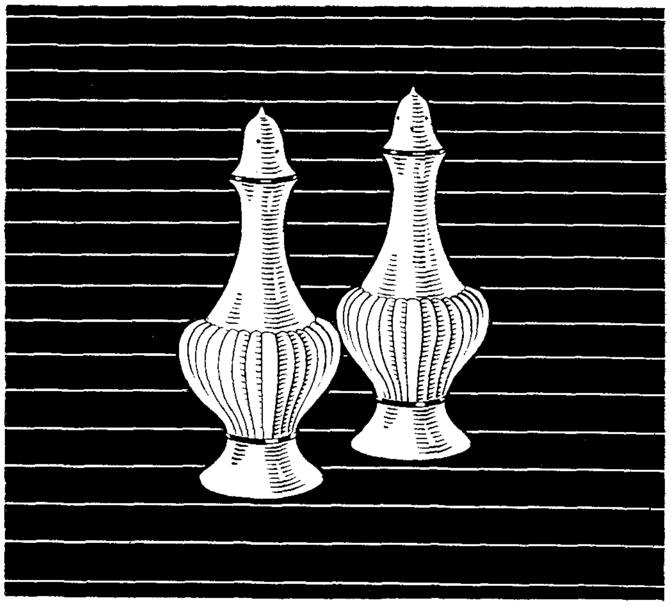

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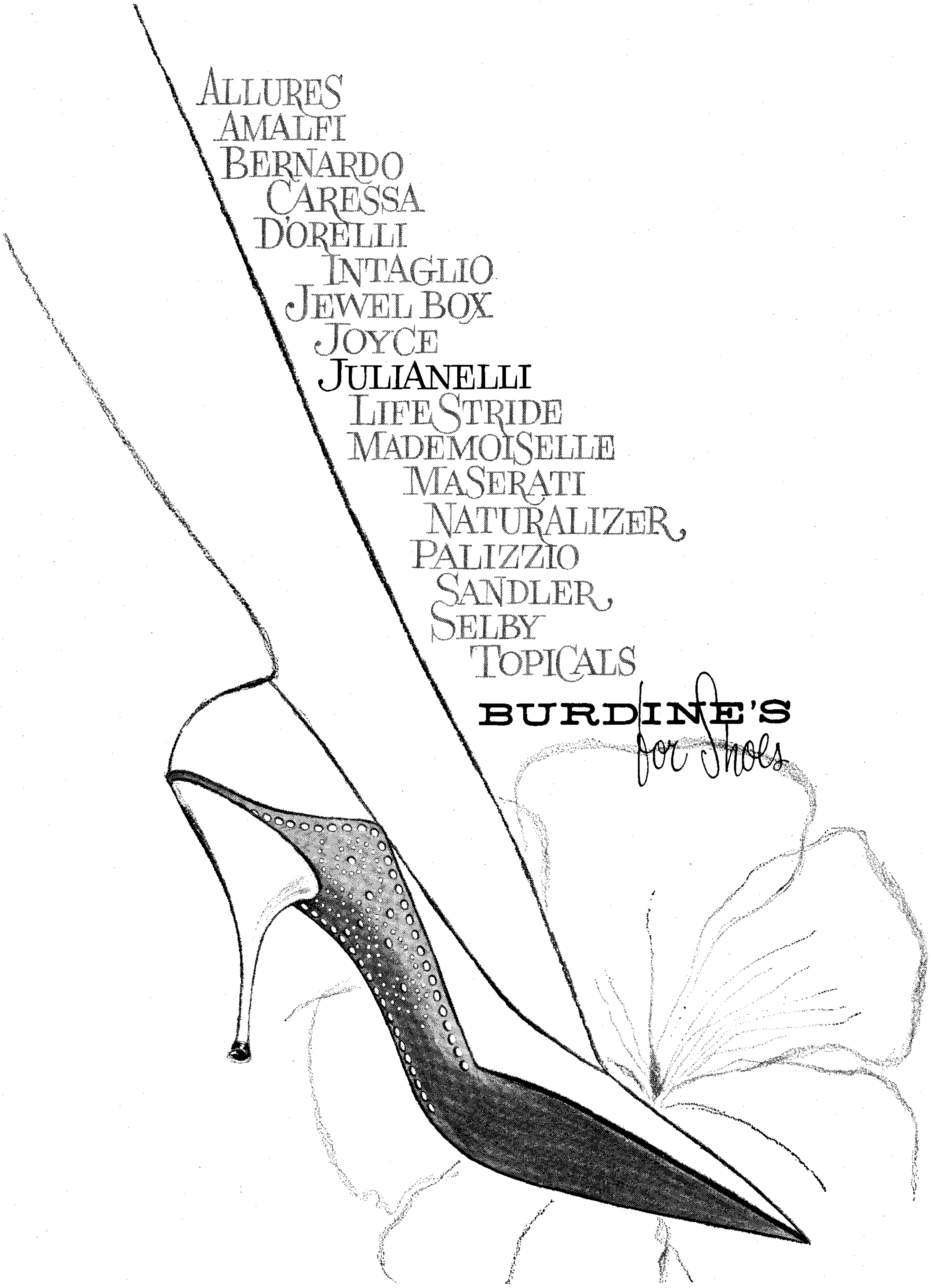

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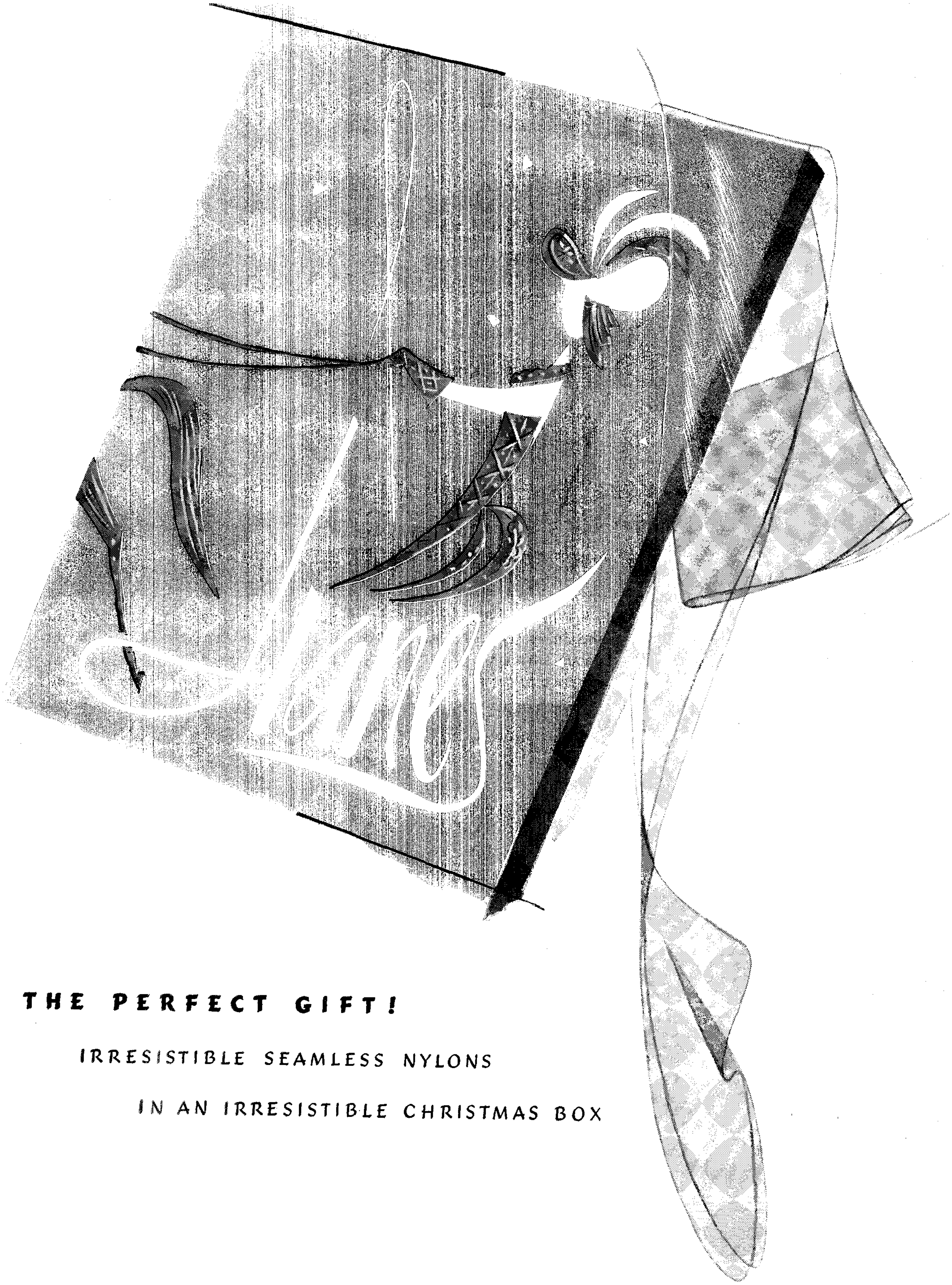

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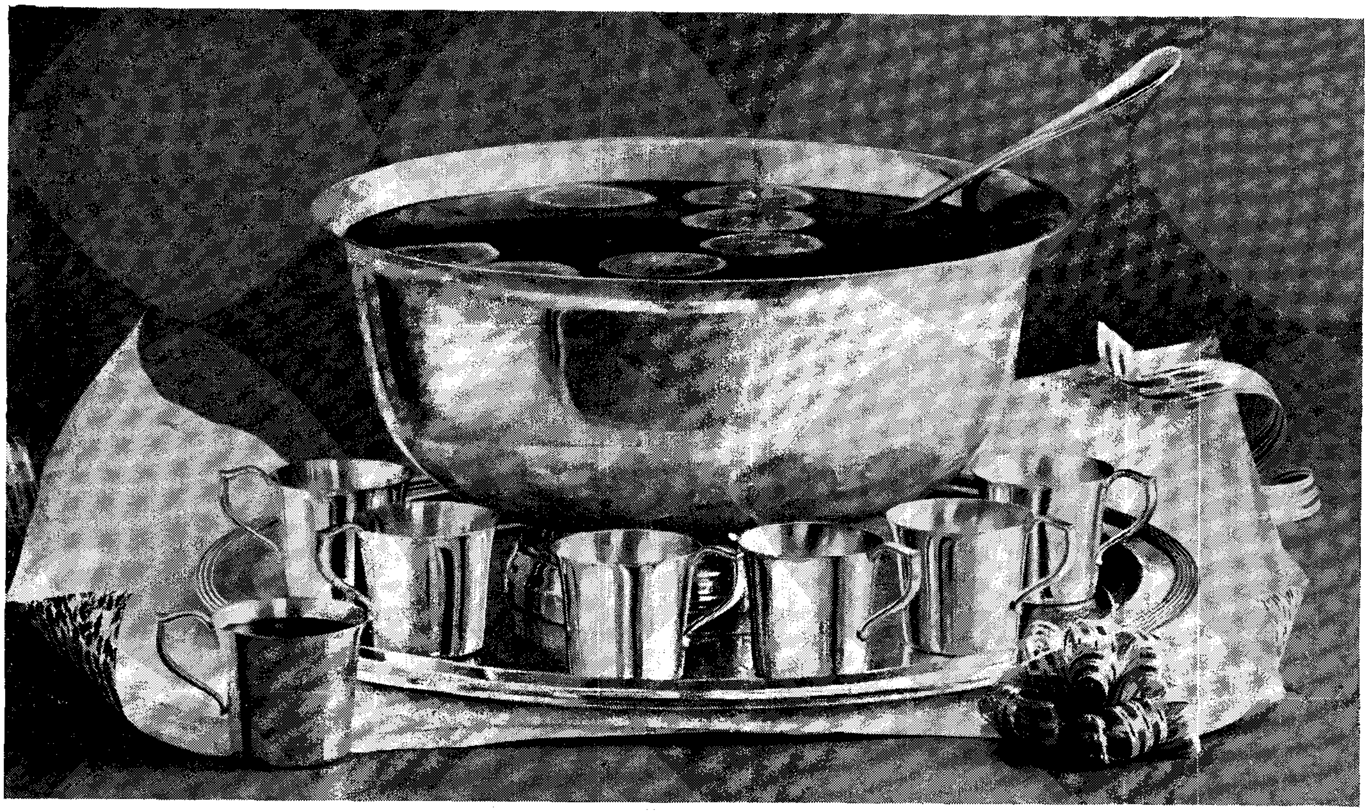

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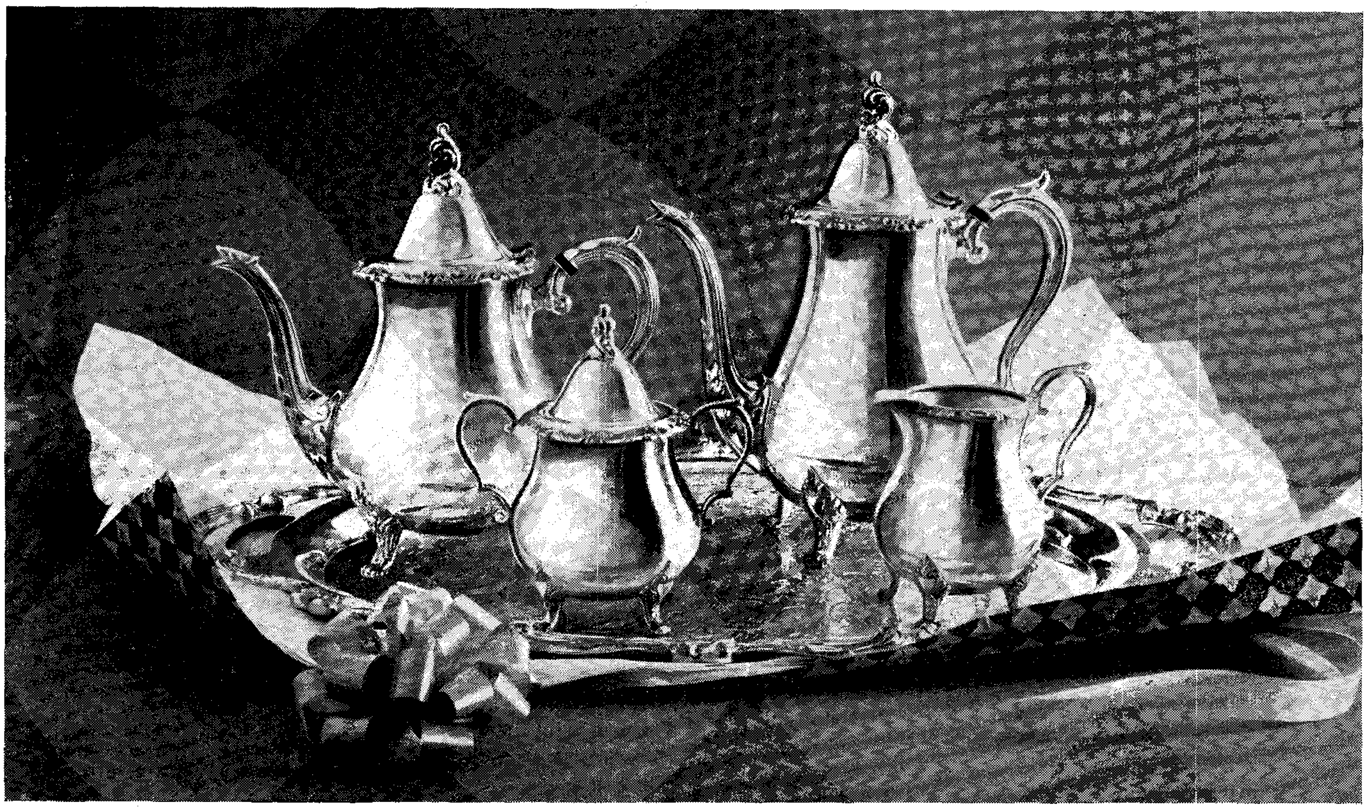

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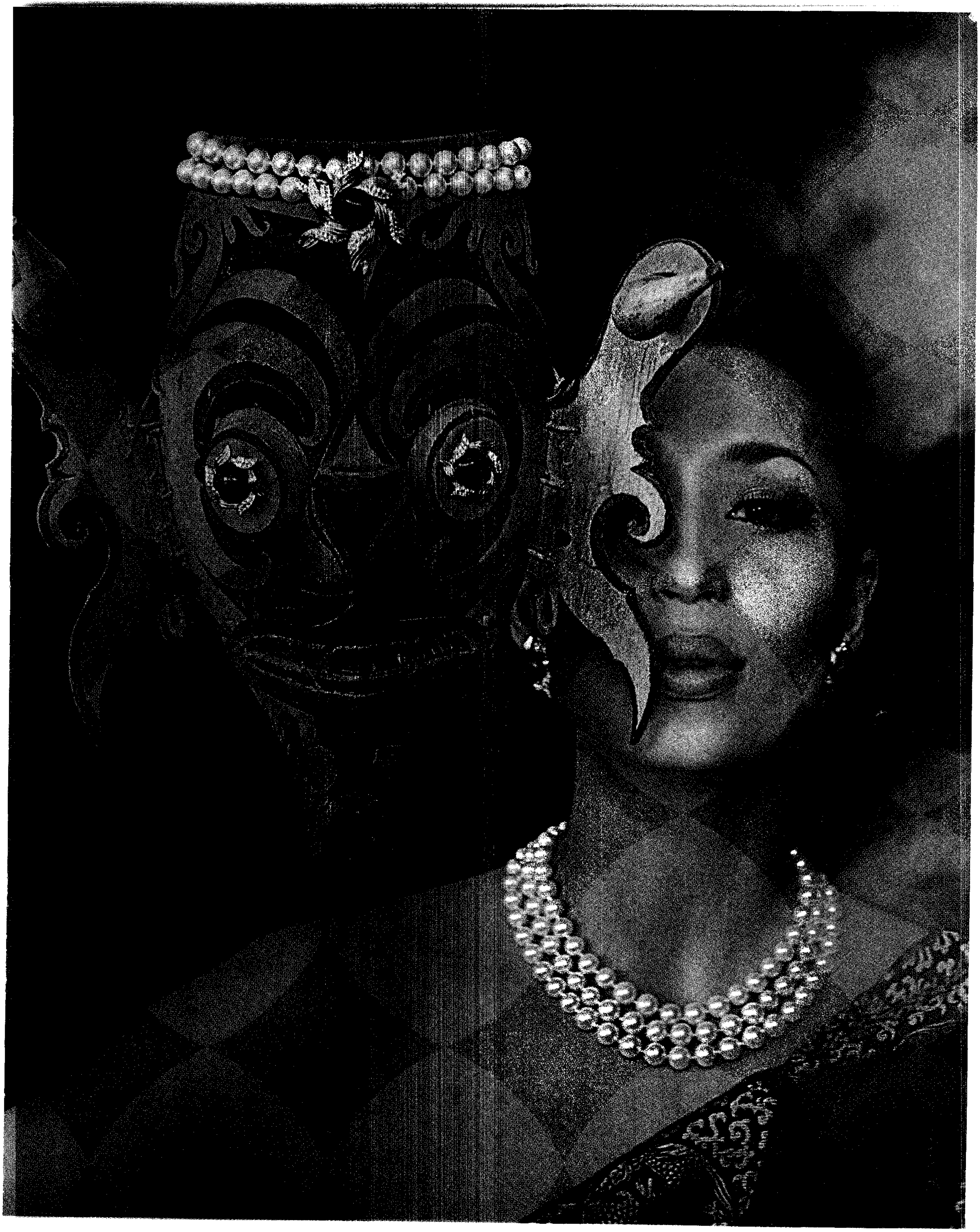

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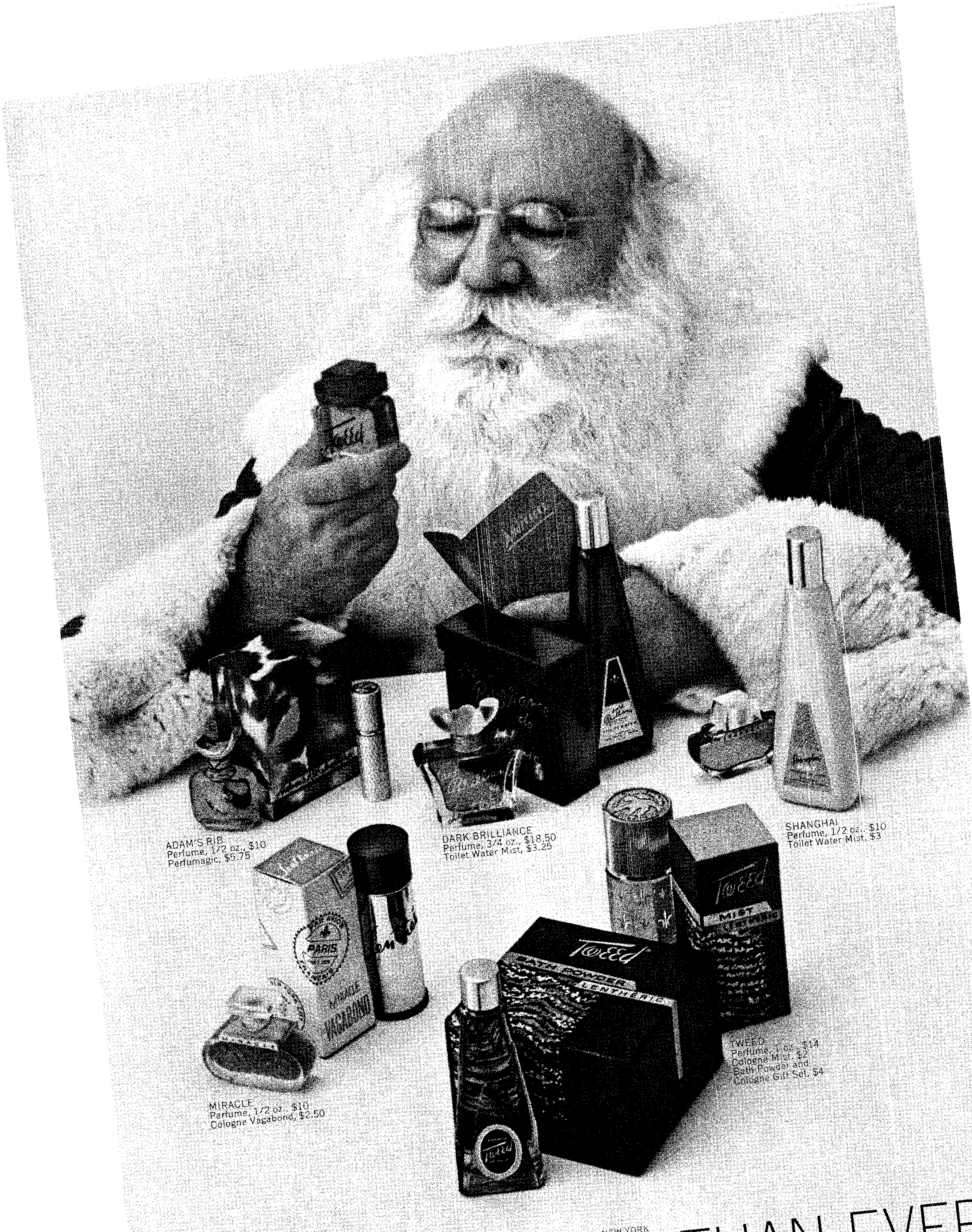
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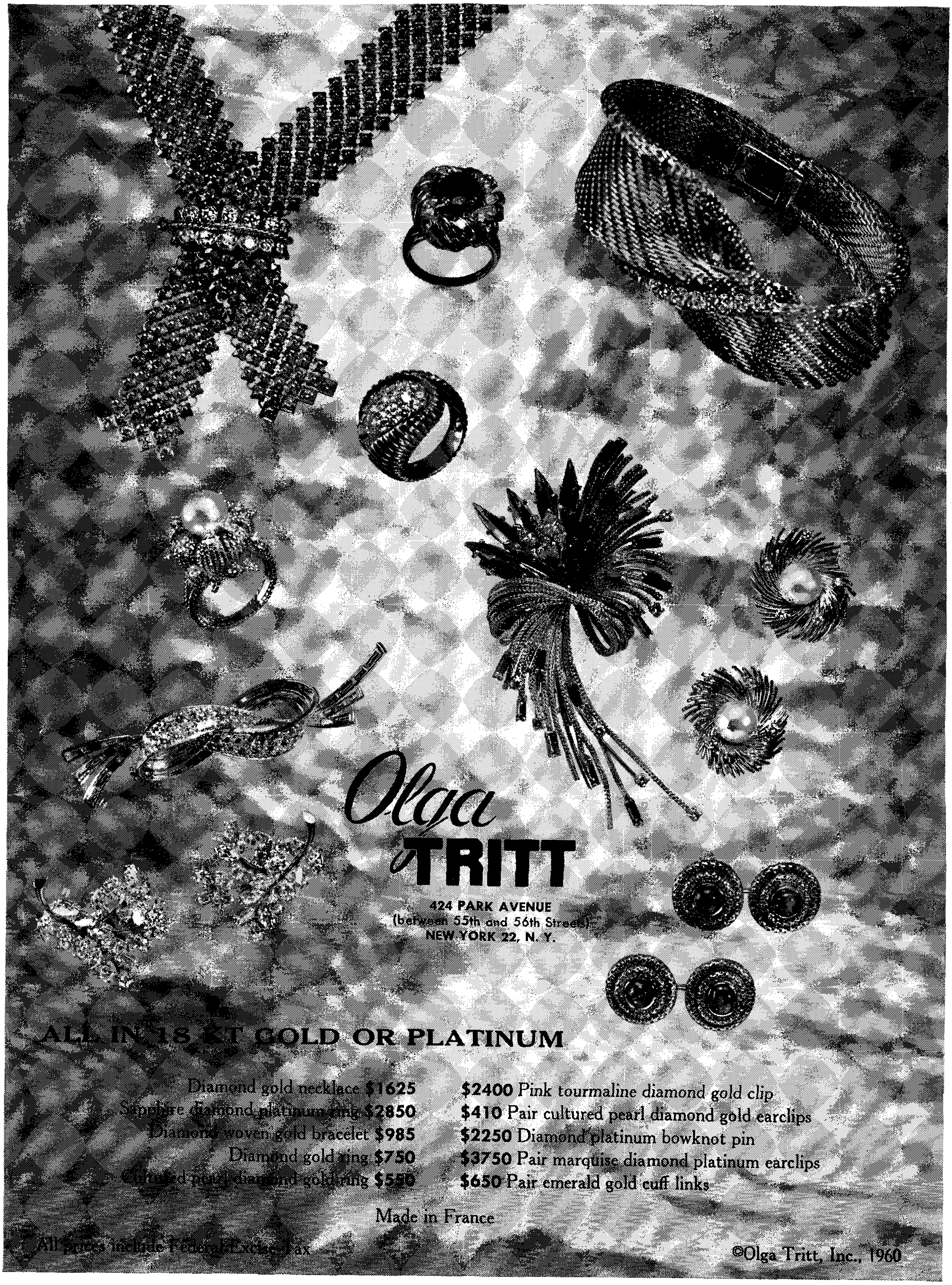

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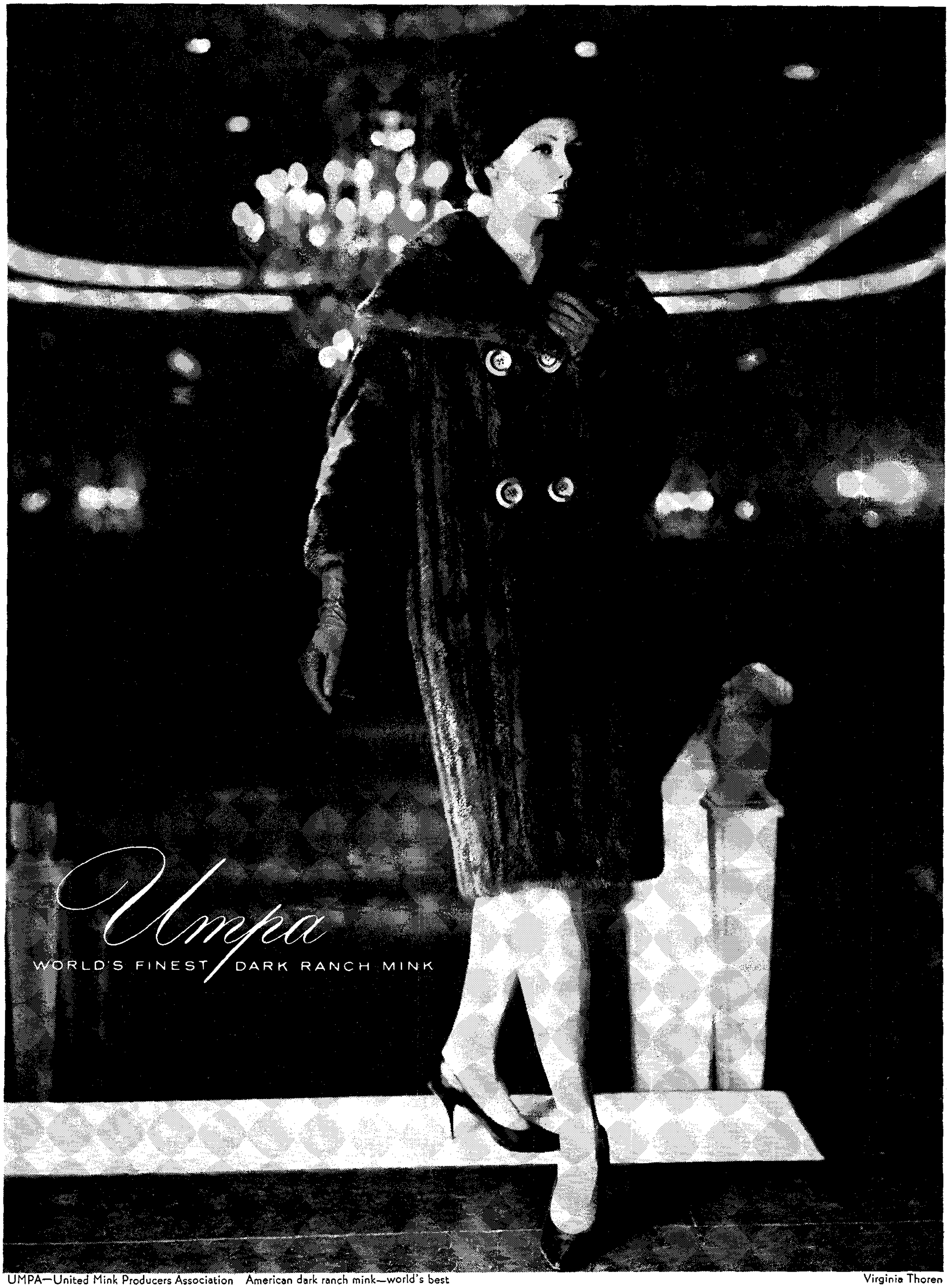
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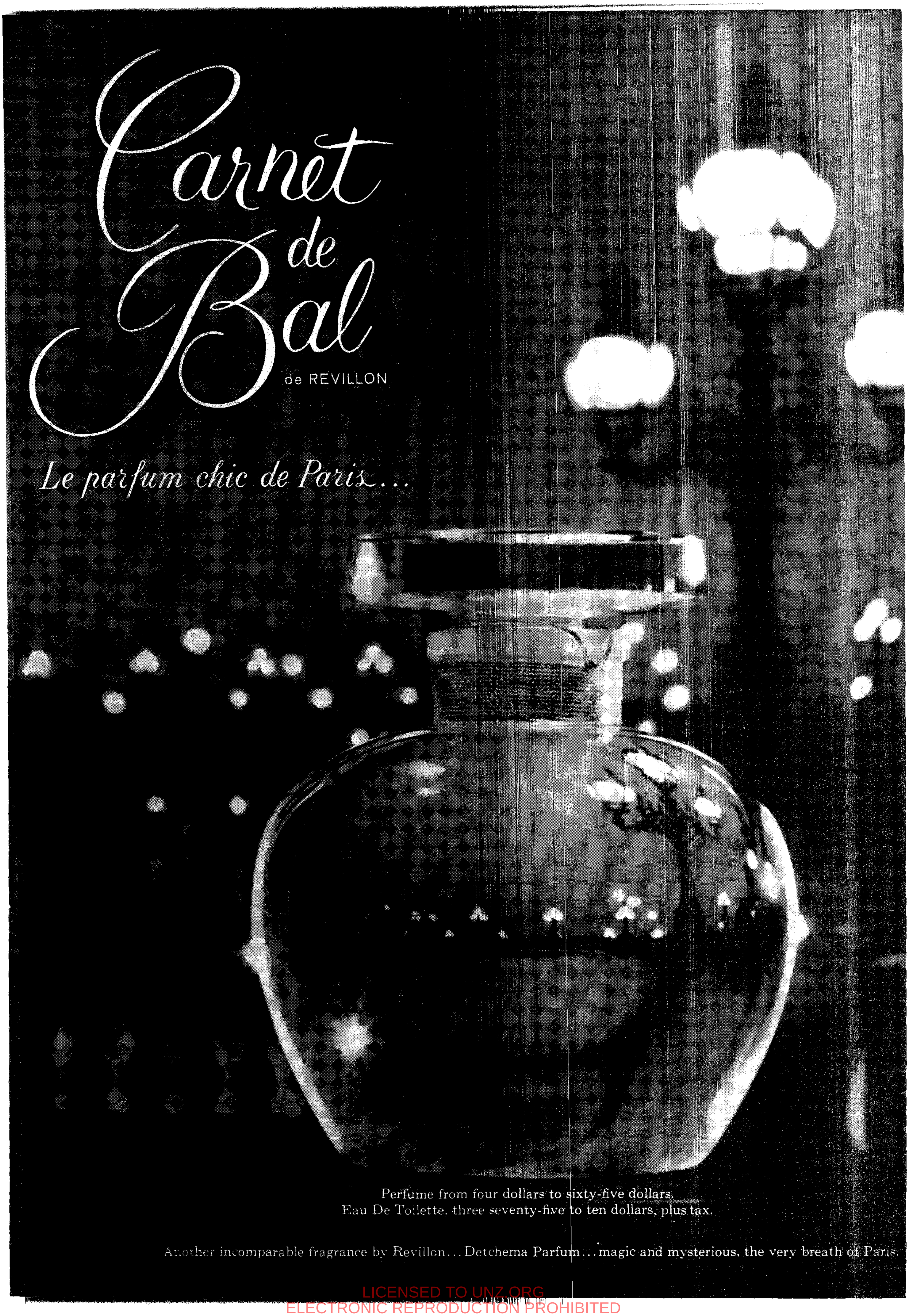

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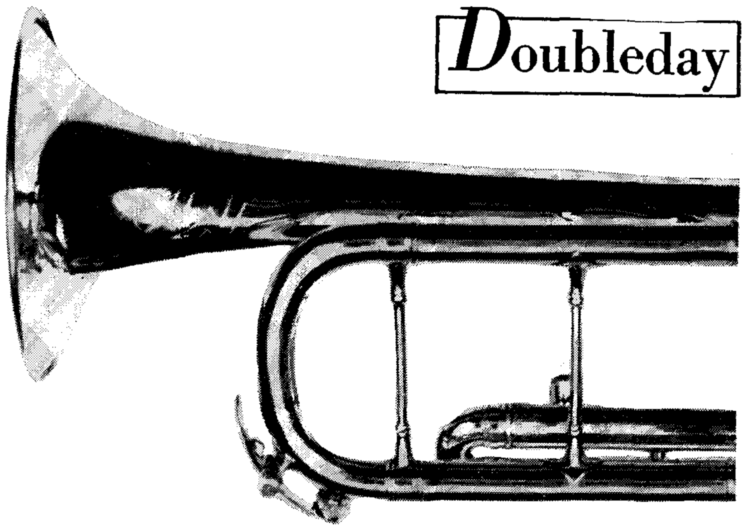

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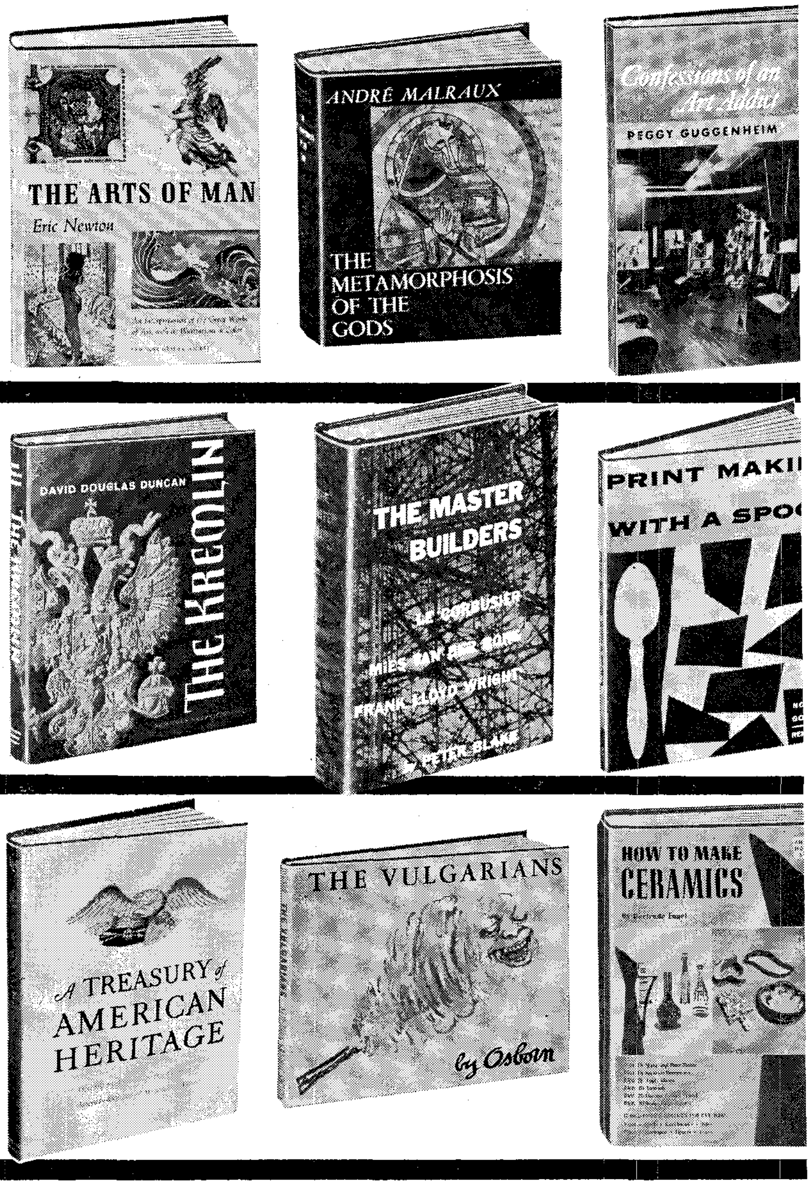
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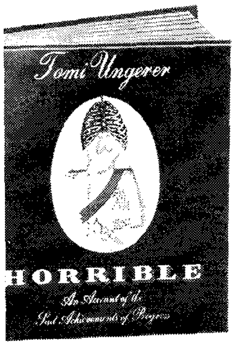
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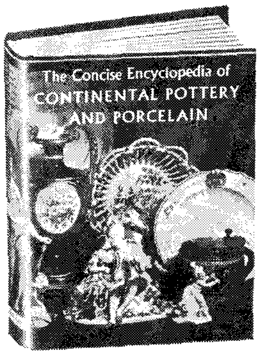
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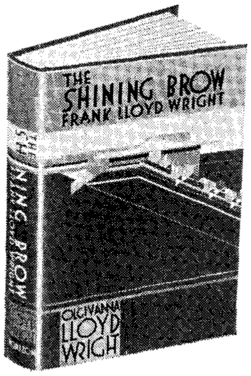
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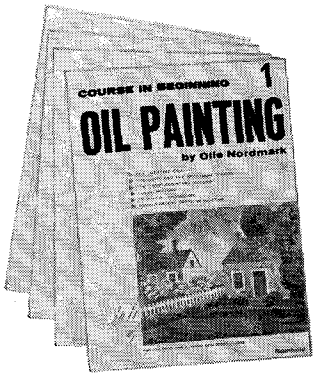
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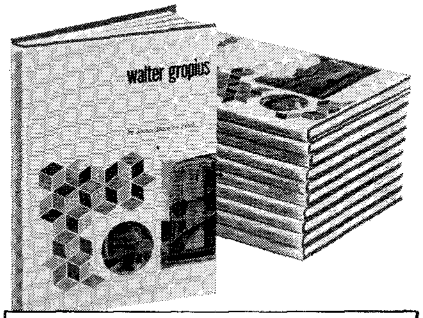
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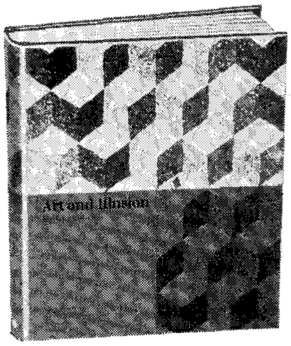
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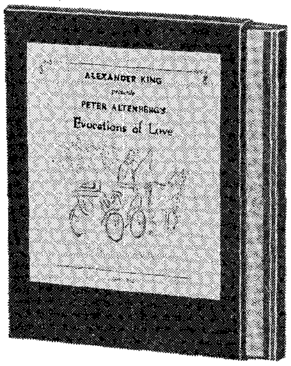
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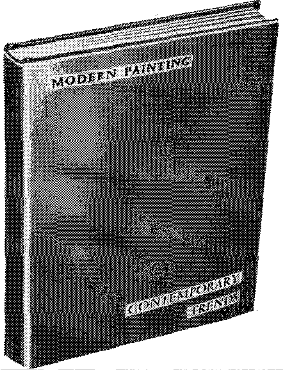
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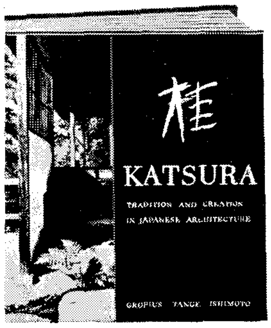
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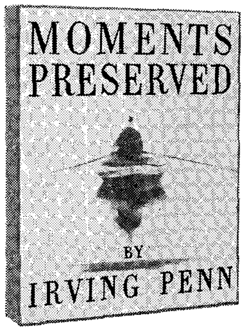
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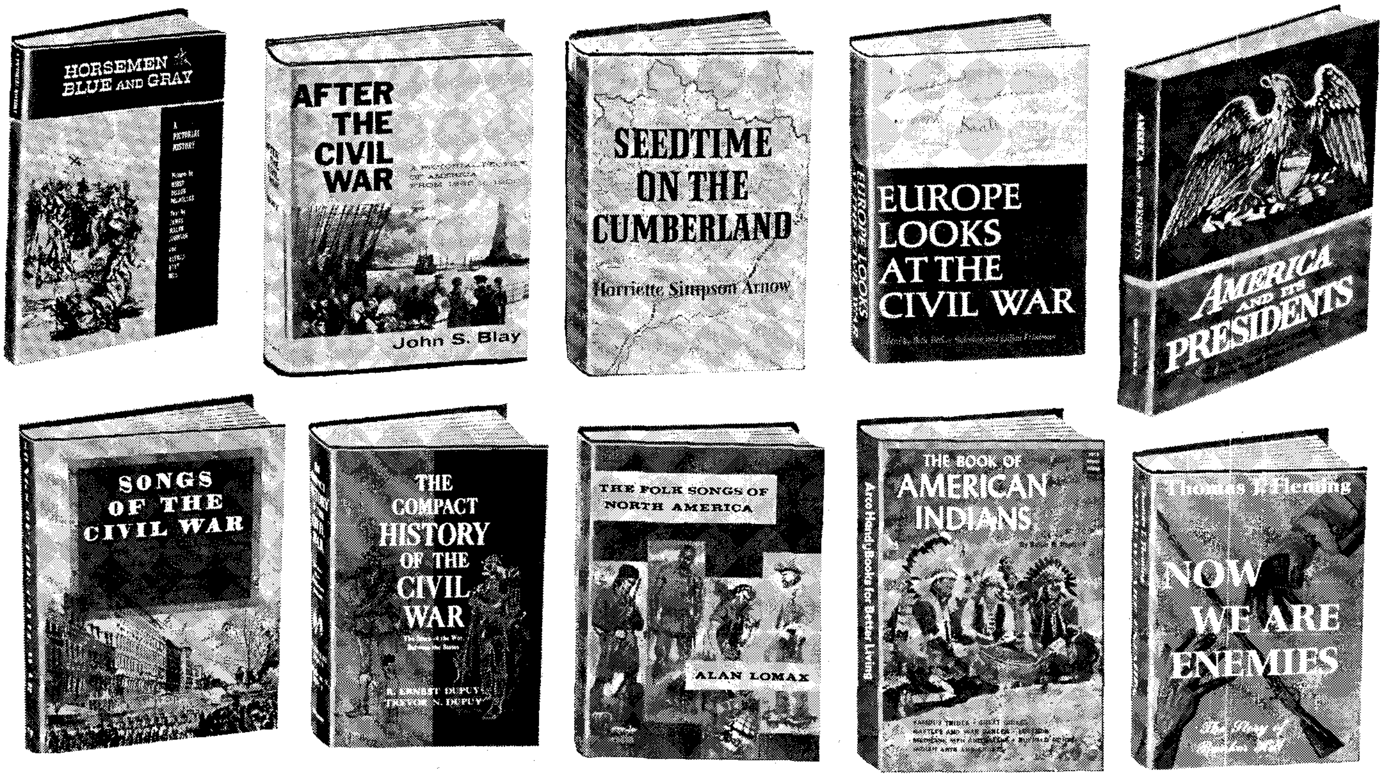
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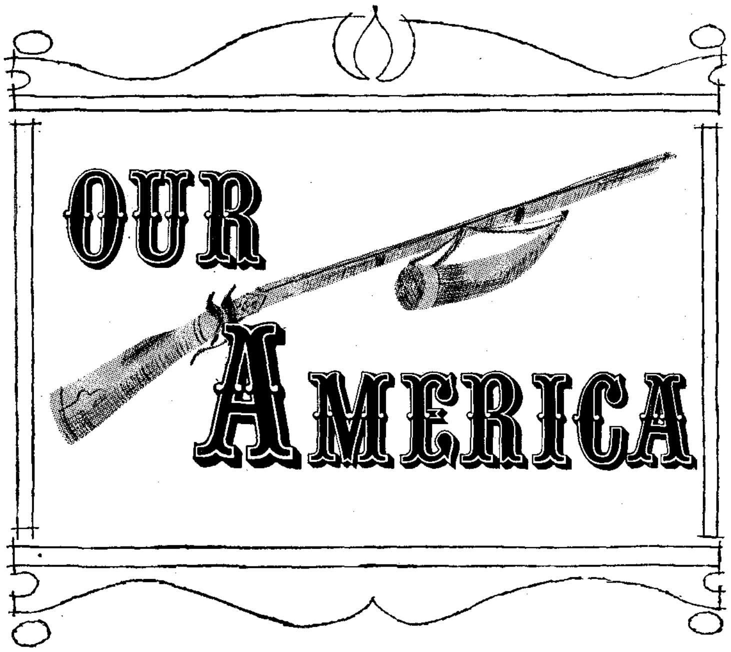
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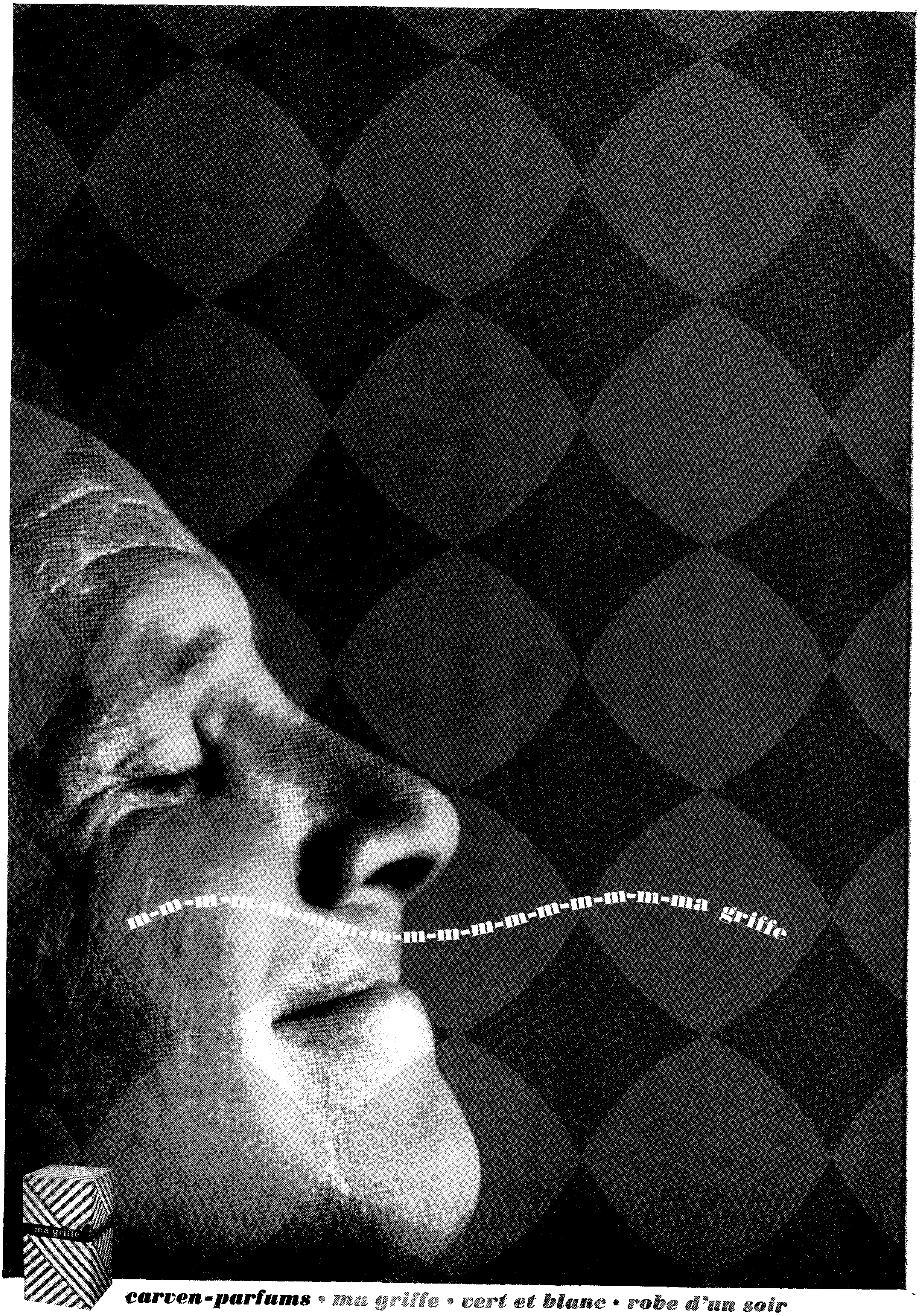
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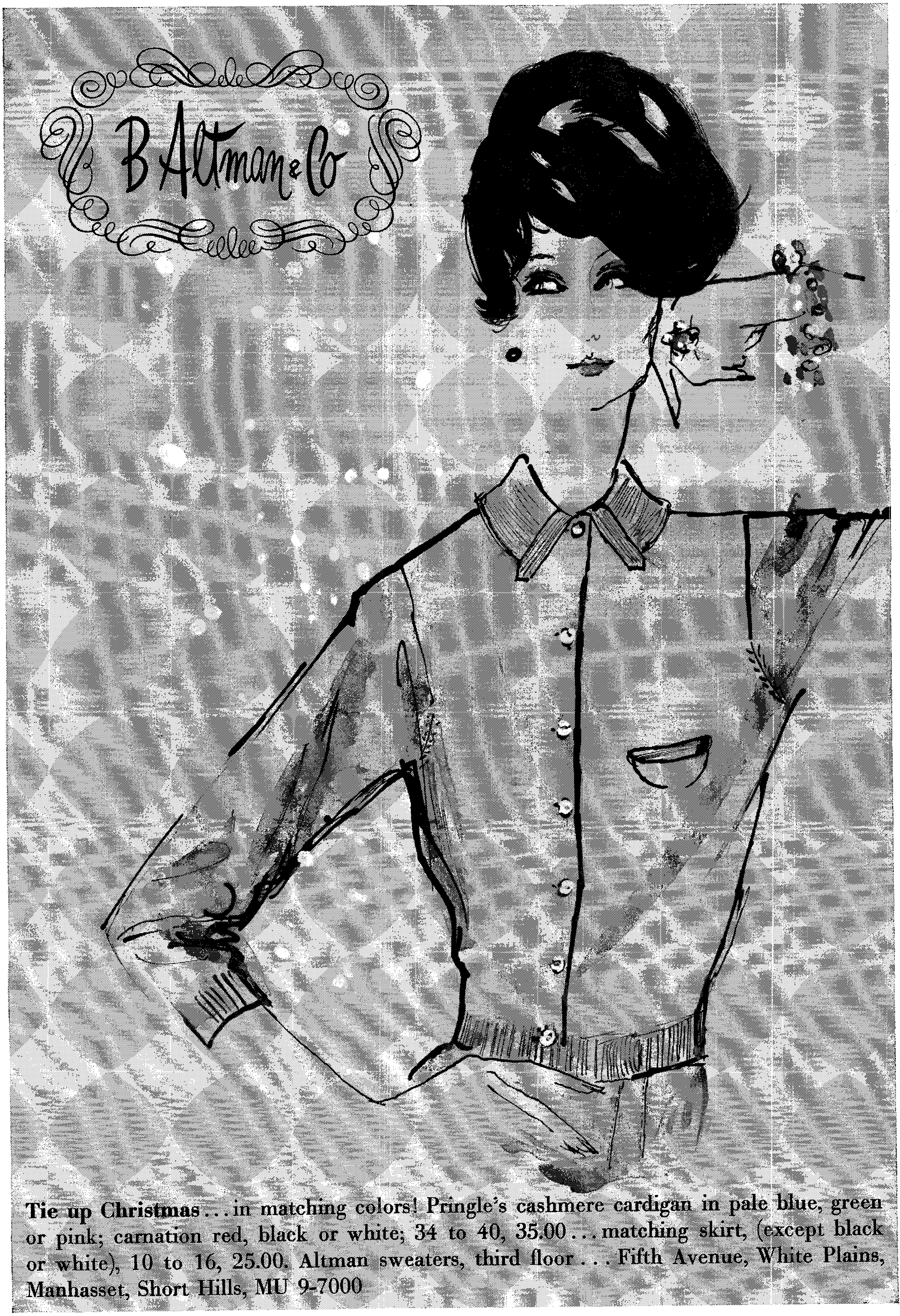

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

INTERNATIONAL NOTE: We wish to acknowledge receipt of a well-prepared communication from a subscriber who lives on Anti-Aircraft Street, Bangsue, Bangkok, Thailand.

Oasis

AT the Riverside Table Tennis Courts, at Ninety-sixth and Broadway—a basement establishment, with bilious-green walls and ancient wood-and-concrete floors, that is the favorite hangout these days of local table-tennis devotees—some of the most spirited action, we are told, takes place around three o'clock in the morning, when a number of night-shift post-office workers, along with a jazz musician or two and some other nocturnal types, drop in to knock off a few games before going home to bed. We'll have to take that information on trust, since we sleep well, but we can assure you that at ten o'clock one evening recently, when we stopped in for a look around and a chat with the proprietor, things seemed lively enough. All eight of the tables in the place were in use, the players bounding agilely about and bashing the ball back and forth with great vigor. The din was considerable—something like the noise that might be made by a xylophone band warming up in an echo chamber. In a niche near the front of the room we noticed a couple of chess tables, and these, too, were occupied. It was not the most peaceful setting we could think of for chess, but the chess players seemed undisturbed by the racket.

Behind a battered desk near the door we found the owner and manager of the enterprise, a lean, bony-faced man of about thirty named Marty Reisman, who is himself a table-tennis player of formidable ability, being the current United States singles champion. "Did you know that table tennis is probably the most popular competitive sport in the world?" he asked us. "In the world, that is, except for the United States. Japan alone has four hundred thousand registered tournament players. How many does the United States have? Maybe two thousand, at most. I'll bet there are more players in Cambodia than there are here. Incidentally, I met the King of Cambodia once, and I used to give lessons to the late President Magsaysay, of the Philippines. What I mean is I find it strange that the richest, most powerful country in the world should lag in table tennis. When I won the British singles championship, in 1949, there were ten thousand people in the Wembley Stadium to watch the match, but when I won the American championship, last year in Washington, only a handful of spectators showed up." He shrugged. "Ah, well, that's the way it is." Looking about the room, he seemed heartened by what he saw. "Anyway, I do all right with this place," he went on. "I get a dollar forty-eight an hour for each of the table-tennis tables and fifty cents an hour for each chess table. The chess was an afterthought. It doesn't take up much room, and there's not much wear and tear on the equipment. All sorts of people come in here—influential people, uninfluential people. A lot of foreigners, starving for a game, regard this place as an oasis. Some of our regulars are former Hungarian Freedom Fighters. Table tennis is a big sport in Hungary. Let's see who's here tonight. At the third table, the fellow on this side is a novelty-toy manufacturer. His opponent is a Chinese waiter. The woman in the green shirt at the next table is a chemical engineer. She's playing with her son. They come in here quite a bit. And the guy in the black shirt at the table next to that—he comes in often, too. He's in Wall Street; that is, he's a messenger down there, delivering sandwiches and coffee."

Albert Hubbell

We asked Mr. Reisman for a brief rundown on his own career, and he said, "I was born on the lower East Side. My father owned a taxicab fleet. As a kid, I was interested in science. I had a microscope and a telescope, and I spent so much time peering into them that my eyes began to go bad. My optometrist suggested it might help my vision if I took up table tennis. I was about twelve then. Well, once I took it up I got completely engrossed in it. Within three or four weeks, I could beat anybody around, and it was already apparent to experts that I would be a great player. Please don't think me immodest, but I am a great player. After all, I won the national junior championship when I was fourteen, and I was nineteen when I won the British championship. By then, I was at the peak of my game. Table tennis started out, about fifty years ago, as a slow, piddling game for old ladies. The Hungarians were the first to bring elegance and style to it. Then the Czechs came along with the concept of the rocklike defense. A point would go on and on until someone made a mistake. In one match, a single point lasted over two hours. After the Czechs, Dick Miles—an American who's been singles champion several times—and I speeded up the game terrifically. We introduced the quick hit—slamming the ball before it reaches the peak of its bounce. Now the Japanese have come along with a new kind of sponge-covered paddle, which has speeded the game up even more. Another thing I brought to the game was humor. When I was young, I liked to clown around. The London *Times* called me 'the Danny Kaye of table tennis.' They take table tennis very seriously over there. The referees wear dark-blue suits. I've been to Europe ten times for competitions or on tours, and I've made three trips around the world. I'm more famous in Hong Kong than I am here in New York."

•

OVERHEARD in a Second Avenue bus: "This kind of insurance you could have and fall down dead and you wouldn't have a leg to stand on."

Long-Winded Lady

WE have heard once more from the friend we speak of here as the long-winded lady. She writes to us as follows:

"One night about ten years ago, very late at night, I was sitting in the big, square bar of the Jumble Shop when Jean Gabin walked in and sat down at a corner table. Six years or so ago, I was having tea in Rosemarie de Paris—the branch near Fifty-fourth Street—and found that Marlene Dietrich was sitting at the table next to me. I saw Judy Holliday strolling around the main floor of Lord & Taylor one afternoon, maybe five years ago, and about the same time, or perhaps a little earlier that year, I was standing in an elevator that had stopped at the fourth floor of Lord & Taylor and Paulette Goddard stepped in, wearing a yellow dress. It must have been summertime, because of the yellow dress. Judy Holliday was in heavy clothes. I think I saw her in Lord & Taylor around Christmastime that year. As a matter of fact, I'm sure it was Christmastime, because I never walk around the main floor of any department store except at Christmastime, when I am looking for the kind of present you give to people who get scented sachets and Pullman slippers and feminine-looking billfolds and things like that. I like seeing movie stars as I go on my way around the city. I like recognizing them and knowing who they are and knowing that by just being where I am they make me invisible—a face in the crowd, another pair of staring eyes. I never jostle movie stars, or ask them for autographs, or try to snip locks of their hair, but I do stare. I feel that by recognizing them I have earned the right to stare, and I also feel that they do not really mind. It is different if you are not a movie star. One time, I was mistaken for a movie star. Then, when the mistake had been cleared up, I was stared at for not being a movie star.

"It was about fourteen years ago. I was sitting in the back room of the Minetta Tavern, and I had just finished dinner. I was waiting for my coffee. Suddenly, a very small girl pressed herself against me and put an open autograph book on the table in front of me. I stared down at her and she stared up at me. We did not smile. Then a woman—her mother, I suppose—was over me.

"The woman said, 'Oh, Miss Astor, won't you give Rosalie your autograph? We've been watching you since we came in. I told her she'd see movie stars here.'

"I said, 'But I am not Miss Astor.'

"The woman said, 'Aren't you Mary Astor?'

"I said, 'No, of course not.'

"The woman said, 'Well, you certainly do look like her.'

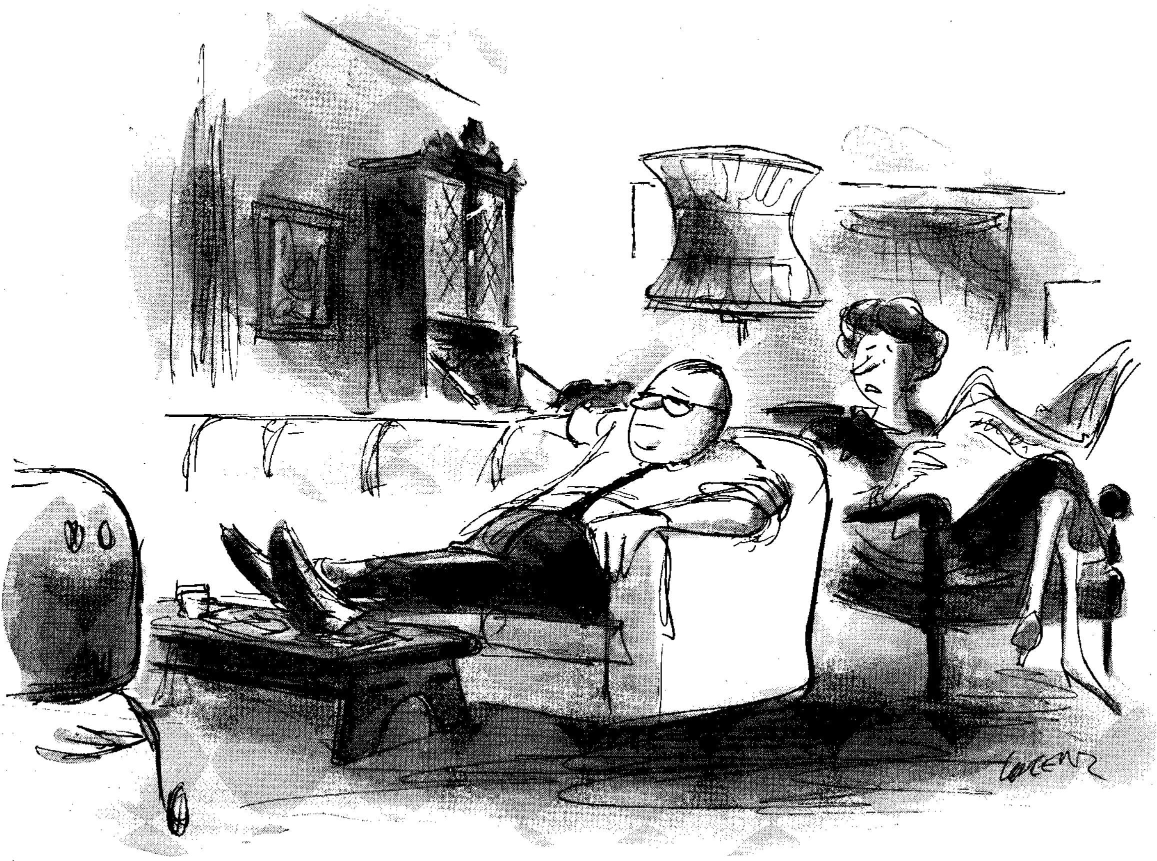
"I said to the little girl, 'I'm terribly sorry. I can't write in your book.'

"The little girl put out her hand and laid it on the book.

"The woman said, 'Well, this is a disappointment. Can't you write your name anyway?' Then she said, very quickly, 'Go ahead. Put "Mary Astor." Just write something. She won't know the difference.'

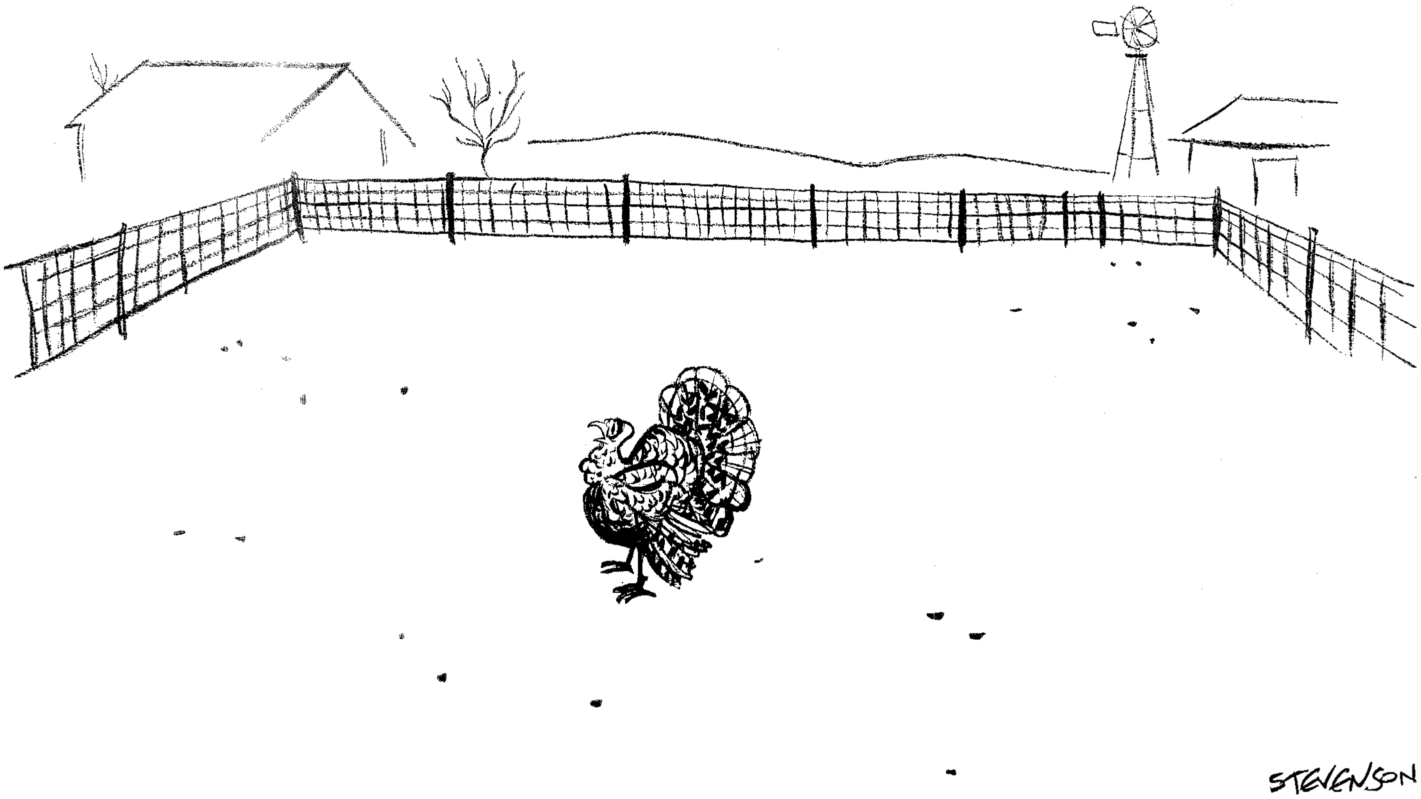
"I said, 'No, I won't.'

"The woman grabbed the child and the autograph book angrily, and they went back to their table. I did not watch them go. I felt ashamed. After a while, I glanced across at their table. The child looked downcast and reproachful. She was watching me, and her autograph book dangled from her hands. The woman was staring at me. I thought she looked contemptuous. I felt even more ashamed. By walking into the Minetta Tavern when I was there, they had made me into an impostor. It was all my fault. I had been *anybody*, but now I was only *not somebody*. I left the restaurant in a hurry, without having any coffee.



"Harry, explain gold to me."

"Now I am coming



"Hey, where is everybody?"

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to the point of my story. Since my return to the city after my long sojourn in the country, I have been staying around in different hotels in different neighborhoods searching for the place where I would really like to settle down. A while ago, I left the small hotel in the Village where I always used to stay, and moved to a hotel on East Eighty-sixth Street, just across from Central Park. One night—a Monday—I was going into the hotel about nine o'clock when I noticed a commotion and a lot of very bright lights, floodlights, on the corner of Eighty-sixth and Fifth, directly across the street. I asked the doorman what it was all about. 'They're making some movie,' he said. I went into the hotel and asked the girl in the elevator about the movie that was being made. 'It's "Butterfield 8," ' she said. 'Elizabeth Taylor is out there. And Laurence Harvey.'

"It was threatening rain that night, and it was cold. I put on a large felt hat and a raincoat, and I went down and out and stood near the corner, watching the scene across the street. The scene in and around the ring of floodlights and cameras might have been roped or walled off, it was so well protected by an army of policemen and other people in authority, who were all kept busy easing the traffic out of the way, and then easing it on its way, and encouraging motorists to keep moving, and even persuading Fifth Avenue bus drivers into a pleasing show of docility. I stood watching, to see what would happen. A few people stood near me, and all the people walking their dogs paused to watch a minute. It was really much too cold and windy to stand still for long. Across the street, a tiny bright-red car was parked at the curb on the Fifth Avenue side of the big apartment house that is on that corner. The car started suddenly backward and shot around the corner and a short way along Eighty-sixth, stopping just across from the entrance to my hotel. Elizabeth Taylor was at the wheel, and Laurence Harvey sat beside her. During the pause before she started the car again, Elizabeth Taylor glanced into the rear-view mirror and pushed idly at her dark hair, which was tousled, using her left hand. Laurence Harvey looked more closely into the rear-view mirror and, using both hands, combed his hair with a comb. At a signal that I did not notice, Miss Taylor shot the car forward and around the corner, and stopped it where it had originally been standing, just short of the apartment-house marquee. Mr. Harvey climbed unsteadily out of the car. He was wearing a topcoat. He staggered. A doorman in uniform rushed forward to support him. And so on. They went through their scene several times—many times—racing the car backward, stopping, and racing it forward again. It was really a very cold night. People kept coming to watch and then drifting away. At one point, a policeman came and put up a barrier in front of me. I looked around. I was the only person behind the barrier.

"Now I have a dream. In my dream, it is about two o'clock in the morning and it is terribly cold. I am standing on the corner of Eighty-sixth and Fifth, and across the street, on the opposite corner, Greta Garbo is standing, surrounded by bright lights and big cameras. She is wearing an enormous fur hat that does not hide her splendid face. Where I am, it is dark. Across Fifth, the trees and grass and paths of Central Park have vanished into the night. There is no traffic of any kind. A policeman comes and puts up a barrier in front of me. I look around. I am alone. I am all the crowd there is. I *am* the crowd. I watch Greta Garbo and I roar like a crowd. My enthusiasm gets the better of me and I howl. In a matter of minutes, I am a mob. I press forward to get a better view of Miss Garbo, and then I make a wild surge. The barrier comes down with a crash. Policemen arrive and form a cordon to hold me back. Two policemen get hold of the barrier and try to stand it up while all the other policemen dig in their heels and almost sit flat on the pavement in their determination to keep me within limits. I begin to cheer. I am almost out of control. I seem to be turning into a riot, but reinforcements of police arrive and I quiet down. Soon I am back behind the barrier. The policemen vanish. I continue to watch Greta Garbo. Suddenly, out of the shadows, Jean Gabin appears. He is wearing the uniform of an officer in the French Army in the war of 1914. M. Gabin says, 'I've been watching you for some time. Haven't we met someplace? I'm sure I know you.' I say, 'No, I don't think so.' He says, 'You look very familiar. I'm sure I've seen you before.' I say, 'I really don't think we've met, but I can tell you one thing. I'm not Mary Astor. I don't even look like her.' M. Gabin replies, 'Of course you're not Mary Astor. There's no resemblance at all. How could there be? You are invisible. Anybody can see that.' He vanishes in the shrouded direction of Central Park. I stand behind my barrier and I continue to watch Greta Garbo.

"So much for my dream, but, in fact, this is a wonderful city. It is always giving me something to think about. Now I am thinking of Madison Avenue. The best bus ride in the city is along there, but tonight I think I will walk up Madison Avenue on my way home. I have never been invisible on Madison Avenue, but perhaps after the walk that I will take between ten minutes after six and twenty-five minutes to seven this evening there will be a different story to tell. Maybe Alec Guinness will be the one who will not see me."

Good Deal

HERE, in its entirety, is the list of what an eight-year-old girl friend of ours wants for Christmas:

1. A Bible.
2. A deck of cards.

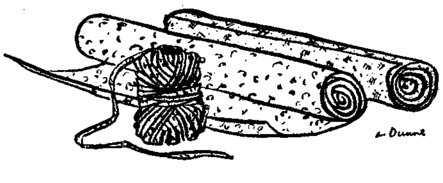
Zoological Chat

AS luck would have it, we had scarcely finished reading a story in the *Times* headed "Robin Favored as National Bird in Hard-Fought British Contest" when we were lunching with James Fisher, a leading British ornithologist, whom we had met the evening before at the annual dinner of a group of bird-lovers.

"How do you feel about the robin's victory?" we asked, for the story had gone on to say that after Lord Hurcomb, chairman of the British Section of the International Committee for Bird Preservation, made a plea for assistance in naming a bird as a national emblem, the robin had won from the grouse, its nearest competitor, in an informal poll taken by the London *Times*.

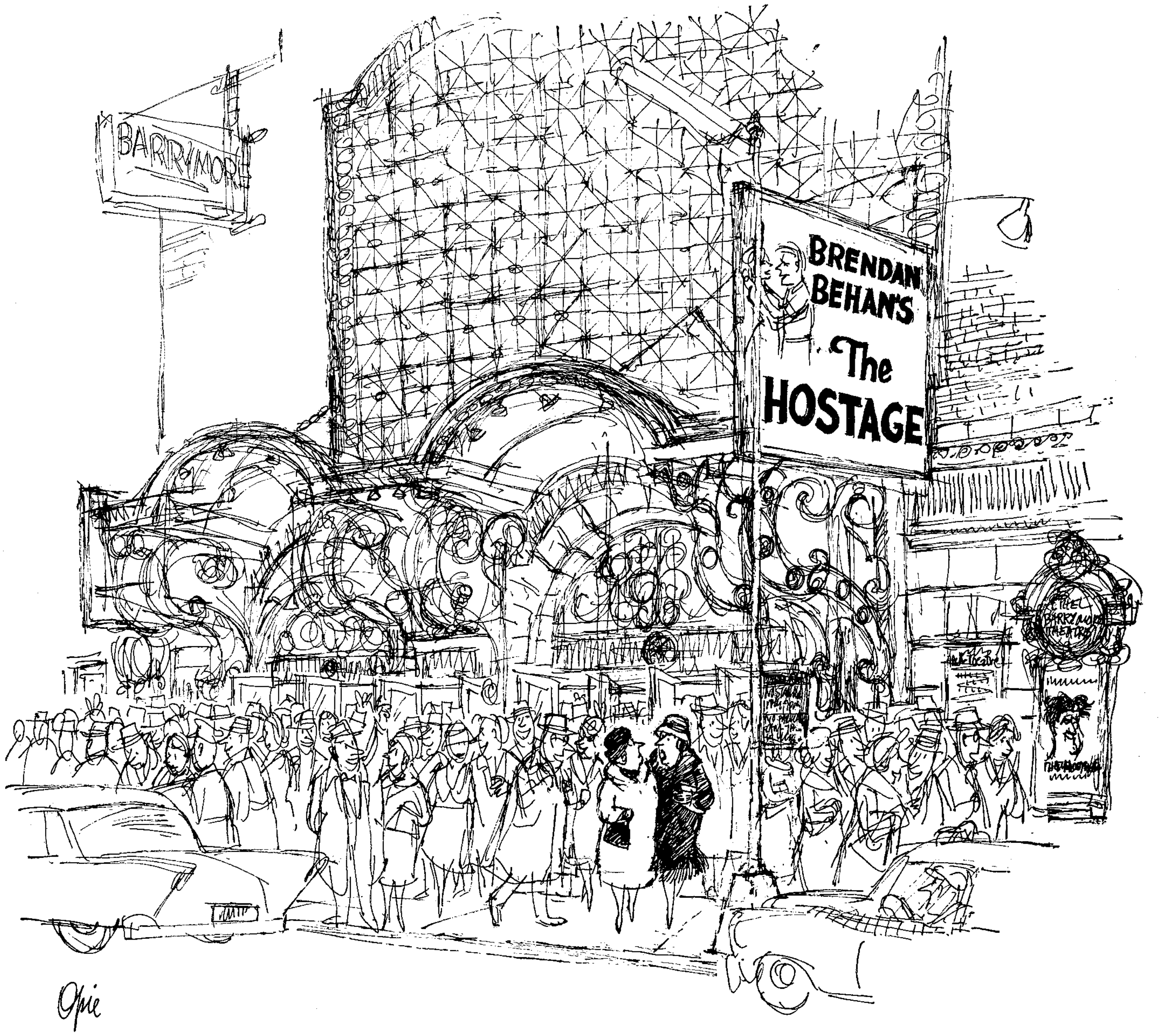
"It doesn't surprise me," Mr. Fisher replied. "The grouse is the only full species of bird that is indigenous to the British Isles, but it is too upper-class to have a wide popular appeal. It has a landed-gentry connotation. Rather a Tory bird. The robin, on the other hand, is frightfully democratic, the bird of everybody's dooryard. Our poets have been having a go at robins for years—including Alfred Lawn Tennyson, as Joyce called him, who erroneously wrote that the robin put on a red breast only in the spring. To be sure, the robin is a most aggressive, highly territorial bird—its territories are madly well marked, and in winter the females are as territory-conscious as the males and fight the males for feeding space—but it is a very endearing bird, and anyway it wasn't chosen by a plebiscite of the nation but just by readers of the *Times*, and the issue really concerns not a national bird but simply the symbol that Britain should be represented by in the International Union for Conservation of Nature, of which Lord Hurcomb is a former vice-president. Our robin, by the way, is not *your* robin; yours is a true thrush, a member of the thrush subfamily of the thrush family, while ours belongs to the chat subfamily of the thrush family. It is a family bird, with excellent morals; that is to say, it is monogamous once it has sorted out its marital troubles at the beginning of the season. But the same can be said of the grouse, perhaps to its greater credit. In the case of many game birds, the male deserts his family, but that is not true of the grouse."

These matters having been cleared up, we asked Mr. Fisher to tell us the story of his life. "I was born in 1912 in Clifton, a suburb of Bristol, where my father was assistant master at Clifton College," he said. "He later went to Eton as senior science master, and after three years—when I was nine or ten—he became headmaster of Oundle School, in Oundle, a very nice tiny medieval limestone town in wonderful rolling country in Northamptonshire. The school was founded in 1556. I was obsessed by animals before I could read. When I was two, Father put me on his knee with a standard textbook on birds. I learned to identify them all in a few months, which gave people the idea that I *could* read."



Fisher *fils* presently learned to read, got a King's scholarship at Eton, and helped found the Eton College Natural History Society. Then he went to his father's old college, Magdalen, at Oxford, where he specialized in zoology. After a year spent teaching mathematics and biology at Bishop's Stortford College, in Hertfordshire, he became an assistant curator of the London Zoological Society. "Julian Huxley, who was then secretary, or director, of the Society, suggested me for the job," he said. "I had to appear before its Council to answer questions, and I think on the whole what clinched my getting the position was that when I was asked by the Duke of Bedford, the Society's president and the grandfather of the present Duke, 'Why do you want to come to the Zoo?' I said, 'Because, sir, I prefer animals alive to dead.' The councillors included the leading natural-history-museum people of England, who were in charge of a great many dead animals, but they giggled and voted me in."

Mr. Fisher left this post in 1939 for war work as a researcher in pest control, and after the war he joined the publishing house of Collins. "I edited its New Naturalist series," he said. "I had written a number of books on birds, and I wrote some more. In 1956, I went into a publishing partnership with Wolfgang Foges, specializing in picture books—the Wonderful World series—and encyclopedic books on general knowledge; we now have Aldus Books, a subsidiary of Doubleday." Mr. F. also writes for Aldus, and is currently working with Roger Tory Peterson on "The Wonderful World of Birds." He has a weekly television program, "News from the Zoos," and a monthly "Birds in Britain" program. "I've conducted TV programs from zoos all over Europe," he said. "I did one in Vienna the other day, covering the Schönbrunn Zoo, the oldest in the world; it was designed in 1752 and is now fitted with the most modern animal-hygiene equipment. But my abiding passion is ornithology. I'm a former secretary of the British Trust for Ornithology, which has some three thousand members and arranges a network of field observers all over the Kingdom, and I think I belong to forty-five or fifty natural-history societies. It's terribly expensive, but I can't help doing it. You know, in America



"Can you imagine T. S. Eliot, for instance, breaking up 'Murder in the Cathedral'?"

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there's an awful element that thinks ornithology is not a manly pursuit, which it is. It seems to be hell's own job to get a nature TV program on here. But you're more serious about conservation than we are. I've written almost two dozen books, half of them on birds and the rest mostly on natural history and travel."

Mr. Fisher is the father of six—the eldest, Edmund, who is twenty-one and just out of Magdalen, is a trainee in the editorial department of Doubleday, here in New York—and he is the husband of a fellow Oxford graduate and author. Using the name Margery Fisher, she has written a novel and has collaborated with her husband on a biography of Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Arctic explorer. "Margery is a daughter of Sir Henry Turner, who went to New Zealand to seek his fortune and did frightfully well in mutton," Mr. Fisher said. "He's active in a refrigerating company and a meat-importing firm. He was Controller of Meat and Livestock in the Ministry of Food during the war. He's a nice man; I like him. Margery, during the war, went off to Oundle to replace a man as senior English master. I believe she's the only senior English master to have had two babies in term time." The Fishers live in Ashton, a village in Northamptonshire, sixty-four miles from London. "We have two houses in Ashton—a rectory of uncertain date and a late-fifteenth-century moated manor that we restored," Mr. Fisher said.

"What's the news from the zoos here?" we asked as both of us rose from lunch.

"Your zoos are marvellous," he said. "Those in St. Louis and Milwaukee are very good, and the Bronx animals are first-class, although the place is saddled with old buildings, and I like the Washington Zoo very much, but the San Diego Zoo is the best. It has a wonderful site, with mesas and canyons, and it has the proper food for koalas—the right eucalyptus at the right season. I think it's the only zoo here that Australia will send koalas to."

On the Beam

A LADY showed up at Boston's Museum of Science last week and asked an attendant to direct her to the planetarium. She wanted to visit its Yuletide show, of the night sky on Christmas Eve, she said, and added, "How lovely to see the stars just as they were over Bethlehem on the first Christmas Eve!"

"Not the first Christmas Eve but this one, Madam," replied the attendant. "And over Boston."

DIAL "H" FOR HEARTBURN

"MOTHER, DON'T FORGET TO TELEPHONE THE OVEN!"

PITTSBURGH, PA. To "telephone" your oven—or for that matter, any electric appliance—may appear as a fantastic dream, but it's not. In fact, engineers of Westinghouse Electric Corporation have made it possible today. Chris J. Witting, vice president, consumer products, said the company has developed a method of operating electric household appliances, cooling and heating equipment, and other electrical devices in the home by dial telephone from any location in the United States.

"As an example," he pointed out, "you are about to take a jet flight from New York to Los Angeles. You step into a telephone booth—make a call—and in a matter of seconds the air conditioner you turned off last week will be turned on, and your house will be cool upon arrival in a few hours. . . ."

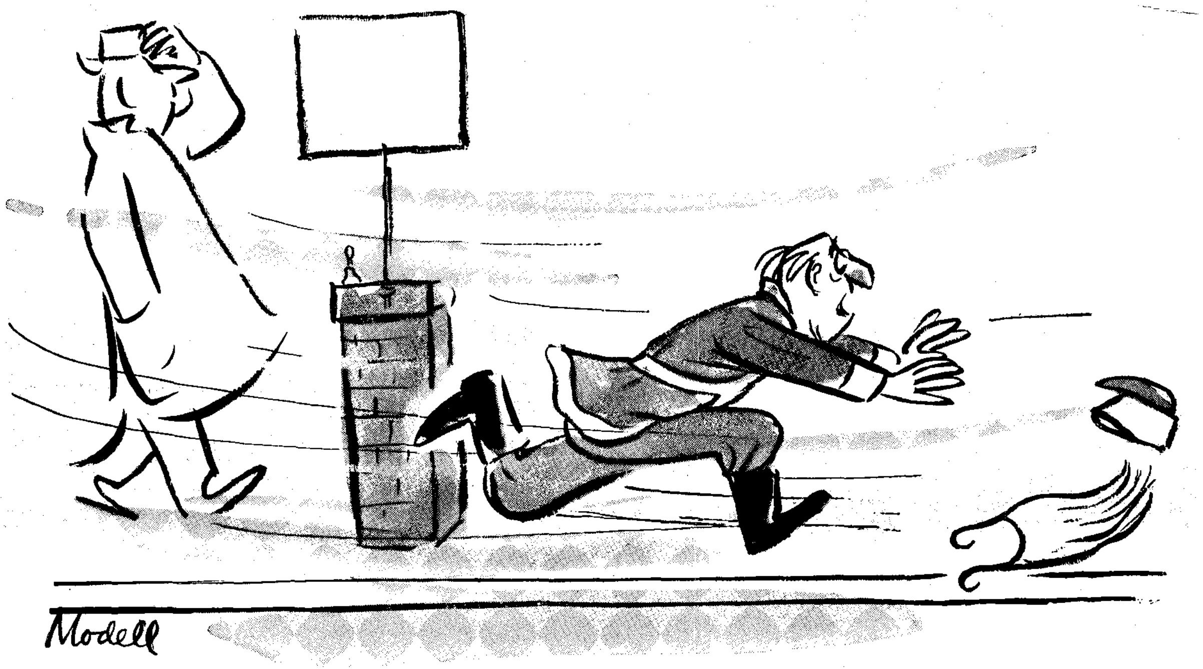
The Westinghouse executive explained the system as follows: When the owner of the equipment leaves the home, he turns the equipment to automatic. Then from any dial telephone in the United States he can call his home number. Next, he dials the code connecting him to the relay box. Another code number connects him to a specific appliance or device he wants to control. One more number selects the point at which the setting is to be made, like operating the oven, turning off a light, turning on an air conditioner, or defrosting a refrigerator.—*Westinghouse news release.*

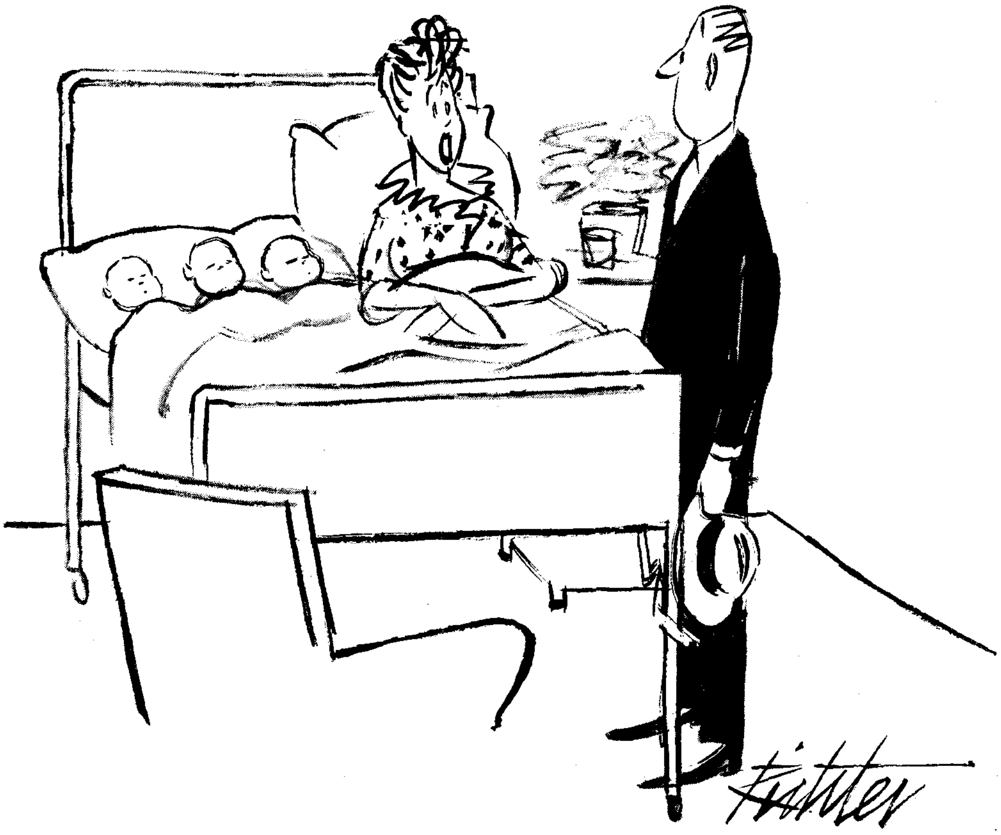
ALL right, so call me Miss Cliché of 1960, but the thing about the married ones that always spooks me is how sweet and attentive they are at first, when they're on the prowl. Here, sweetie, let's put your stole under my attaché case where it won't get mussed. Bawling out the captain because the lady distinctly ordered a Gibson. Is the sauce *Bigarade* prepared to your taste, my dear? I was passing Constance Spry's and just happened to remember you liked freesias. The weird part, like my girl friend says, is that you know the whole bit and yet you go along with the gag. They sit there all spaniel eyes, gushing over your new hairdo and that exciting perfume so typical of you, and inside a couple of months they wouldn't react if you wore turpentine. The pattern's the same every time—hearts and flowers for openers, they're a boy of sixteen again, then the stifled yawn and the Kodachrome of the twins in Pocatello or Soot Falls. The minute I looked up that afternoon in the Drake Bar and saw Jack Ribaldry give me a cool, calculating stare, I could have predicted the plot. But I certainly goofed. I never figured to get involved with an electrical Bluebeard.

How I met him, I was on my way home, beat out from nine hours posing for this hair-spray commercial, when I decided I had to have a fast Daiquiri or else. You try standing around under those lights with a lot of grips, makeup people, and agency men nattering at you and see how glamorous it is. Sure, it's bread, and nobody can afford to turn up their nose at the residuals. Still, you do build up the most ghastly tension with all the takes and the coffee in between, and I simply had to unwind. Well, anyway, no sooner had I knocked one back than I began intercepting Junior's signals. The Drake isn't exactly the Carnegie Delicatessen, the bulbs they use, but from what I could see he was a dark, rather attractive character on the plump side, with a widow's peak, pin-striped suit, and good accessories. No Cesar Romero—a solid citizen, kind of a younger Eugene Pallette with overtones of the garment center, if you dig. Ordinarily, I'd have told him to get lost, except that while I was ignoring him my stole slipped off onto the floor and he very sweetly retrieved it. I suppose basically that there are times in every person's life when she feels a great need to be cherished. I was so weary of casual, fly-by-night friendships—weekends at some joker's in Rowayton that his wife is away in Europe, Ivy Leaguers in madras coats who don't know whether they're in love with their mother or their Porsche—that I just wanted a shoulder to lean on, a home instead of a kitchenette. I wanted an oven, though not the kind I got.

We had dinner at Spurio's that night, and he turned out to be Charlie Candid, the type that spills everything in the exposition, down to his Social Security number. He *was* in the rag trade, like I guessed, though miles from Seventh Avenue; he ran a plant near Chillicothe, where he manufactured these hook-and-eye clasps on women's dresses that never work. Kicked out of Tulane, Grinnell, you name it, had a big creative drive toward dentistry or hopscotch or something but wound up in the family business. Ranch-style house in the suburbs, a wheel at the country club, two lovely daughters who adored him, and, surprise, one wife who didn't. To recover from this bombshell, I accepted another Daiquiri and admitted that people sometimes outgrew each other. He became so grateful that he upset all his credit cards into the *gazpacho*. When he asked me what time Van Cleef & Arpels opened in the morning, I knew I had it made.

Well, his country club must have developed a hot journal box the next ten days, because their chief wheel was spinning in New York. You had to hand it to Jack Ribaldry; cornball though he was, he cut a wide swath. He may have been Harry Hypotenuse, the sum of the squares, but his spending arm never flagged. We played so many matinées at Hattie's and Bergdorf that the help began setting their watches by me, and Kilgallen wrote that the night we passed up the Pavillon, Soulé tried to slash his wrists.





"Don't just stand there. Get a bank loan."

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(Or maybe it was her wrists—I forget.) Anyhow, he was a real mortgage-lifter for a working girl, and, to tell the truth, I got a teeny-weeny bit fond of him, in spite of myself. I guess what did it was my voice. He had a quite good ear and said I reminded him of Merman before she fell apart, which it gave him this inspiration. As a pure business investment, he very generously offered to subsidize me to a coach, special material, and a flat large enough to accommodate a piano, so I could practice. That way, he'd also have a spot to freshen up whenever he popped in from Ohio, thus saving hotel bills. I mean, it would work out to both our advantage.

And it did, the whole first month. Through my girl friend, I found a divine spot in the Seventies, a sub-lease from a party who'd been studying ballet at the Delehanty Institute until her husband looked up the curriculum. It was only a little bijou place, three rooms done in modified French Provincial with mirror accents and white wall-to-wall carpeting—a wee underfurnished, but I added some foam chairs covered in fake zebra and a fun coffee table made from an antique set of bellows. The bedroom was terribly feminine—pink ruffles and curtains to match; Jack said it made him feel like a bull in a china shop to walk in there, so he mainly sat in the dinette. I and he couldn't argue over that, for the kitchen was the room that appealed to us most. There was every appliance you'd find at Hammacher, including an electric schlemmer: blenders, percolators, casseroles, toasters and roasters, a refrigerator like a jukebox—God knows what. We used to get a charge out of eating in those first few weeks. We'd have our cocktail, then a Cornish hen and stuff from the Vendôme that he heated up—I wasn't too expert at this cooking jazz, so he took over—and afterward he'd read *Playboy* while I watched Jack Paar.

"Man, this is it," he often said. "Think of those poor bastards out in Chillicothe playing bridge with their wives. I'd flip if I didn't have someone gay and unhibited like you to pal with."

WELL, shortly after, I went up to Utica to do an industrial for the Grotesque Towel people, one of these cockamaney musicals they stage at their dealers' convention. You know, old standards and routines plugging the company's product, like "I See Your Facecloth Before Me." You die, but they pay you three bills and it's a chance to sing to an audience, even if you have to block a pass or two on the runway.

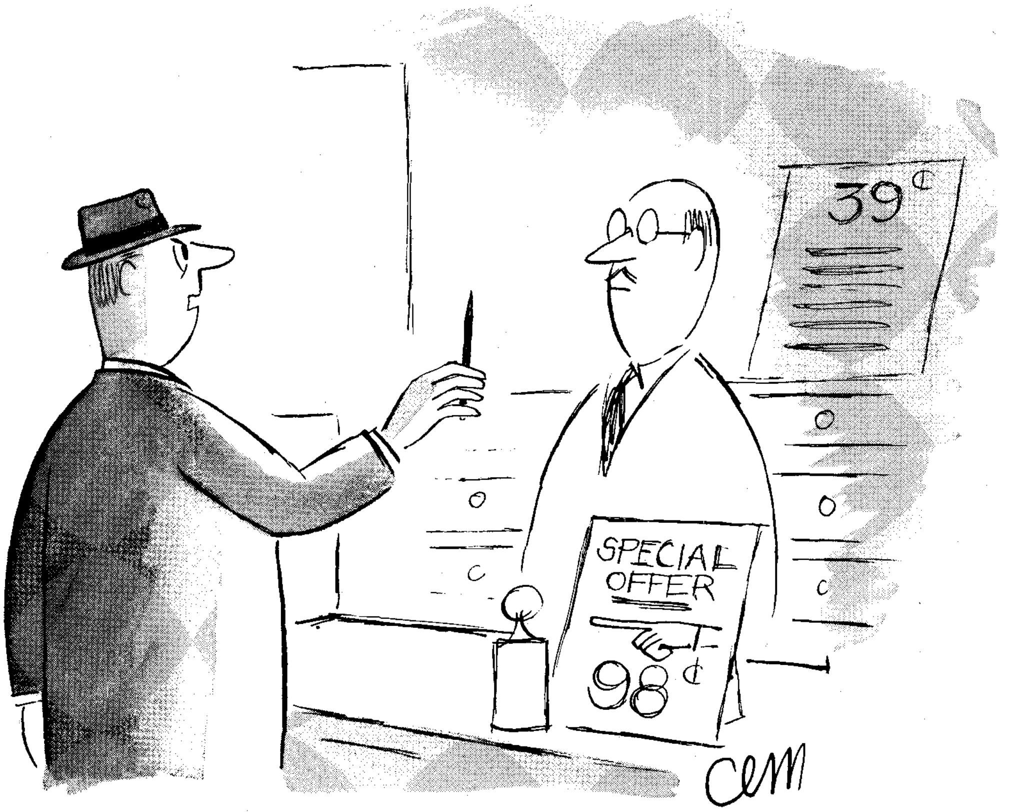
When I got back to the flat, there was a whole brand-new range in the kitchen—the stove of tomorrow the housewife dreams of along with Burt Lancaster, more dials than a B-52, and a big fuse box on the side. I ruined a nail stripping off the cellophane and the fancy blue bow, and inside was a card from Jack reading, "Relax, gorgeous. From now on, the Bell System and I do all the work." The *Bell* System, I thought—this guy must be off his rocker. It's my own fault for going so domestic, I analyzed, measuring out coffee into the Chemex; his next milk run it'll be strictly the Four Seasons, the Copa, and no dishes. Just then the phone in the bedroom rings, a long peal I could swear was a toll call, but the line was clear when I picked up. So I hustle back to the Java, and there I get my first kick in the head. Someone has switched on the unit under the Chemex. Don't ask me who, how, why—the plate was red hot, glowing, and I hadn't even touched the knob, that I'll guarantee. You may think it was kookie of me to panic over such a little thing. I couldn't help it, though; I flopped down in the dinette, trying to rationalize, figuring maybe I accidentally brushed it with my sleeve. . . . Then the vacuum cleaner shot out of the closet and I really blew my stack.

O.K., you say it was imagination, and that's your privilege. Exhaust fans and televisions, sun lamps and record-players don't go on by themselves, either, but mine did, all of them together, like the big Dorsey band. The whole joint was jumping—the mixer buzzing, the hair dryer blazing, the oven baking away. Anybody else would have blacked out, but a TV model that she works with appliances learns how to handle them. (And studio electricians, too—some of those TV juicers generate more voltage than Grand Coulee.) I poured a shot to steady myself, disconnected the main fuse, and pondered what to do. There was probably a short in the wiring, but why should I put out for a major repair on Jack's hideaway? On the other hand, if I called Chillicothe and dumped it in his lap, the wife or a snoopy secretary might be listening. The best plan was to park at my girl friend's till he checked in. I was halfway to the phone when voom, the door flies open and there's Prince Charming.

"Hiya, doll!" he said. "Is dinner ready?"

"What dinner?" I said, glaring at him. The nerve of the creep, barging in as if it were Stouffer's. Besides, I was all set to flag a standby date I had in reserve, and I resented being caught off balance.

"Why, I telephoned the oven from



"It writes on the seventy-cent spread O.K., but it will not write on margarine."

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LaGuardia," he said, with this annoyed expression. "Didn't the code function? Or didn't you think to look?"

I'm half Scotch-Irish on both sides, and when I lose my temper—brother, I go. I gave him an earful about crashing the pad without warning, practically told him to take his foolish fixtures, and turned on the waterworks. Eventually, we both calmed down and I made a trifle sense out of his double-talk. The whole *tzimmas* with the current was due to the range, which it operated by dial phone from anywhere, and so did the other appliances.

"Hold on one second, Sarnoff," I said to him. "You mean that some grease monkey in Sausalito is liable to call a wrong number and sunburn my nose?"

"Not in a million years," he said. "The only combination that unlocks this circuit is right here in my little black book. Just think! Hereafter I can prepare your eggs without ever leaving my desk, or, if I feel like sea food before coming over, I can broil us a fish in advance."

That'll be the day, I thought, but I kept my mouth shut and took him to Perfidio's to restore his perspective. They're not actually a kickback place; the maître d' is a friend of mine and sends me a few stockings or a bottle of Joy every so often. After Jack saw the check, he lost his interest in cookery and let me alone for a while. I got a kind of a wounded, bleeding-hearts letter from him, grexing how selfish I was and couldn't appreciate a man's craving for home and fireside. It sounded as if his wife had wooed him back with a new recipe for peach shortcake, and that was hunky-dory with me. I had a couple other irons in the fire.

Then, around the middle of November, he comes to life again. My phone starts ringing at odd hours, the heat and the lights go on and off, and all the utilities fight me. Twice, when I was dead from a late night at Morocco, the clock on the radio woke me up—at nine-thirty, for God's sake. If I hooked up the iron to press some intimate garment—a slip, for instance—half the time Mr. Buttinsky out in Ohio would scorch it. The worst headache was the electric blanket. An electric blanket is a very personal thing, like your preference for a light or heavy Scotch, and you don't want some goon a thousand miles away dictating your body heat. He and his goddam remote control drove me so wacky that one morning I finally got fed up and decided to shove off. Just as I was gathering these oddments of Jack's to send to the thrift shop—cufflinks, his watch, and a couple of suits—the doorman totes in a huge air-express package. It's from the old gourmet himself, natch. An eleven-pound frozen turkey and all the fixings—cranberries, yams, even a mince pie. Oh-oh, said a little voice in my head, you better cut out of here before he begins basting the bird from the airport. Famous last words—I'd hardly put my face on when I heard him stomp in the foyer. As far as he was concerned, the napkin was already tucked under his chin.

"My, that smells good!" he said romantically, sniffing toward the kitchen. "I bought a big gobbler so we'd have plenty of leftovers. How've you been, sugar?"

"Great," I said.

"And you look it," he said. That disposed of the courtship. "Wasn't this a hell of an idea—a cozy Thanksgiving feed, just the two of us?"

"Jack, I might as well level with you—" I began.

"Listen," he broke in. He was so used to giving orders, to lousing up everyone's life and their appliances, that my dialogue didn't matter. "I left for here in such a hurry I didn't get a chance to shave. Is my electric razor in there?" He doesn't even wait for an answer, lams into the *excusado*, and starts singing an aria in that off-key bass of his. All of a sudden, it stopped and he came out holding the razor.

"Something's wrong with my Beardmaster!" he snapped. "Has anybody else been using it?"

"Only the doorman," I said. "He picks the lint off his uniform with it."

"Don't clown around with me," he said. "It was in A-1 condition the last time . . . Wait a minute—now I remember. I must have forgot to dial the right code number. Where's my little black book?"

"How do I know?" I said. "I have enough to do without—" Then I saw him turn the most awful beige color, as if he'd been sapped. "Jack—what's the matter?"

"Right under her nose!" he said, almost sobbing. "I put it on the dresser while I was changing my pants, and she always looks there. Oh, my God, what'll she do?"

Well, she didn't keep him in suspense very long. He was ranting away like Maurice Schwartz, raving about his adorable daughters and the country club, when the long-distance phone rang. It started the razor, the blender, the dryer, the oven, and the juiciest testimony the tabloids printed in months. But I wasn't there to see any of it. I was in Montego—with this Ivy Leaguer, his mother, and his Porsche.

—S. J. Perelman

BETTER TIMES

TURNING the old house over to Guy and Susan Osborne, Susan's Aunt Val said, "Children, have I mentioned this before? You may hear someone prowling in the garden at night. The place is stiff with smugglers now. They come down from Italy, along the top of that cliff." She pointed in the direction of the frontier—a handsome red cliff over which falcons cried and flew. Their shadows slid impartially on the fields of Italy and France. But Guy and Susan could not see anything except the dining-room wall. Along this wall, an army of red ants bore the foundations of the house up to the roof.

One day the house would fall, the walls tunnelled to paper. If it collapsed down on their heads at this moment, at lunch, Aunt Val would not have been surprised. Every crumb of wood, every floating speck of dust was disastrous. Aunt Val knew. Her hands flew out to the newly married pair in gestures of warning. Her hair was made of old doll stuffing; her hair net was down to her eyes. She was in true terror, not over the smugglers, or the ants, but lest Guy should demand the last of the macaroni-and-cheese. Guy could not know, of course, how important it was that the last of every dish be spooned onto one special, thick-rimmed china plate, and how this plate must be kept in the larder, in the dark, until the food upon it spoiled.

Hoping to distract him, glancing elsewhere, Aunt Val said, "Not only smugglers but, you know, Guy, *shiftless* young men. Young men without jobs, with nothing to do." That was tactless; Guy was also unemployed. "Italians, I mean to say," said Aunt Val hurriedly. "*They* wouldn't do a day's work if you offered solid gold." Would Guy? "I mean the sort of young men who would murder one for a pair of shoes!" the old lady cried. Whatever else you could say about poor dear Guy, he was no murderer.

SO that was the autumn prospect. But Guy kept smiling, saying "Yes" and "Quite," turning his water glass around and around, as though being murdered for his shoes were part of the season's plan. Old Val could have been just a little more lavish, he thought. Water to drink, and the mucilage cheese. The house was full of ants, and the windows, which were dirty, were smeared with rain. The most disobliging sight in nature was provided by the view—palm trees under a dark sluice of rain. Beyond a drenched hedge stood a house exactly like Aunt Val's, with spires, minarets, stained-glass windows; possibly it, too, contained a drawing room stuffed with ferns and sheeted sofas. The houses were part of a genteel settlement, built in an era of jaunty Islamic-English design, in a back pocket of the Riviera country. The district was out of fashion, crumbling, but the houses persisted; dragging their rock gardens, their humped tennis courts, they marched down the slope of a tamed minor Alp.

In the old days, Aunt Val said, except for the trees and the climate and the conversation of servants, one needn't have ever known this was France. That was how they had liked being abroad then. "Abroad" meant keeping warm, pudding at Christmas, a mutable, merchants' England everywhere you went. The people in Villa Omar and Villa Khartoum had been rich but not received; they hadn't cared. They received one another for tennis parties and fat, starchy teas. Well, it was over, Aunt Val said. Now one knew this was France. There were enormous taxes to pay. Servants were scarce. . . .

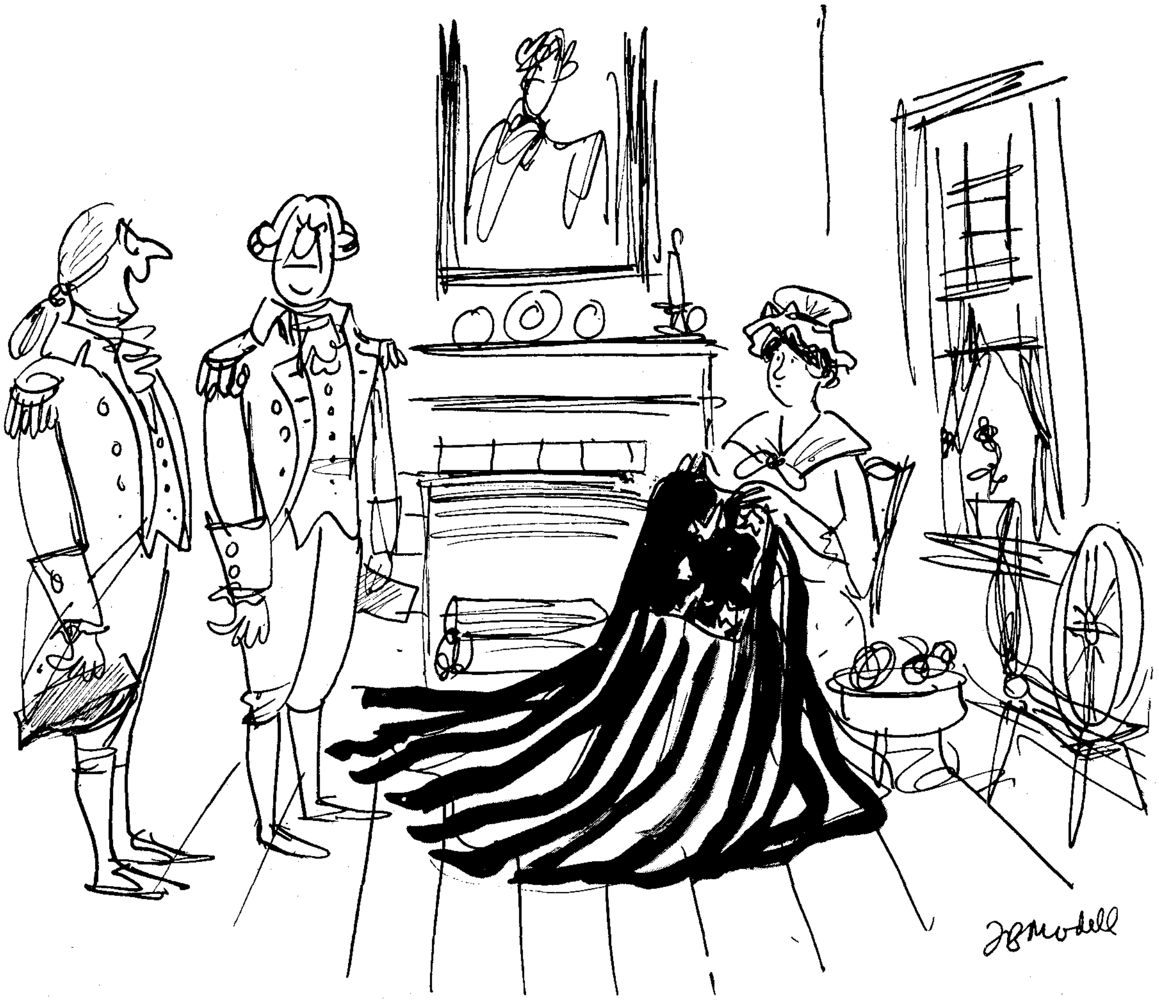
The conversation might have been in England. Yet it was really France; thirty miles away was the true Riviera—white houses bristling with balconies, yachts, flags. Guy thought of that and pulled himself straighter in his chair. Pale-eyed, old war hero, nearly successful salesman—of nearly anything—he thought of the flags and the yachts, and of the present, with its gains and rewards.

Susan was looking at the ants on the wall as if she were in a dream. She fell naturally into pretty positions, although she was not a truly pretty girl. In an ugly mood—which Guy had still to see—she might resemble a pug; when her face was not reflecting solemnity or inquisitiveness, it tended to crumple. Her ideas, her affections, were based on her having been all her life somebody's favorite godchild or niece. Watchfulness made her seem without expression. That look—empty, receptive—and her light, straight hair caused her to be compared to a medieval pageboy or a picture-book Anglo-Saxon girl, uncoarsened by Norman blood. Even Guy, who was twenty-two years older than his wife and surely centuries wiser, could mumble about porcelain cheeks and silken hair. It exasperated her; she knew about reality—her father had swindled a large sum of money once, and they had left Kenya and never gone back. She had been told only that they could never live out in Africa again, and that there had been a plot, of which her father was the victim. No one would help or trust him, or give him a job. Then both parents died; more mystery. She persistently went back to sources now, looking for specific explanations of so many puzzling affairs. She was eighteen, and she had thought that marriage was in itself an explicit sort of answer.

Guy was sure that Susan was not listening to Aunt Val. He felt as if he had been left stranded at a party with the only bore. He tried to touch her foot under the table. He deplored Susan's constant worry and thought. As he said, it put him off. It was all too deep. If only the poor little thing had been through something really big—the war.

Susan looked at the ants, but she *was* listening to Aunt Val. Sometimes out of her aunt's dotty wanderings came one sharp, disconcerting observation—just what Susan liked. Here where there were palm trees under rain and cypresses as soaked as sponges there had once been a wilderness, with wild apricot and almond trees, and the olive groves left behind by the Greeks, Aunt Val said, and you could always tell where there had been a nice English garden by two things—cypress trees and palms. Now the gardens were going back to wilderness again. The suburban mountainside belonged to falcons, peasants, smugglers, and a few survivors of the old days. But it was an ordered wilderness, properly reforested, with drains, and pampas grass, and *tout confort.*

Fortunately for Guy, who would not knowingly have entered any kind of wilderness, there would be people about, agreeable people, English-speaking—English, in fact. A neighbor, Major Terry, had been in to see them before lunch. Yellow-toothed, smelling of unwashed woollen garments and cold tobacco pipes, dragged by a slavering boxer dog on a lead, Major Terry entered the drawing room, sat on a sheeted sofa, and could not take his eyes away from Guy's wife. Susan had dropped, sulking, into her chair. She wore tight Italian trousers, a black pullover, beads. The costume was a reaction from the things she had been made to wear in school, and her slight, sullen commonness was a stand in favor of reality. "Be sure to bring your little *mem-sahib*," said the Major, inviting Guy to look at anything—a chicken run, a blue hibiscus, some bound issues of *Country*



"It looks great to me. Let's run it up the flagpole and see if anyone salutes."

• •

Life. There hadn't been anything like Susan about for years.

"Did you hear that man?" said Susan gravely, twisting the beads, after the Major had departed. "Did *you* hear what he called me? '*Mem-sahib*,' he said. Why, it's a dream world, Guy, a horrid Shangri-La. *Mem-sahib!* Don't they *know*?"

Guy was unwise enough to say, "They don't. That's their charm." It was unwise because he risked appearing unredeemably old to his bride. He wished again that Susan would dream more and think less. Guy admired anyone's dream, whether it was the private dream that led to Monte Carlo and a yacht or the dream of Major Terry, who said "*mem-sahib*" and inhabited empires. But Susan, unequipped for dreams, congealed life for Guy by seeing things as they were. Perhaps she was too soon out of the schoolroom. Perhaps her clear stare was not medieval, after all, but just the righteous, prying look of the form prefect. He remembered how soon after their wedding she had begun to get the drift of things, particularly of his financial affairs. She had pushed a straight lock away from her face, kept her hand there, and said maternally, "Tell me, Guy. Are you *improvident*?"

Now they were here, down at Aunt Val's, because he was improvident and could not have kept a canary with style. They were in trouble and had no money for the rent in London—although Guy kept pretending it was all frolic and spree. They were to spend the autumn caretaking for Aunt Val while she, bewildered, went to stay with terrible cousins in Wales. The plan was Susan's; for such a baby, she had a good head. It happened that because of unfair competition from the Japanese, Guy's firm had retrenched, and he was out of a job. Now he was waiting. He was waiting for a rearrangement of the planets concerned with his fate, for his close-fisted mother to increase his allowance, and for better times. He was also waiting for a letter about a post with a British firm in the Argentine. (Oil-burners—odorless oil-burners. Guy said it was just up his street. Given a chance, he would be first-rate at selling odorless oil-burners in the Argentine.)

Out of habit, he pressed a nerve in his left hip, which had been injured in an air crash during the war. This pressure caused him sharp immediate pain but relieved a feeling of weight on his left knee. It was a trick he had learned. When he stood up to walk, his limp would be less pronounced.

"There is the gin," Aunt Val said suddenly. "It is of very poor quality, and I can't think how it came into the house. You will find it under the kitchen stairs. There must be thirty bottles still."

"Thirty bottles of gin?" said Guy.

"Under the stairs. But of poor quality. I am so sorry. Everything I am leaving you is poor." She apologized for the gin, for the smugglers, even the noise of the sea. The sea was miles behind them, but the cliff was a sounding board. Often, she promised them, and was sorry about it, they would hear the beating of phantom waves.

The smugglers' passage was a kind of game. Guy liked the sound of it. First there were the border police, and the guns, and then the steep clandestine path. The path forked, Aunt Val said. One branch led the fugitives to safety, by way of a burned olive grove, remnant of an old forest fire, and a peasant's house and then her house. The other branch, which seemed to be leading to the warm lights of a town, suddenly narrowed and merged with the wall of the cliff. Often a secret traveller missed his footing in the dark and was found killed on the rocks, with a sprig of broom in his hand, grasped in the fall. But Guy said it was fair enough; there was the same sporting chance one would allow an otter, a fox, or a prisoner of war.

"Oh, stop it, Aunt Val," said Susan, not quite daring to bully Guy. "There haven't been any real smugglers around here for years. There isn't anything *to* smuggle, except drugs, and that's done in a big way now, in planes, and boats. These smugglers are just wretched men from Italy looking for work in France. The Italians won't let them out and the French won't let them enter, and so they come as they can. They aren't dangerous. They are just—*dispossessed*." She loved those words: improvident, dispossessed.

Aunt Val looked at Guy. "Let us not lose our heads over these people," her small, daft eyes implored. Guy would have backed her all the way. Whatever he thought of Aunt Val's luncheon, or whatever her opinion of him as a provider for Susan, he and Aunt Val were the same kind. They bore a dozen labels that said so. Silence, camouflage, self-control, a cruel tact—these were virtues they had handled and that had tarnished in their hands. But Susan would not admit these tarnished objects as virtues. She confused her elders, set them running in moral circles, like ants whose path has been interfered with. They were too taken aback ever to say to her "How do you know?" She denounced their judgments and prodded their failings. Alas, they did not believe they had failed. "As for Major Terry," she said suddenly, as if he were the principal source of their going mentally soft and astray, "*I* shall have nothing to do with him. He can stare all he likes. If that drooling boxer could talk, it would have more sense."

Aunt Val began to twitter about neighborly kindliness and borrowed gardening tools. Major Terry was kind about sharing his television. Guy merely said, "Oh, I don't know," preparing the defense of his autumn social life. An invitation to the least promising party would have sent him whistling into a clean shirt. People liked him on sight, and there were always the drinks. He could have slipped easily into life down here, or into any other. He wondered if Susan knew.

"But you must be friendly, Susan, dear," said Aunt Val, clasping the macaroni-and-cheese—saved—in her arms. "Everyone will love you. As for Guy, why, I can't count the friends he will make. Guy is so awfully nice."

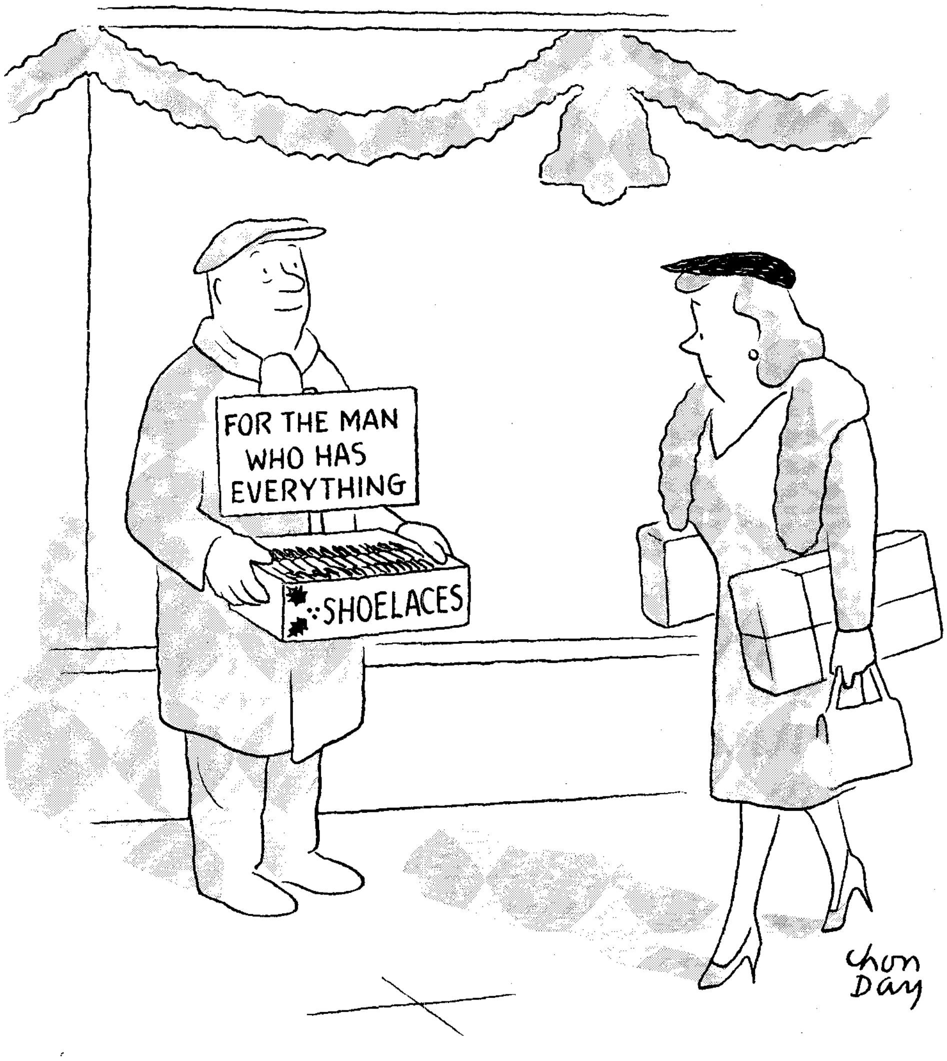
Susan was about to explain that he wasn't so awfully nice, that she thought it was just the way he behaved. But she checked herself and held still. Curious, prodding, she was still not sure just how much grown people could stand being hurt.

AUNT VAL went to Wales, bearing an empty bird cage she had promised the cousins years before, and two of the thirty bottles of inferior gin, so as to have refreshment during the voyage. Guy and Susan were left alone. They had not been married long, and there had been people around them in London. They went up and down stairs hand in hand, and Susan told him a little about her family—not too much. She was not certain what she ought to think. She told him what she suspected about life, and she unfolded her touchingly empty past. Guy told her about the war and, one evening, about a woman named Marigold. He had had a lot to drink, and one topic led to the next with sliding facility. Susan listened politely. She already knew. She had found a letter. Found? She systematically went through his pockets. After all, that was how schoolgirls learned to know each other well. Locked in a bathroom, she had read the letter and marvelled at the ability of a man to lead two lives, or two facets of the same life, without going off his head. She read that Marigold was drowning in her marriage but that the memory of Guy kept her afloat. For some reason that Susan did not understand, Guy and Marigold had not married each other. A landscape of middle-aged resignation came into view. She observed it with a cold eye. She was not jealous. Marigold was drowning, and Guy was hers.

Aunt Val sent instructions from Wales, mostly of an economical, electricity-saving kind; the autumn rain continued to blow down from the Alps; and one day they were nearly out of funds. Susan said, "Guy, about the letter. I mean the letter about the job in the Argentine. You are expecting it, aren't you? It *is* real?"

"Oh, real as real," he said affectionately—or perhaps his tone was on the fringe of affection. It was terrible for old hero Guy, so shady, slippery, and gay—it was terrible having a witness.

Luckily, there were the nights. At night he could still promise anything she wanted and make her believe in the prospect. He could give assurance of miracles. He promised that the next day would be better; the rain would stop, the letter would come. As with most cheerful men, his weak point was memory. He forgot at night what the morning had been. Mornings, far from being better, as Guy had said they would be, were the low point of their lives. Everything he touched was icy or congealed. The coffee grinder in his hands froze the blood. He held his fingers over the gas ring where he made toast. It was hours before he could bring himself to


FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING
SHOELACES
Chon Day

shave, because of the cold taps. Susan stayed in bed with her cooling hot-water bottles. She could make passable Turkish delight, but that wasn't called for now. Aunt Val had left them a quantity of kumquat jam, bottled—or at any rate labelled—by herself. Susan observed with uncritical interest that Guy was expert in not pushing credit too far. Occasionally he gave the grocer a rest and they lived on toast and the gin and the kumquat jam. He never minded. Susan had never seen him cast down. Her father—the Kenya absconder—became small and dark beside this sunny husband. Guy never protested against injustice—that he was forty and had been thrown out of his job, that he had a bad leg from the war and would limp all his life. But no one can exist only as a happy former hero. His real feelings were layers deep. Under his manner was a pool of gall, unadmitted, opaque. Something had gone wrong for him just after the war, either in love, or ambition, or the way the world seemed when he got up from his bed and his plaster casts. Now he would never say he missed or wanted anything. His desire for Susan was a single exception, and, as there had been no one to forbid or advise her, she had been easily won. He liked every circumstance as it came along. If liking was impossible, then he blamed the weather—something beyond one's control. It was all the weather down here. Who would have believed the South of France could be chill and wet? If the weather would change, he and Susan might enjoy strolling down to the shops; otherwise, one could make a jolly meal of jam and toast. After a time, when the nights and the prospects inevitably failed, he said that if their beds were not so damp and Susan not so entrenched in hot-water bottles, love would not be in abeyance. It had nothing to do with Susan or him; it was all in the time of year.

FIGURES OF AUTHORITY

Everyone grows younger; my thinning hair
drops from the shears of someone—is it my son?—
who yesterday smelled old and formidable
when I entered the seamy male world of my father.
Even now, I sometimes feel a twitch of fear
with only the razor's edge between me and death.

The doctor who delivered me—felled by death
aeons ago—was stern, had graying hair,
and knew old-fashioned remedies for fear,
such as rough treatment for a gentle son.
Love then was mere indulgence in a father.
Doctors today find *me* formidable.

But where is the dentist who is not formidable,
whose warning word is not harbinger of death?
Decay, decay! Dark symbol of the father
even as he bends a dazzling shock of hair
and wholesome smile over his aging son—
his in a bond as old as blood and fear.

Others, of course, deliver one from fear
and bugaboo time. Is history formidable
when one's instructed by its youngest son,
a Fulbright fellow? And is one nearer death
than he, so obviously civilization's heir
he makes one feel like civilization's father?

The psychiatrist is everybody's father,
who surfaces our deeps of filial fear,
our twisted love, and does not turn a hair.
Is nothing, then, sacred or formidable
to him, who reads within our life our death?
Presumptuously, I yearn to call him son.

When I was a child believing myself a son
of God, taught by a reverend balding Father,
I accepted—yes, almost desired—death;
it was life I looked upon with childish fear.
Now life seems pleasant, not formidable,
and they may have their heaven. God is here

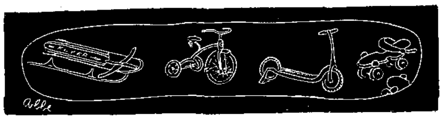
in the eyes of the latest son, who does not fear
his father (who finds *him* formidable—
a taste of death, yet look! he has such hair!).

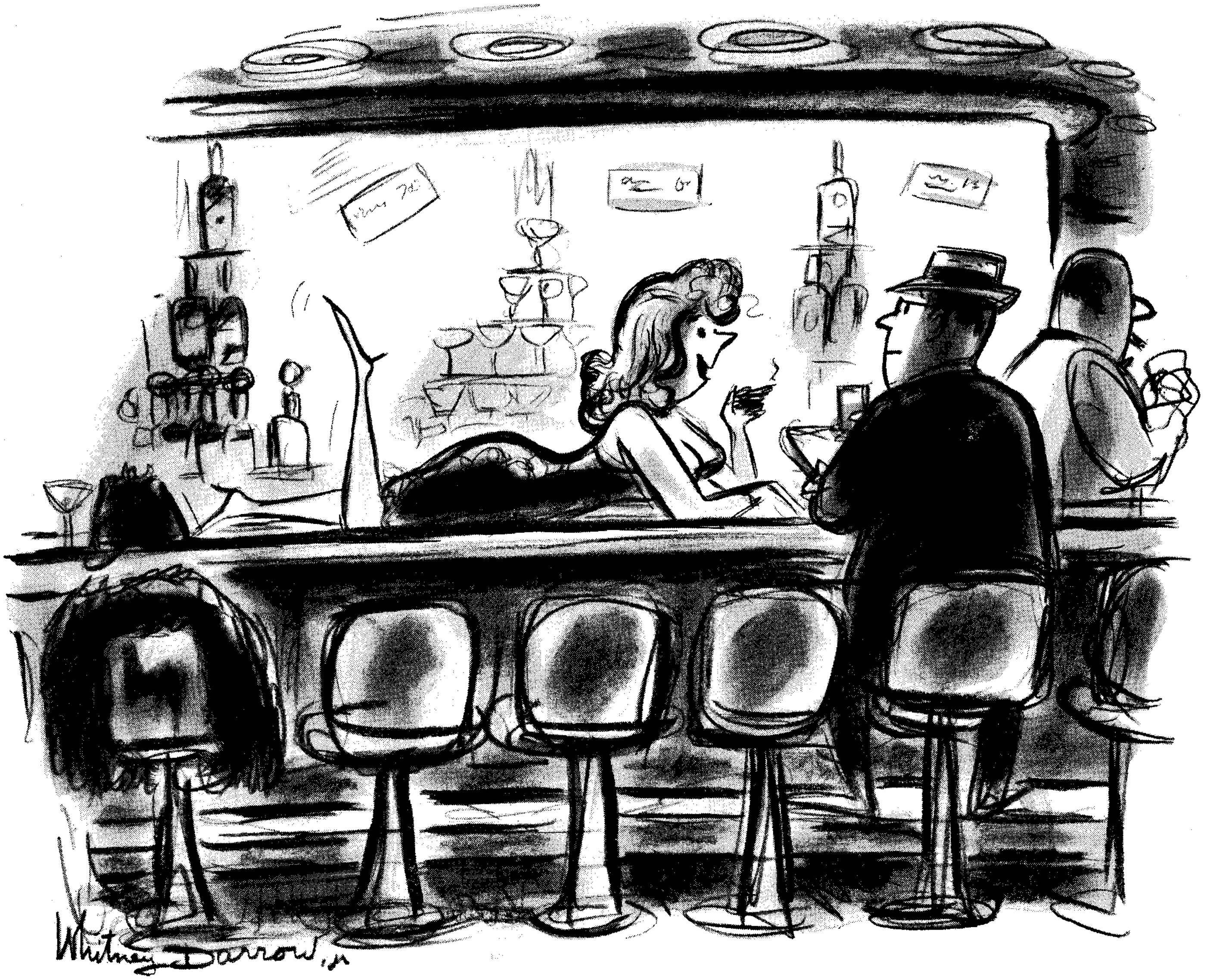
—EDWARD WATKINS

• •

They waited for the letter. Every night Susan heard the smugglers in the garden. She heard whispers, footsteps, and forgot that they were only the footsteps of the dispossessed. The certainty that she was being watched by strangers froze and held every scattered alarm, every inconsequential fear that in other circumstances would have briefly brushed by. She knew that to Guy her fears were puzzling and rather dowdy. They spoiled for him the red-and-ochre cliff over which smugglers came and falcons flew. She was afraid of strangers; it was virginal, queer. He could not understand. To him, unknown people were ghosts. He could feel neither pity nor fear where they were concerned; they did not expect it. Ghosts have no true feelings; they are mystifying, unreasonable, with no regard for privacy. The whispers in the dark, the footprints on the wet drive, the odd, abandoned clues—one shoe, or a filthy coat—were trappings of chaos. Ghosts and confusion. He was for order, and gaiety, and for dealing with living things.

For Susan's sake, he went around the garden every night with a light in his hand. Often he was bold and drunk, and if he had come face to face with a man—walked into a man and not a ghost—he would have clapped him on the shoulder, with the hearty air left over from the war, and given him a cigarette and plenty of good advice. He shone his light into the black roots of wisteria, frightening the rats, and on the palms. Sometimes there might have been a blur—a face—by the cypress windscreen, but he was so sure the night contained no threat to him that he never called out, but turned away and limped back along the drive. Under the caked wet leaves at his feet he could hear the stirrings of small things keep-





"Hi, neighbor!"

• •

ing out of the rain—black beetles, spiders. "Lizards," craven Susan would have said, confusing them with scorpions, probably—something that could kill with a sting. No use telling her the lizards were sleeping through the winter (rather like Guy and Susan that year) and that there were no scorpions in this part of France; none to speak of.

Susan cowered indoors, dressed for charades. She dressed as though she had simply forgotten what normal people put on their backs. One night, after seven weeks of waiting for the letter—a whole lifetime—Guy came into the house, unwinding his scarf, and called down the dark hall, "I've told you, there's nobody. Now be a good girl and give me some peace."

In the drawing room, lit like a pleasure boat, Susan knelt by the fire. She gave him a large-pupilled tipsy stare. Out of the fur fringe of an anorak hood, found in a trunk or a cupboard of Aunt Val's, her fine, straight hair sprang as if electrified. She had fastened a plaid blanket around her shoulders with a safety pin and a cameo brooch, but the brooch was open and dangling. She was down on the dove-gray rug she had stained with tea and burned with cigarettes trying to make toast on a long-handled, trembling fork. Everything he was capable of feeling about her, all the tenderness and the subdued exasperation, was called up by the sight of her now. She had been an enchanting girl, a medieval page. He had snatched her straight out of the schoolroom—quite a feat for a lame old boy. He had never wanted to marry anybody, but he could not have had her any other way. Marriage had seemed a small thing then—a sand flea. But Marigold had been right; his life was too dodgy for wives, and it was better without witnesses, alone.

Still, they were quite the picture of domestic heaven, he thought a moment later: Guy with his legs stretched toward the fire, a glass of gin in one hand and frightened Susan at his feet. Being tall, his usual view of people began with the top of the head. Susan's head—the porcelain skull, the true-silk hair—had attracted him to her in the first place. He gently pushed her anorak hood away. His sentiments expanded with drink. He would have murmured some endearment, but she might turn the clear, unfocussed stare in his direction and say, "The letter, Guy. Are you really expecting it? Do you think it will come?"

Without looking up at him, attending to their toast, she said, "You know, Guy, I like being married and all that, but I think I would rather go back to London, if you don't mind. I like being married and everything, but I think I'm too young. I mean, I think I'd rather not be married any more." Often, alone, when Guy was asleep or looking at the television over at Major Terry's, she had wandered around the rooms and come across hibernating geckos—small house lizards—their heartbeats slowed until they were just this side of life. She turned them over, ungently, with the cruel curiosity of a child. Looking at them, she would think, "Now, let me see, what am I doing? I am married to Guy Osborne and we are having a honeymoon in the South of France." Cruel, frightened, she looked up now to see what he would do.

He simply thought it was a good thing that she had decided to start a row at this moment, because he could hear someone walking in the drive and knew he would not be able to persuade her that it was the sound of a blown leaf. It was his habit to see the best in every circumstance—marriage being otherwise untenable.

He did not take her seriously. Being in the darkened winter south had led to too much brooding and talk. Every tree and stone seemed to be waiting, like them, for a minor change. But trees and stones have this advantage: they do not converse. There is talk and talk. Guy would have gone on about the war, which he had enjoyed, but Susan had got in first with her family, and her fears, and even Marigold. Poor Marigold, whom he had loved, now stuck like persistent bad luck to their marriage, their future, their uncertain life.

"Then, you see, you could just marry Marigold, and I could get a job in a coffee bar," said Susan, buttering toast.

"I couldn't and you certainly couldn't," he said. "I couldn't marry Marigold, even if I wanted to. Although the fact of the matter is, I adored her."

"You never got over her," Susan said. She had been saying this all along.

"In a way not. You see, we knew each other awfully well."

The prefect took over. "Then it would have been more honorable not to have married me. You needn't have. I wasn't *seduced*."

Guy seemed to accept this. He might have got over Marigold in time, but never the war. Tonight's drinking and arguing brought it back. His closest friends had been killed, but he thought of them as living and young. He looked, and would always look, as if he were bringing in an aircraft with all the essential parts shot away. His war record was good for jobs, although for one reason or another, not Guy's doing, they never held up; and his manner still brought down women: flower women who sobbed in bars, forgot their own names, lost their purses; soft little women, appealing as tiny animals, usually married to hopeless men. The beloved Marigold, combining essentials, was both flower and mouse. Guy's ability to recall, exclusively limited to scenes of war, made way for memories of his love. In stormier, happier times, she edged from the bar counter to the telephone and returned in tears: the husband, at home and waiting for his dinner, had been cross. But Marigold, frail thing, was not to be shoved. She dried her tears and said she would have another drink. Guy admired that.

His wife had nothing of that fierce mouselike courage. She talked about leaving him, unsettled by gin probably, but wait!

"*You* should go, actually," said Susan, now in the ugly mood he thought of as exclusively possible with women. "It is *my* aunt's house." She thought of the letters Marigold had written to him that she had read in the freezing bathroom, perched uncomfortably on the edge of the tub. "I think you should go within twenty-four hours."

He paid no attention. She would not have stayed alone a second, and it would have taken him twenty-four days to decide where to go. He slipped the bottle, the last of their hostess's gin, behind his chair. He took a drink, shuddering. "Somebody's walked on my grave," he said amiably. Obviously he never expected to have a grave, anywhere. Susan seemed to him terribly comic, telling him to clear out that way, with the plaid blanket rakishly tossed back. He could not help giving her a friendly smile.

The smile was maddening. He reacted no more than a sleeping lizard that, tormented, could not move an eye or a frozen limb. Unable to adjust his eyes to a fixed point, Guy placidly watched a transparent Susan detach herself from his wife and slip to one side. Interested, but not alarmed, his reflexes all one minute behind, he saw Susan and her double smash a clock. They could never replace that clock.

The awaited collapse came on. Susan sobbed on his lap.

"Poor little kitten!"

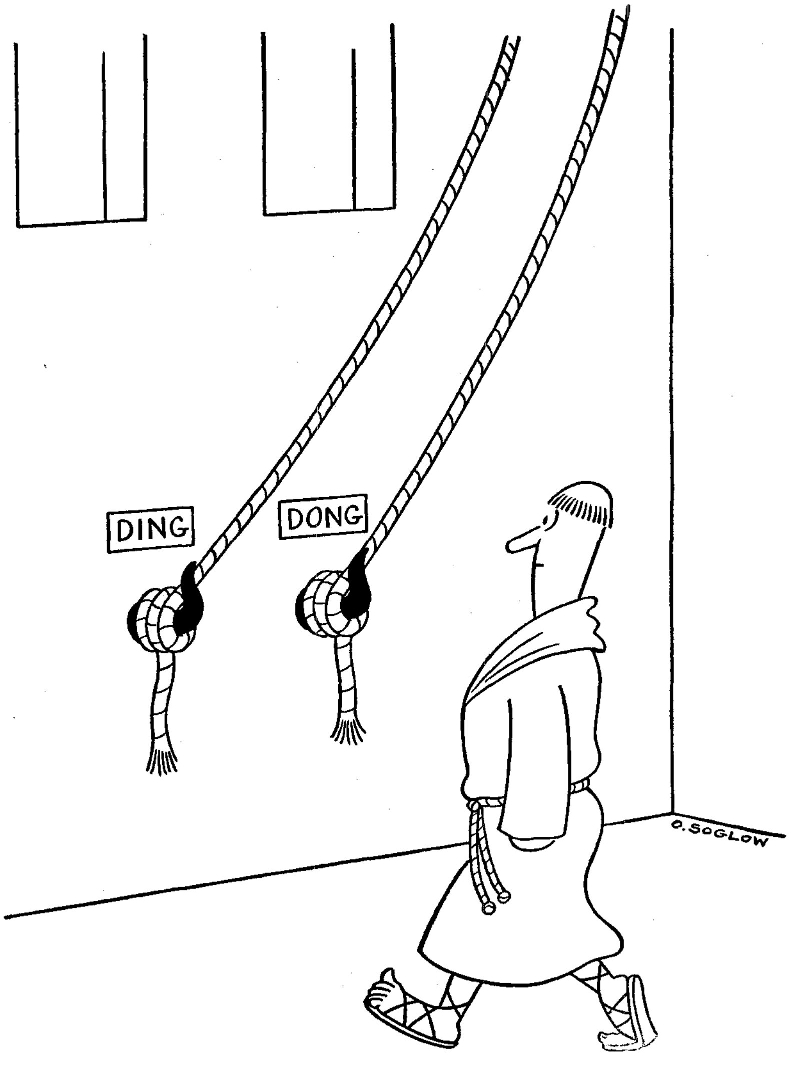
"You never got over Marigold. You should never have married me."

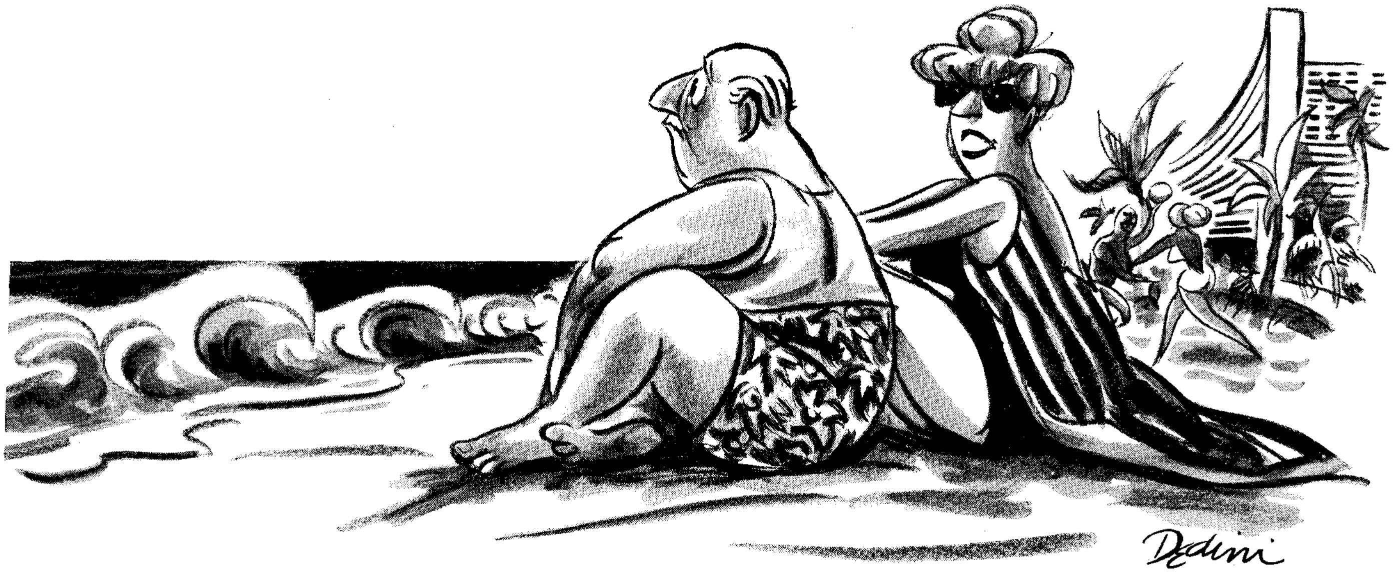
"Oh, come on. You can love different people different ways."

"I didn't think being married to you would be like this."

"Neither did I," said Guy, truthfully. "Don't cry, now. You get so worked up at night. Everything will be different in the morning."

But she shook her head—no. The weight of their marriage shifted; she rejected the promises and remembered the claims. They were sliding, as a couple, from being the gay relations from London, caretaking for a lark, to the improvident kin who must be helped; they were slipping over an invisible frontier.





"Why can't you, just for once, enjoy yourself and forget that Castro is right out there?"

• •

On one side were people with funny little debts (as Guy pretended he and Susan were) and on the other were the people who wanted such a lot but weren't able to pay for any of it.

She said helplessly, "It's just that I think I'm too young."

"Too young to be alone in London, if that's what you mean."

He remembered how she had daunted her elders, how moral she had been. Patiently he explained their present situation all over again. He had lost his job because of competition from the Danes—no, the Japanese; the Danes last time—and they had thought it would be fun to wait for better times in the south. They had given up their flat in London—remember? Susan remembered. Of course Guy was right. . . . He was endlessly tender and kind. He must have been like that in the old days when he was prying Marigold out of bars. *Guy* was the one with the grasp on fact.

She decided to blame the house. It was far too big. One of them was always wondering what the other one was up to. If one had nothing to do and found the other occupied, the unoccupied person felt abandoned. Drawn to the warmth of the single fire, they met in the drawing room at half past five. To avoid running up a reproachable electrical bill, they kept all but the drawing room dark, giving the rest of the house over to the wind, and the scratching sounds. The area around the fireplace was cleared, the uncovered tables crowded with full ashtrays. The rest of the furniture was still hidden under sheets. On dim corner tables, jars of drooping, blackish carnations were the reminders of Susan's early efforts to make the room alive.

"All the same," she said, snivelling, drying her tears with the palms of her hands, "I know you think about Marigold. Sometimes I believe you would murder me to get rid of me, if you dared." He did not reply. He looked suddenly old and ill. It was no good; nobody was planning to murder anybody. Guy had a bad leg and hip. The cold was worse for him than for Susan, although he never mentioned it. He was waiting for news from the world; for a message. Submerged in the icy lake of his situation, he accepted this stunning shock: he was forty, he had never been able to earn a living, and in a moment of sexual insanity he had taken on a young, young wife.

As Guy had promised all along, the weather cleared in the night. A mistral blew in from the sea, sending the clouds inland to pile up against the higher Alps. It was dryly cold. Susan stood out on the terrace before the drawing room and saw that torn, stained newspapers were flapping against the hedge. Someone had been through in the night. The wind dragged at her hair. She felt everything swept back and away; her marriage was knocked down and the threadroots picked up by the wind. In the drawing room was the wreckage of the short quarrel—the smashed clock.

Evidently miracles occurred. There was a letter, and it was not from Aunt Val. She watched Guy's progress up the drive from the road, where he had been waiting for the postman to come by, as he did every day. He came up to the terrace and stood with his arm around Susan. The letter fluttered against her arm. Susan would not read it; she would take his word.

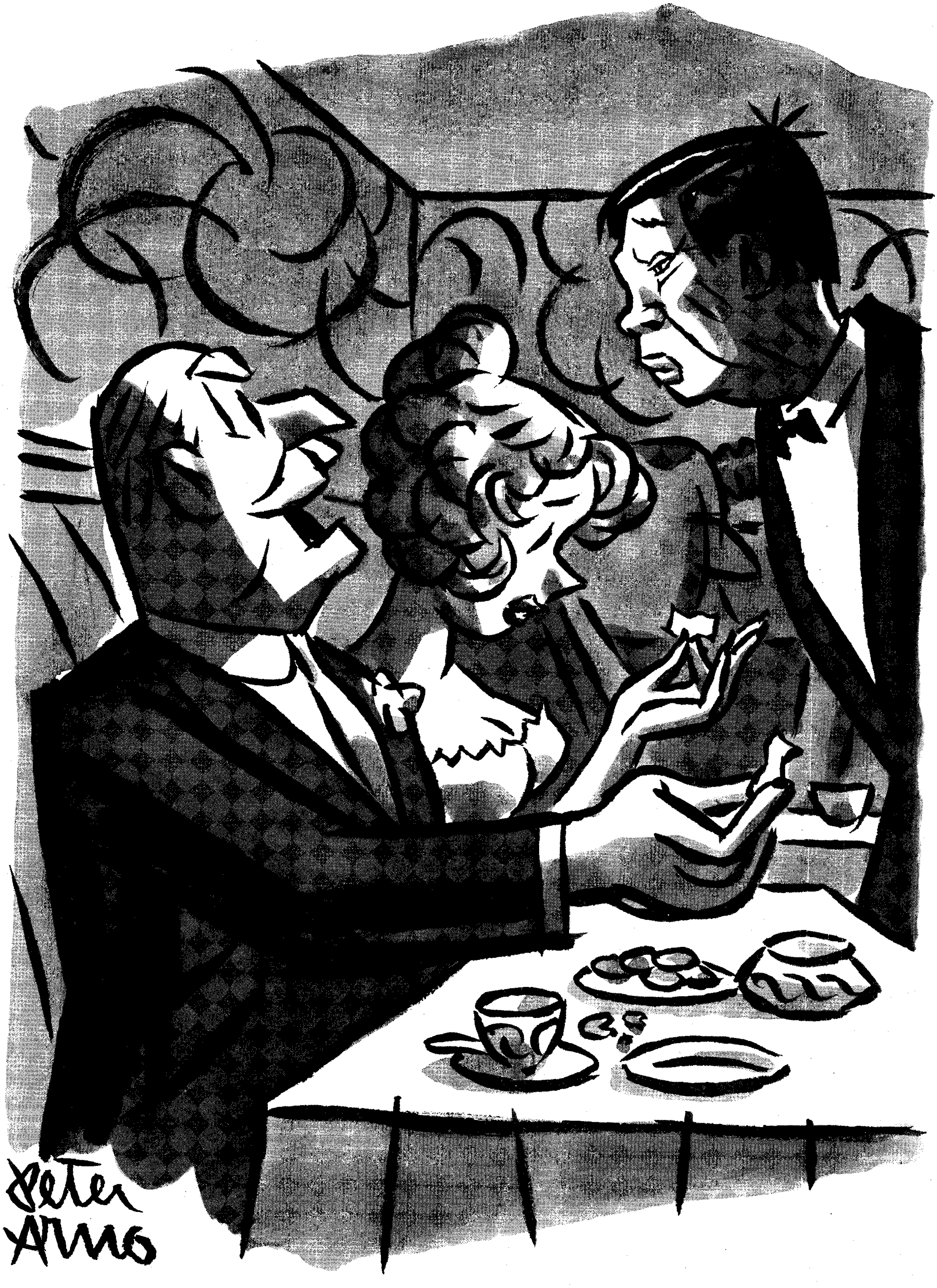
They began walking up and down the terrace arm in arm. The letter was from Guy's mother; she was sending them money, and they were to join her for the winter in Madeira. His mother was taking over from Susan's relatives; an implicit, unspoken volley was beginning. He told Susan that his mother was mean; she had always kept him on short rein, and his father before him. It was puzzling, hearing him talk about allowances as if he were a little boy. For if the house had fallen, or if Susan's hair had caught fire, he would surely have known what to do. It was just this business of earning a living, keeping jobs. They talked about Madeira, confusing it with the future in the Argentine. Susan believed. He had said the letter would come; it came. He had said the weather would change. She did not know of any more reliable prophets, or even if any existed. They agreed that everything would be different once they had made a move. They would be careful about the house they lived in—not too large, not too old; it made all the difference. Where they were going now, Guy was saying, there would be no difficulty about the climate; they would never have the weather between them again. Guy had been told it was sunny all the year around.

—Mavis Gallant

•

When the bout ended, the estimated crowd of 7,300 gave a mild boxing to both fighters while waiting for the official decision.—*The Times.*

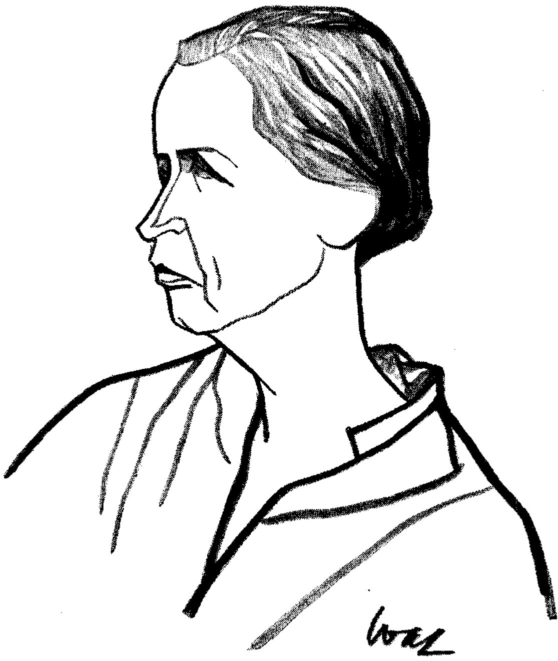
Keeps 'em toned up.



"Confound it, man! These fortune cookies are in direct contradiction!"

PROFILES

PHILOSOPHER IN A NEW KEY



Susanne K. Langer

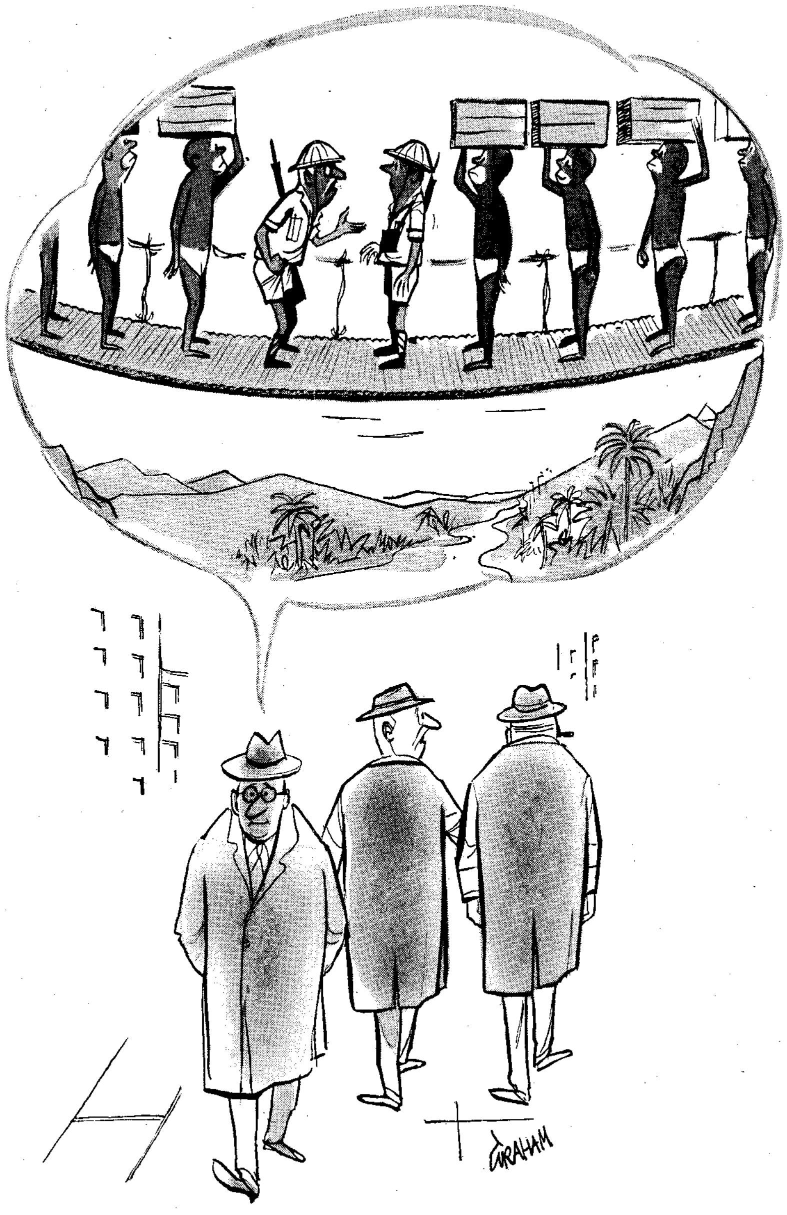
THE large, intricate, and interesting field of art has long been a subject for speculation on the part of philosophers, none of whom—not even the greatest—has ever succeeded in saying the last word about it. Some of the big-league systematic philosophers have ignored it, and a few of them have been downright hostile toward it, particularly toward those arts that, like music and painting, are not expressed in the printed word. A great many have tended to relegate art to a mysterious, irrational realm that they designate as intuition, emotion, or mysticism, thus begging the question from a philosophical point of view and neglecting the problem, much as an amateur does when he repeats the worn slogan that art belongs to the "heart," while rational thinking belongs to the "head." Yet nobody who has studied a Beethoven symphony or a Mozart opera or a Rembrandt painting can possibly attribute these complicated structures simply to intuition or emotion. They obviously required brains to produce, and they obviously entail a logic of some sort—and a very elaborate and profound logic at that. The philosophers who have understood art have, in the main, conceded this, and among such philosophers at the present time, Susanne K. Langer is one who has pursued the formulation of this logic to well-defined conclusions, having devoted much of her life to the problems of aesthetics and the creation of a total rationale for the subject. She is a rather remarkable philosopher in several respects, and most of her colleagues regard her as a maverick. For one thing, she is one of the very few women in a profession traditionally thought to be the exclusive province of men. For another, she is an educated musician—something that relatively few philosophers before her have been. She is also a former poet and writer of children's fairy tales. These extracurricular activities have in no way diminished the discipline of her philosophical thinking, and though some fellow-philosophers may quibble about her conclusions, many of them, along with an adventurous section of the international reading public, have found her a fountain of stimulating theories and ideas. In the particular realm she works in, Mrs. Langer is considered one of the important thinkers of her era. Her philosophy of aesthetics is certainly among the most comprehensive, systematic, and professionally coherent endeavors of its kind. She is, among other things, the author of one of the pioneer textbooks on symbolic logic, and her philosophy, taken as a whole, extends well beyond the aesthetic field. But the work for which she is mainly noted is contained in two impressive volumes entitled "Philosophy in a New Key" and "Feeling and Form," both of which have for some time been required reading for anyone who proposes to discuss art in an informed manner.

Mrs. Langer, like most philosophers nowadays, is by profession a college teacher, and she has taught philosophy for many years—at Radcliffe and, more recently, at Connecticut College—interspersing her duties at these Eastern institutions with frequent seminars held as far afield as the University of Washington, in Seattle, and Northwestern University, in Evanston. A couple of years ago, however, she turned all her attention to writing, working on a grant from the Edgar J. Kaufmann Charitable Trust, and she currently carries on most of her work in a snug Colonial cottage in Old Lyme, Connecticut, where she manages to live an appropriately solitary life of contemplation in a community whose addiction to cocktail parties and weekend sociability is pursued with a determination that frightens even hardened visitors from Manhattan. Mrs. Langer is not particularly unsociable by nature, but she manages to bypass most of Old Lyme's social whirl, and her neighbors, aware that they have a distinguished philosopher in their midst, treat her with a respect that insures her privacy. Old Lyme is not far from New Haven and the Yale Library, where she spends a great deal of time, and it is also not far from New London and Connecticut College, where she still has many friends. Yet there are times when Mrs. Langer finds even the comparative privacy of her life in Old Lyme insufficiently isolated for her meditations, and on these occasions she gets into her Ford station wagon and drives to a little hideaway she maintains in the woods of Ulster County, New York. She is unable, she regrets, to take the Yale Library with her on these excursions into complete solitude, but her cabin in the Ulster County woods has several compensating advantages. One is the absence of a telephone. ("When I'm cooking one of my ideas," she explains, "it gets so involved that a telephone call will break it.") Another is the absence of postal service. Still another is the presence of three things she considers essential to the ideal contemplative life—hemlocks, white birches, and a waterfall. Mrs. Langer is a fervent lover of nature, and her idea of recreation is to tramp purposefully through the woods, collecting odd-looking sticks and stones, and sometimes lizards and tree frogs, all of which she brings home and cares for with great solicitude. Her woodland cabin has no electric light, but she makes do quite well with an admirable kerosene-operated apparatus known as an Aladdin Lamp. Machine-age comfort means very little to her. For a time, she was somewhat worried by the fact that some of her Ulster County neighbors had mounted television aerials on their roofs. It looked like an impending encroachment of the machine age. But on closer examination, she found, to her relief and amusement, that these neighbors had no television sets, and had put up their aerials simply as public symbols of prosperity.

Physically, Mrs. Langer is a small

woman in her early sixties, tanned by the sun, bouncingly active, and vaguely suggesting a former model of Lucas Cranach who took up schoolteaching in her mature years. Both her father and her mother were born in Germany, and her appearance is unmistakably German, including a round face, made to look longer than it is by sloping eyebrows and a slightly aquiline nose, and containing a pair of clear blue eyes that seem to be constantly on the lookout for evidences of sloppy thinking. Her gray hair is chopped off functionally at the back, and her manner of dressing is severely practical—low-heeled shoes, denim slacks, and no hat for country wear; a hat (which one suspects is a grudging concession to propriety) and a simple, nondescript suit for visits to the city, where she goes occasionally to see friends or attend concerts or visit museums. Her air of slightly Germanic formality is relieved by a habit of talkativeness about topics she is interested in (probably the result of a lifetime of lecturing), a ready smile for the unphilosophical incongruities of life, and an intensity of feeling about things of the mind that conveys itself insistently to the listener. Though Mrs. Langer was born on the upper West Side of Manhattan and educated almost entirely in this country, she still speaks with a perceptible German accent—a product, no doubt, of her New York German upbringing and a lifelong immersion in German literature and philosophy.

There is, moreover, a Spartan quality about her life not only in Ulster County but in Old Lyme as well. She was at one time married to the eminent Harvard historian William Langer, and is the mother of two sons, one of whom works for the General Electric Company, in Philadelphia, and the other of whom was for some time an associate professor at the Harvard Business School and now teaches in Lausanne, Switzerland. Both have raised families of their own. But Mrs. Langer herself has lived alone for the past eighteen years, and she obviously likes it. She is a woman of iron will, impatient of laziness and self-indulgence. She smokes cigarettes in great moderation, and indulges in alcohol only to the extent of an occasional glass of sherry. She does all her own cooking, and is rather good at it. Even when she is alone, she serves her meals with considerable ceremony, setting herself a place at table as if she were her own guest. "I don't eat snacks at intervals, as people who live alone often do," she says. "The fact is that I really cook—meat and vegetables twice a day. I keep up a certain household formality. People are likely to let their social behavior go to pot nowadays. I never allow company to do the dishes. Sometimes I let them pile up and do them all at once. Often I just turn out the light. That abolishes the dishes temporarily. I have too few guests to waste time on dishes while they are around. It's my good luck that I'm by nature domestic. I'm a natural cook." The visitors are few, but they are constant in their attention. Two of the most constant are Father David Brown, an Episcopal minister from Norwich, Connecticut, and James Dendy, of the music department of Connecticut College. Father Brown is a violinist, and Mr. Dendy, though professionally an organist, is a gifted pianist as well, and since Mrs. Langer herself is a cellist, they often combine their talents in an evening of music, playing trios by Mozart and Beethoven, and occasionally even venturing as far as the chamber music of Hindemith. Father Brown and Mr. Dendy sometimes follow this with discussions of theology and metaphysics. Mrs. Langer listens to the theology with detached interest, and puts her oar in only when they get around to metaphysics. She is, she explains, not at all religious. "I was inclined to be instinctively religious as a child," she says. "I made up a religion of my own, based on the hymns we sang in school. I tried to imagine God. I thought of Him as the rising of the sun—that is, *not* the sun but the drama of the sunrise. But I left religion during college. When I began to have faith in my mind, and my feeling of insecurity disappeared, religion became untenable, and therefore dispensable." Mrs. Langer also considers arguments about religion versus science a waste of time, and, to her way of thinking, philosophy and theology require incompatible attitudes of mind. These firm opinions, however, apparently do not disturb her relations with Father Brown in the



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"'Great Scott, man,' I said, 'what are you doing here? Shouldn't you be in Chicago?'"

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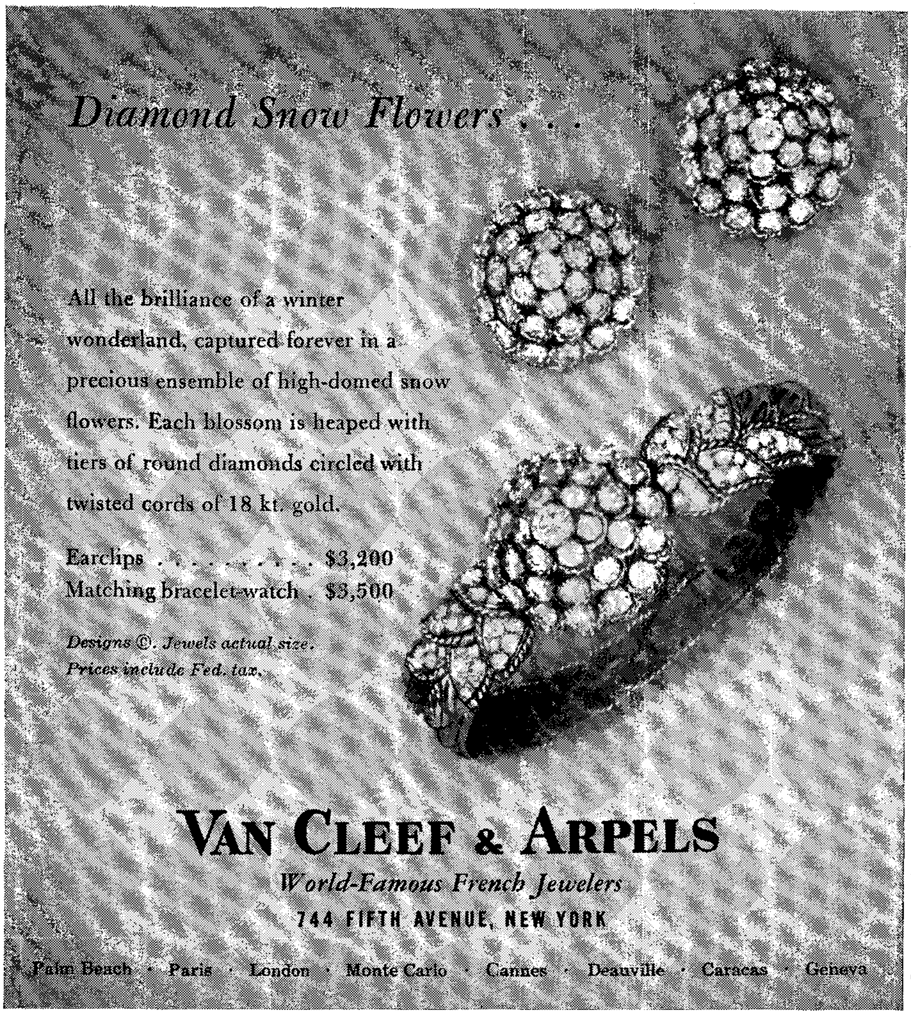

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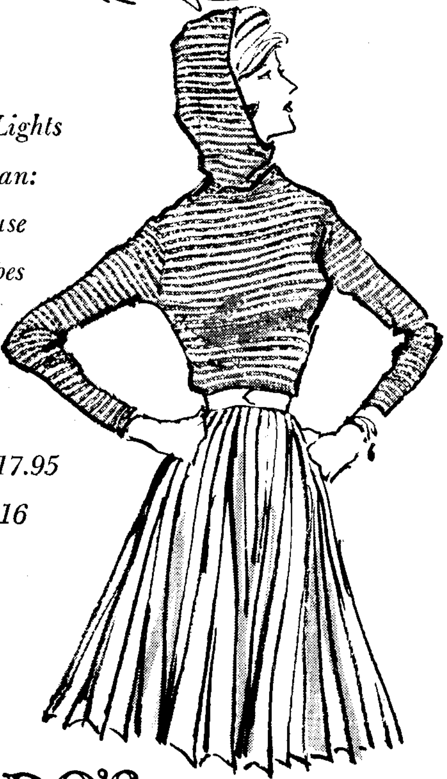

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least, and he continues to commune with her cello by means of his violin as if their spirits were entirely kindred.

Mrs. Langer has other friends, too, among them the Old Lyme painter Thomas Ingle and his friend Charles Palmer, who frequently invite her to their studio home, where they serve her sherry and discuss her theories about art with affectionate understanding. She also goes to Connecticut College a couple of times a week to visit two former colleagues, Bernice Wheeler and Dorothy Richardson, both biologists, whose conversation about science she finds stimulating. In making new acquaintances, though, Mrs. Langer is inclined to be reserved, and sometimes this reserve is accompanied by the absent-mindedness that is supposed to be characteristic of the true philosopher. Not long ago, according to her Old Lyme friends, she was invited to dinner by a professor at Yale, but mislaid the invitation and couldn't for the life of her remember which professor it was. The professor promptly became the x of an algebraic equation, and Mrs. Langer called up people all over Old Lyme in search of a value for x, formulating her question in the logical terms "What Yale professor could possibly have invited Susanne Langer to dinner?" Various solutions were suggested, but none seemed to fit. Ultimately, the equation proved insoluble; the professor remained a mystery, and the dinner never took place. This, however, was an exceptional case, for Mrs. Langer is ordinarily the soul of punctiliousness, and prides herself on such virtues as promptness and courtesy, though she admits that she has great difficulty remembering names and faces.

Despite her professed lack of religion, Mrs. Langer, like many lovers of art, seems to have a strong streak of instinctive pantheism, which expresses itself not only in a love of nature but also in the cherishing of various objects and pets. The rooms of her dark-red clapboard house are filled, in a somewhat unsystematic manner, with artistic, anthropological, zoological, geological, and documentary knickknacks, ranging from a head carved out of a coconut by some South American Indian to framed photographs of her family, and from a modern sculpture of a female figure (the work of the sculptor Alice Dunbar, who is her niece) to a carefully labelled collection of sea shells, sponges, and bits of driftwood that she has amassed on her frequent trips to seashore regions and that she keeps methodically laid out in glass cases in a

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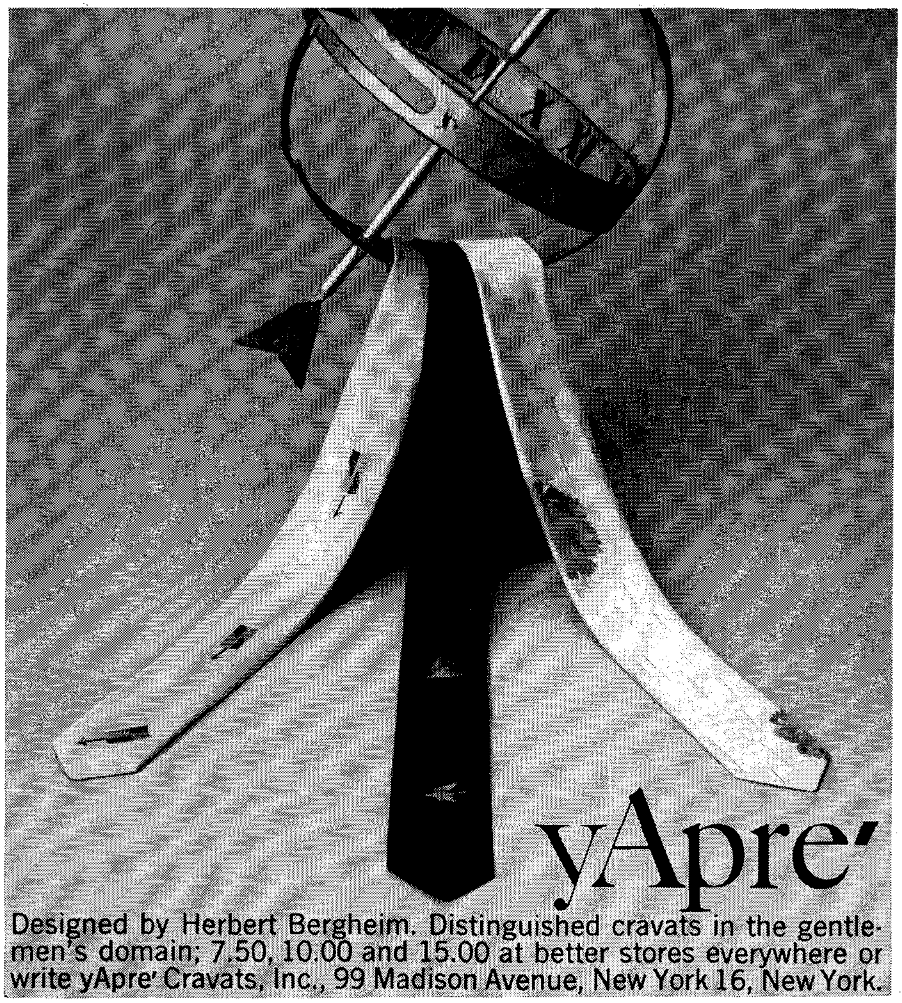

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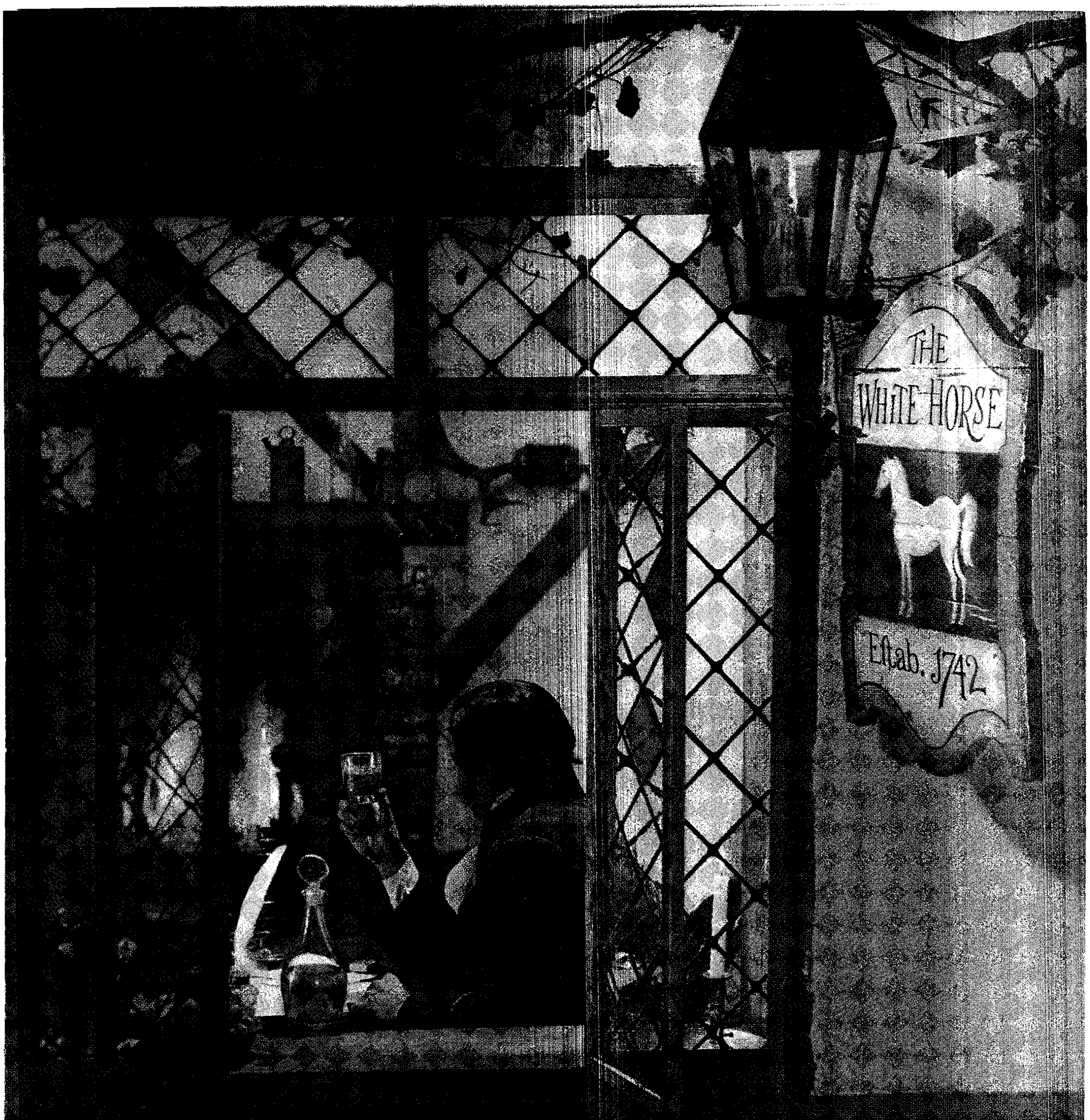
room in the basement of the cottage. The effect of these latter trophies, for many of which she has carefully unearthed the Latin names, is scientific rather than artistic, but as she handles and exhibits them, it is obvious that she values them for their interesting forms rather than for their place in the Linnaean system of classification, and that each of them represents to her some fascinating facet of nature's endless industry in creating varied shapes and textures. She esteems such natural relics highly, and often pleases her friends in Old Lyme by presenting them with a rare and absorbing rock or sea shell. But she claims not to be essentially a visual person, and although the curious form of a specimen may set her off on a train of philosophical speculation, the inside of her home is devoid of any conscious effort at interior decoration. In her parlor, where she entertains guests, she has a pleasantly austere selection of straight-backed chairs, some useful tea tables, a grand piano, and her cello, which she keeps in a Victorian glass cabinet to protect it from the Connecticut climate. The parlor also contains a small and select library—works on philosophy, for the most part—and her pet of the moment. Currently, this is a chameleon, which inhabits a small cage on her desk. The chameleon has a long line of predecessors, including a pair of tree frogs that she kept for several years. "I don't anthropomorphize my pets," she recently told a caller, and went on to say that she has very strict philosophical distinctions to make between animal and human behavior. But then she added, "I have to have life about me." Not only does she love to care for her pets but she calls them by appropriate names. She refuses to tell anyone the name of the chameleon, on the ground that it is a pun too terrible to divulge, but the two tree frogs that preceded him had names of truly resplendent literary and philosophical character. They were known as Rennie and Resie. Rennie was named for Renfield, a character in "Dracula" who ate flies and spiders. Resie was named after Descartes's term for matter, *res extensa*, as opposed to mind, or *res cogitans*. "Descartes defined *res extensa* as 'pure extension,' you know," Mrs. Langer explained to her caller. "When Resie climbed around on a little tree in her cage, the stretch of her limbs was so incredible that she became pure extension. She was even better than Martha Graham." Both Rennie and Resie were great twitterers, and Mrs. Langer recalls with interest that they



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were particularly inspired to vocal expression by the sound of frying bacon or of eggs being beaten in the kitchen. The sizzling of the bacon and the rattling of the egg beater apparently occupied an area on the scale of vibration frequencies to which Rennie and Resie were susceptible, and this phenomenon offered Mrs. Langer food for thought about the response of frogs to a limited realm of auditory experience.

The cage in which Mrs. Langer's pets are kept stands at the back of her work desk, a large and deceptively disordered-looking affair heaped with papers, pens, and pencils. Though she uses a typewriter for writing letters, her philosophical writing is done in a neat, very clear longhand, and the notes, outlines, and revisions she makes while getting her thoughts on paper have resulted in a more or less permanent haystack of closely written sheets, which she obviously knows her way through and toward which she assumes a vigilantly protective attitude, lest some visitor carelessly disarrange them. Behind the scattering of papers is a large card-index file, in which she has recorded, for many years, references to philosophical, anthropological, and psychological items she has discovered in books, and also ideas of her own, jotted down in moments of reflection. The moments are apt to occur at almost any time. She often thinks of a theory in the middle of the night, and has developed an efficient technique for writing in the dark. She has also been known to stop her station wagon on the road to record an idea before it escapes her mind, and she remembers once doing this while she was on her way to the dentist with a toothache. The cards on which her own and other thinkers' ideas are preserved are methodically cross-indexed in a separate file, so that she can instantly lay her hands on everything pertaining to a given subject. She is proud of the efficiency of her card-indexing system, a sort of handmade mechanical memory that she has kept ever since her undergraduate days. Her files contain some rather abstruse headings—for example, "Feeling Primary to Mental Life," under which are to be found numerous entries, some of them references to her own thoughts, others references to, or digests of, books in English, French, and German that deal with the field. Mrs. Langer is a methodical scholar, and before launching any theory of her own she will conscientiously ransack the literature of the subject for support, carefully giving credit to her precursors. She uses her

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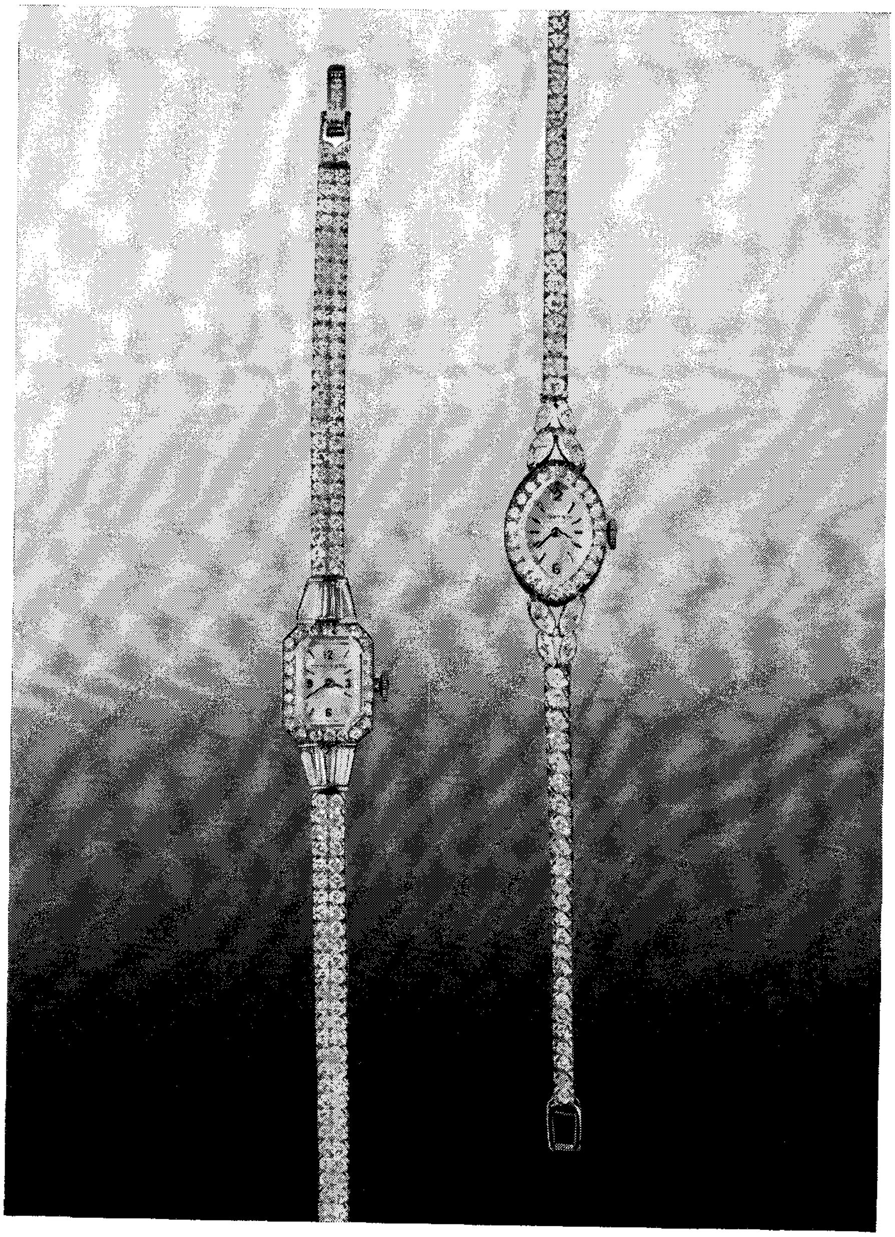

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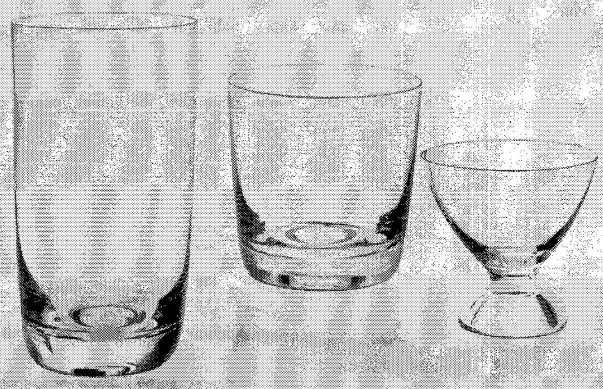

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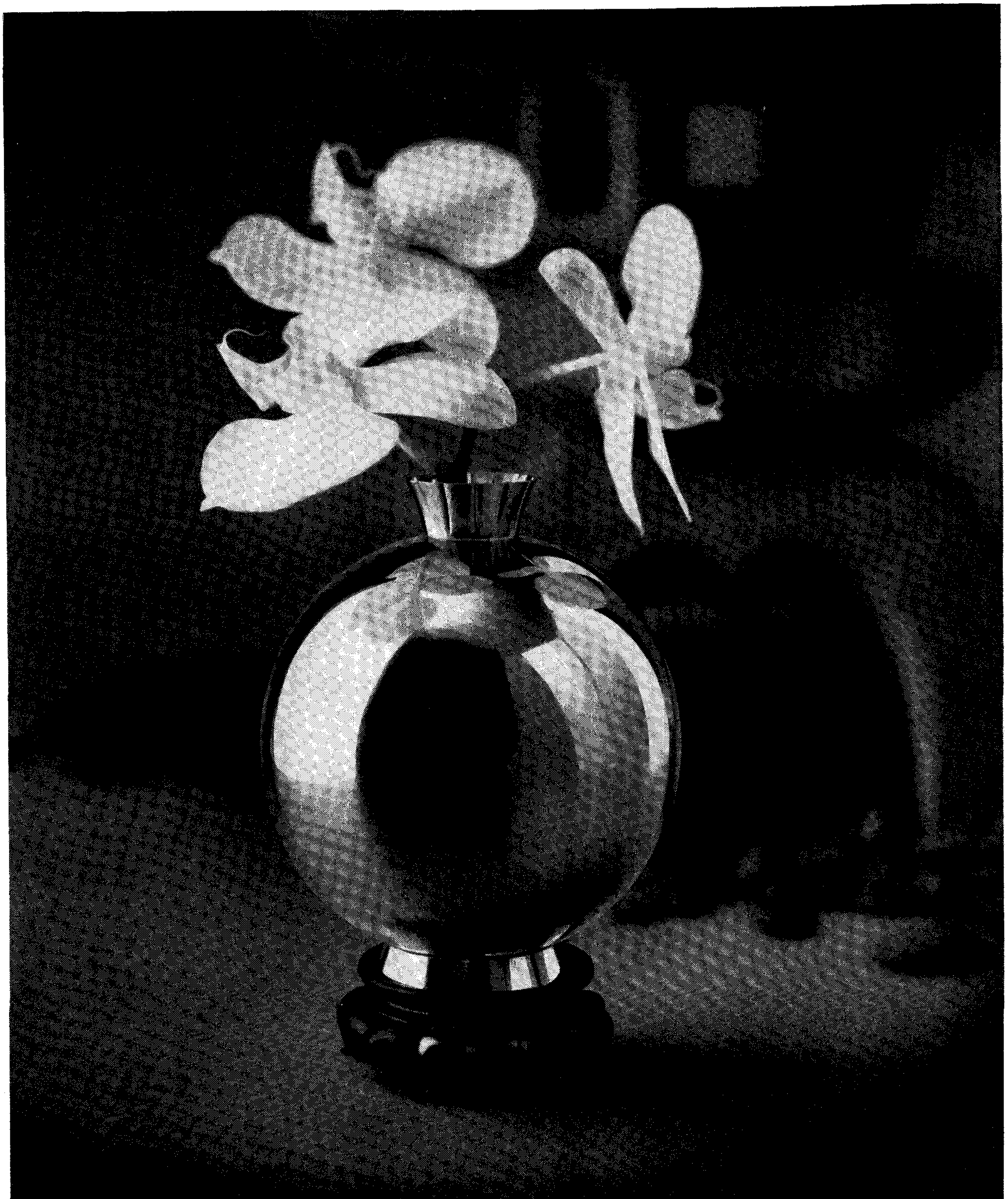
card index not only as a storehouse of reference but also as a stimulation to thought. Many of her ideas have arisen suddenly from the fortuitous congruence of notions she has come upon while leafing through it.

THE Langer philosophy that is indexed in her filing cabinets and that exists in her head and in the books she has written is a complicated one, and since summarizing the work of any philosopher is apt to result in distortions and oversimplifications, it is probably better simply to hint at its nature. Her concept of art takes its departure from a general theory of symbolism developed in the nineteen-twenties by the eminent German thinker Ernst Cassirer, who was rector of the University of Hamburg at the time the Nazis forced him into exile, and who taught at Yale for three years and at Columbia for a year before his death, in 1945. Cassirer believed that such apparently incompatible fields of intellectual activity as religion, science, art, and myth are actually different manifestations of symbolic thought, and Mrs. Langer leaned heavily on this theory in the first of her two most important books on aesthetics, "Philosophy in a New Key," published in 1942. It involved giving rationality a larger frame than it had traditionally had, and Mrs. Langer began to apply this larger frame, in a thoroughgoing way, to the arts. She found, like Cassirer, that the making of symbols—or what she calls "the process of symbolic transformation"—is a basic habit of the human mind, and the main thing that distinguishes man from the lesser animals. Man, in her view, is preëminently a symbol-making animal, and his proneness to symbolic thinking is so pronounced that it is part and parcel even of his habits of perception. He both thinks and perceives in terms of many kinds of symbol. Some symbols are "discursive;" that is, symbols of discourse, which are expressed in words. But discursive symbols are notoriously unsuited to the explanation of many of the phenomena of the mind. They are unable to cope with the subtleties of aesthetic experience, and, as Freud long ago pointed out, they do not have much relation to the symbolic language of dreams. Modern psychology and epistemology, in Mrs. Langer's view, call for a new philosophical formulation, able to take account of non-discursive as well as discursive thinking, and thus able to explain man's habitual preoccupation with myths, fantasies, ritual, pictures, and music. These



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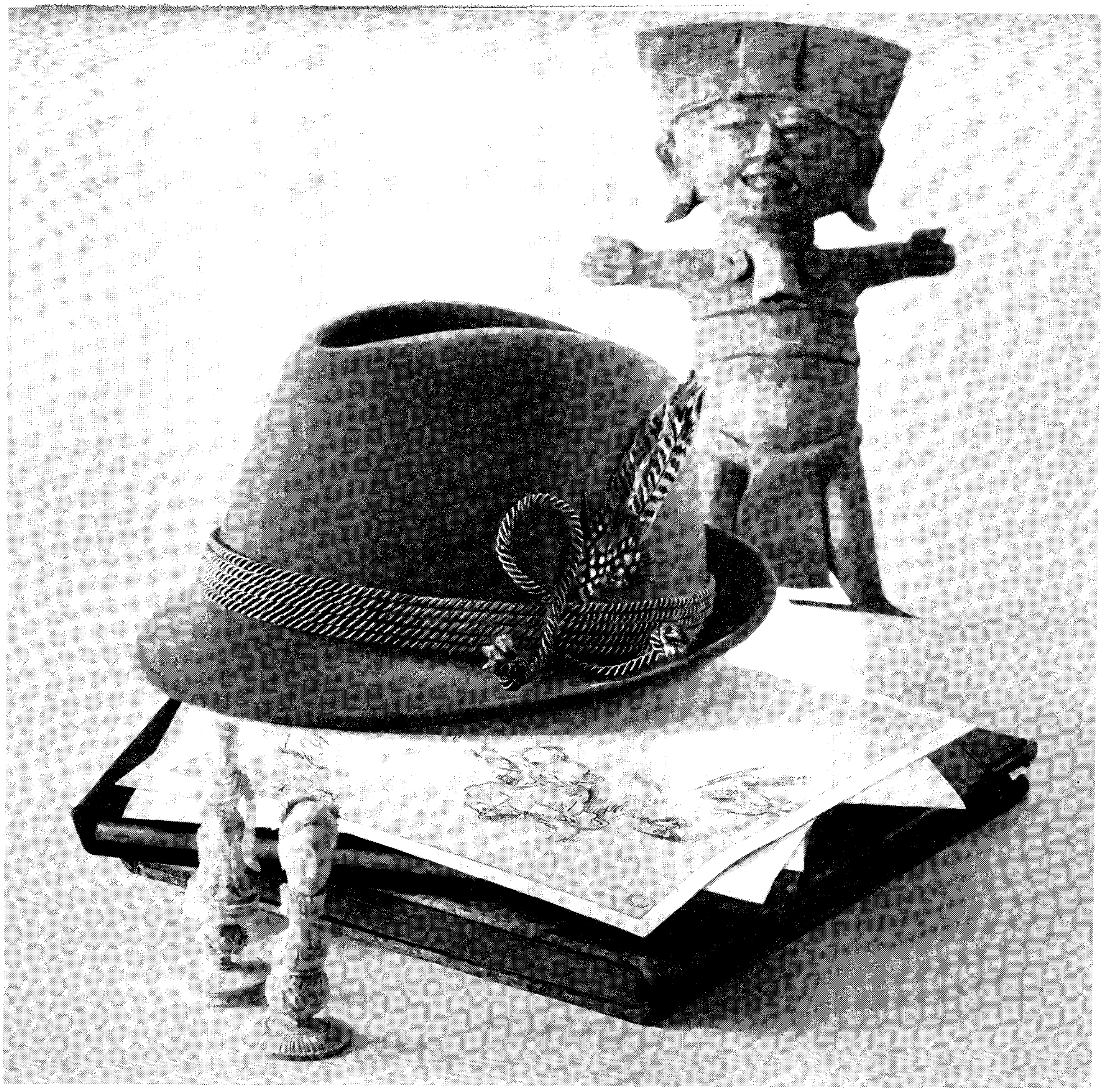
things are as much a product of the mind as words are, and may be said to follow semantic systems of their own, which differ from the semantics of discursive language. Discursive language is, she admits, one of the richest forms of man's peculiar addiction to symbolization. But it has a limitation: it expresses ideas serially, rather than simultaneously—unlike, for example, a picture. Philosophers need to recognize the vast realm of non-discursive thinking not only for the sake of explaining art, dreams, and myths but also for philosophy's own sake. For fifty years, Mrs. Langer observes, philosophy has been in a state of decline, discernible in its dry formalism, its eclecticism, its endless logic-chopping, and its failure to come to terms with human experience. The way out of this decline, she believes, lies in an extension of philosophy's function, to take in a wider area of symbolism than is included in the syllogisms of discursive thought. "There is an unexplored possibility of genuine semantics beyond the limits of discursive reasoning," she writes in "Philosophy in a New Key." "This logical 'beyond,' which Wittgenstein calls the 'unspeakable,' both Russell and Carnap regard as the sphere of subjective experience, emotion, feeling, and wish, from which only *symptoms* come to us, in the form of metaphysical and artistic fancies. The study of such products they relegate to psychology, not semantics. And here is the point of my radical divergence from them. . . . The field of semantics is wider than that of language, as certain philosophers—Schopenhauer, Cassirer, Delacroix, Dewey, Whitehead, and some others—have discovered; but it is blocked for us by the two fundamental tenets of current epistemology. . . . These two basic assumptions go hand in hand: (1) that *language is the only means of articulating thought*, and (2) that *everything which is not speakable thought is feeling*. . . . I . . . believe that in this physical, space-time world of our experience there are things which do not fit the grammatical scheme of expression. But they are not necessarily blind, inconceivable, mystical affairs; they are simply matters which require to be conceived through some symbolistic schema other than discursive language. And to demonstrate the possibility of such a non-discursive pattern one needs only to review the logical requirements for any symbolic structure whatever. Language is by no means our only articulate product."

Having thus defined an area un-



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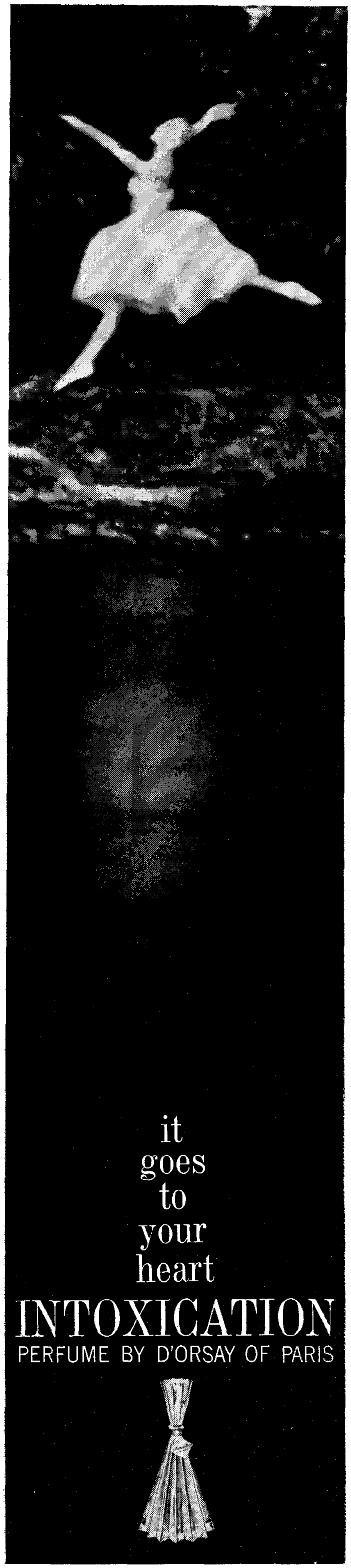
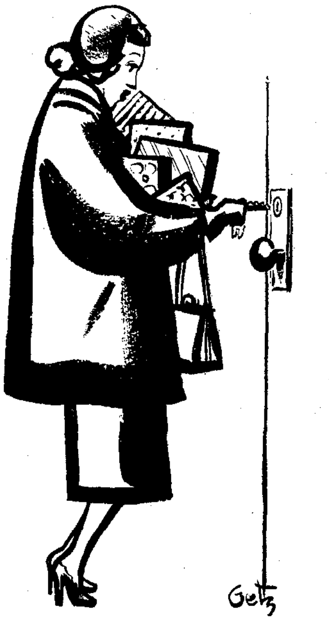


dreamed of in the philosophy of most previous philosophers except Cassirer—that of the literally unspeakable but by no means inarticulate or un-understandable—Mrs. Langer proceeds to examine the forms of logic that it may contain. Painting and photography do not have a vocabulary, as writing does, but both present symbolic images (she calls these "presentational" symbols) that are certainly full of significance to the beholder. Ritual, arising from the repetition of symbolic gesture, is without doubt a reflection of human thought; indeed, it is a particularly rich reflection, and one with a long history among primitive as well as civilized peoples. Myth, which Mrs. Langer describes as "the primitive phase of metaphysical thought," may or may not be expressed with the aid of language, but it is not essentially discursive; its symbols are presentational, like those of painting. So are the symbols of lyric poetry, and even of narrative, though both these arts, of course, employ language as a medium of expression and often deal with material that is discursive. In music one finds the type of symbolization that is best equipped for conveying the "intricacies and ambivalences of inner experience." Music does this job much better than language does, Mrs. Langer says. She thinks that philosophers have often misunderstood this, and that musicians and musical psychologists have not been too clear about it, either. Some thinkers, like Plato and Immanuel Kant, have tended to disparage music as a low, or primitive, form of expression. Others have tried to explain it in terms of pleasant or unpleasant sensation—an explanation that, of course, is very wide of the mark indeed, and has never really got anywhere. Still others—among them a number of eminent composers as well as philosophers—have maintained that music is a matter of self-expression, and that its sounds convey the immediate state of mind of the artist who creates it. This, Mrs. Langer declares, is absurd. People do not create "emotional" music while undergoing the emotions it is supposed to express. In fact, people undergoing strong emotions seldom feel impelled to express themselves in music. Music is not "self-expression" at all. It is not derived from emotions or intended to induce them, Mrs. Langer says; it is *about* them. It has an emotional content, in somewhat the same way that language has a conceptual content. Music is the formulation and representation of emotion—a logical picture of "sentient, responsive life." It does not *convey* feelings; it *portrays* them and *stands for* them. It does this, as do all the other arts, by means of symbols. But the symbols used in music are not specific as to reference; they are, on the contrary, capable of multiple and shifting references. Thus, music has no vocabulary, no dictionary definitions. It is, like art in general, an expression of non-discursive thought. Nevertheless, it has meaning, or significance—Mrs. Langer prefers the term "import"—and this significance is symbolic, which is to say that the musical notes convey a rich content of experience lying beneath their purely sensory attributes as vibration frequencies or degrees of the scale.



On this collection of premises, Mrs. Langer has built a comprehensive, and apparently watertight, theory of art—one that ramifies through a large territory in her 1953 book, "Feeling and Form." This book departs more widely from Cassirer's thought, and represents a contribution that is entirely her own. Here she applies the theory to each of the arts in turn, finding that each creates a "virtual," or symbolic, realm of its own, in which an illusory or abstract portrayal of some aspect of feeling and experience can be given. The abstractive realm created by each of the arts she calls its "primary illusion." That of the plastic arts is "virtual space," that of music is "virtual time," that of literature and the drama is "virtual history," and so on. In each case, the mind of the artist is occupied in creating—and the mind of the beholder in deciphering—a system of symbols that stands for, but is never identical with, some facet of reality. It is the function of art, Mrs. Langer maintains, to bring order into perceptual life. Artistic training is the "education of feeling," just as schooling in logic or mathematics is the education of discursive thought.

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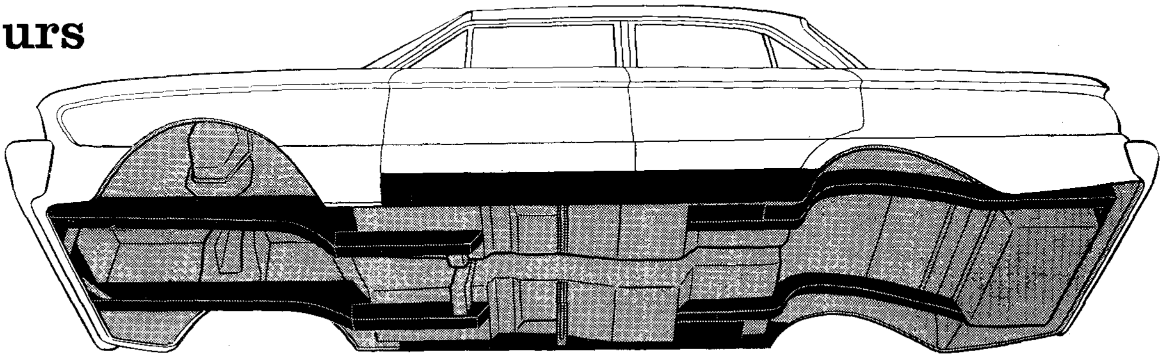

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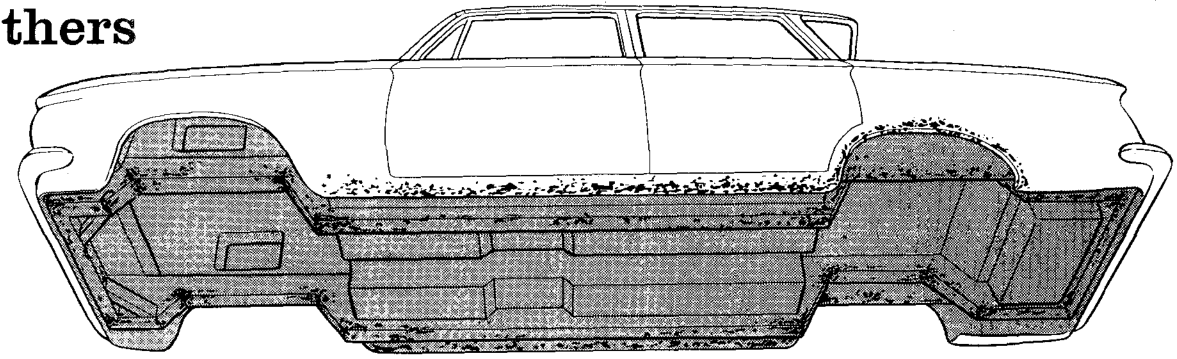

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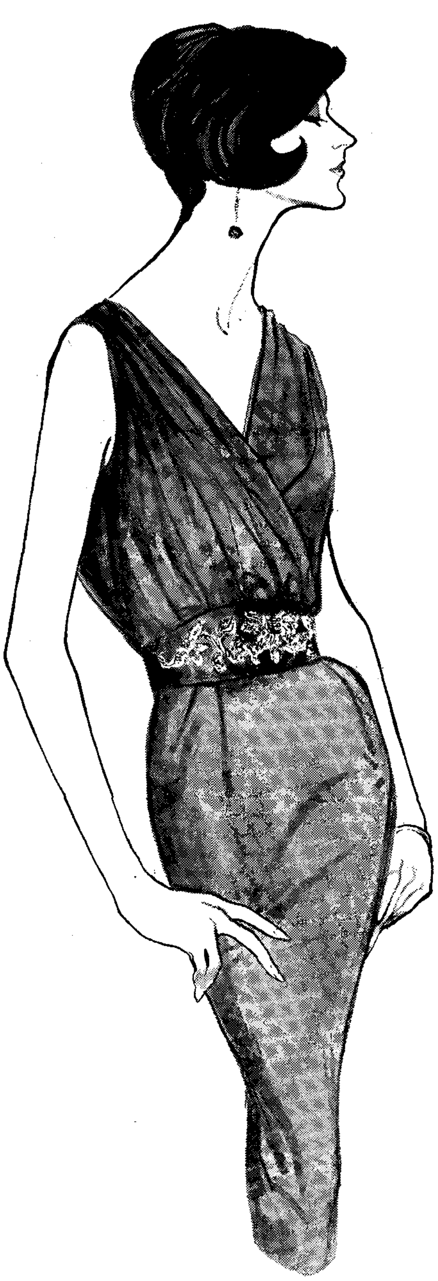

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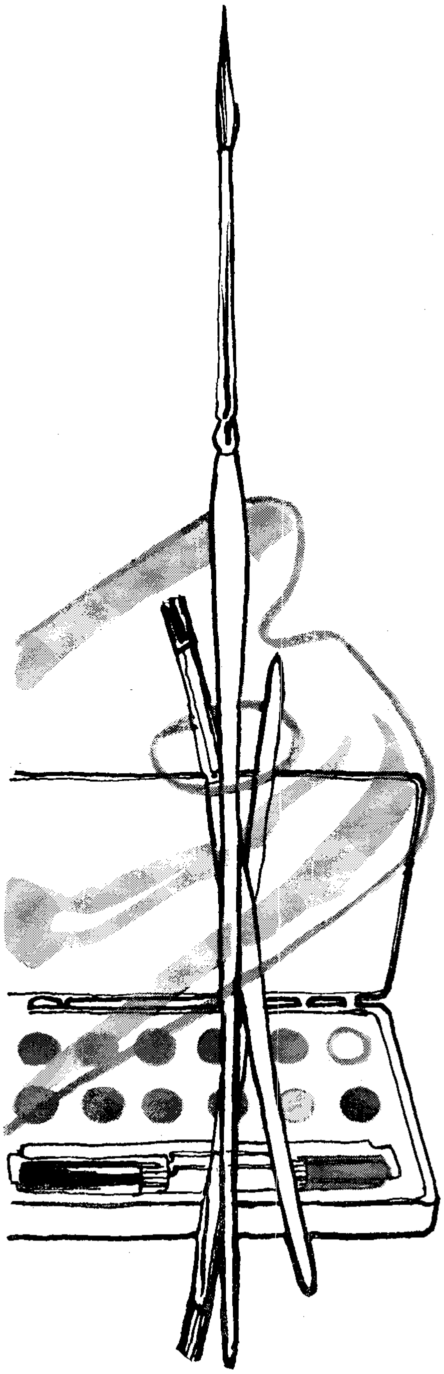
to Mrs. Langer's complex reasoning than can be conveyed in any such drastically simplified summary. But at the root of all of it is the notion of man's profound habit of abstracting a world of symbols from the world of reality that surrounds him. And this habit is by no means limited to the realm of aesthetics. It underlies not only his art but his science, his religion, and his philosophy, and, as has been noted, even affects his methods of perception. In the scientific age, however, man has tended to neglect presentational thought in favor of discursive thought, and this, Mrs. Langer believes, has led to an impoverishment of his mental life. Nowadays, especially in urban environments, people tend to pay more attention to signs and signals than to symbols. "A life that does *not* incorporate some degree of ritual, of gesture and attitude," she maintains, "has no mental anchorage. . . . Technical progress is putting man's freedom of mind in jeopardy." Reliance solely on the discursive reasoning of science has produced a world bare of presentational symbols, and, in the process, has produced a poorer place to live, think, and feel in. In this conclusion, Mrs. Langer finds herself in the company of some modern psychologists, notably the disciples of C. G. Jung, but she is a far more lucid and coherent thinker than Jung, and, unlike him, she abhors the easy, irrational path of mysticism. The importance of her contribution, in fact, lies precisely in the circumstance that she has made much that was previously assumed to be irrational or mystical into a subject for the strictest logical thinking.

IT has not often been pointed out that one of the most interesting ingredients of philosophy is passion, and that it is the philosopher's passion for order in the face of chaos that gives his work illumination and eloquence. Mrs. Langer's passion for explaining and setting right the mysteries of art seems to have arisen at a very early age, when, as a little girl in Manhattan's old and respected German colony, she wrote poetry and played music, as so many cultivated German-Americans used to do. Later, of course, her notions about these arts became codified by the discipline of a philosophical education at Radcliffe, where she fell under the influence of a number of able teachers, including Ralph Barton Perry, Alfred Hoernlé, Henry M. Sheffer, and the celebrated philosopher Alfred North Whitehead. During and after her college years, she also succumbed to the spell of Bertrand Russell, on whose



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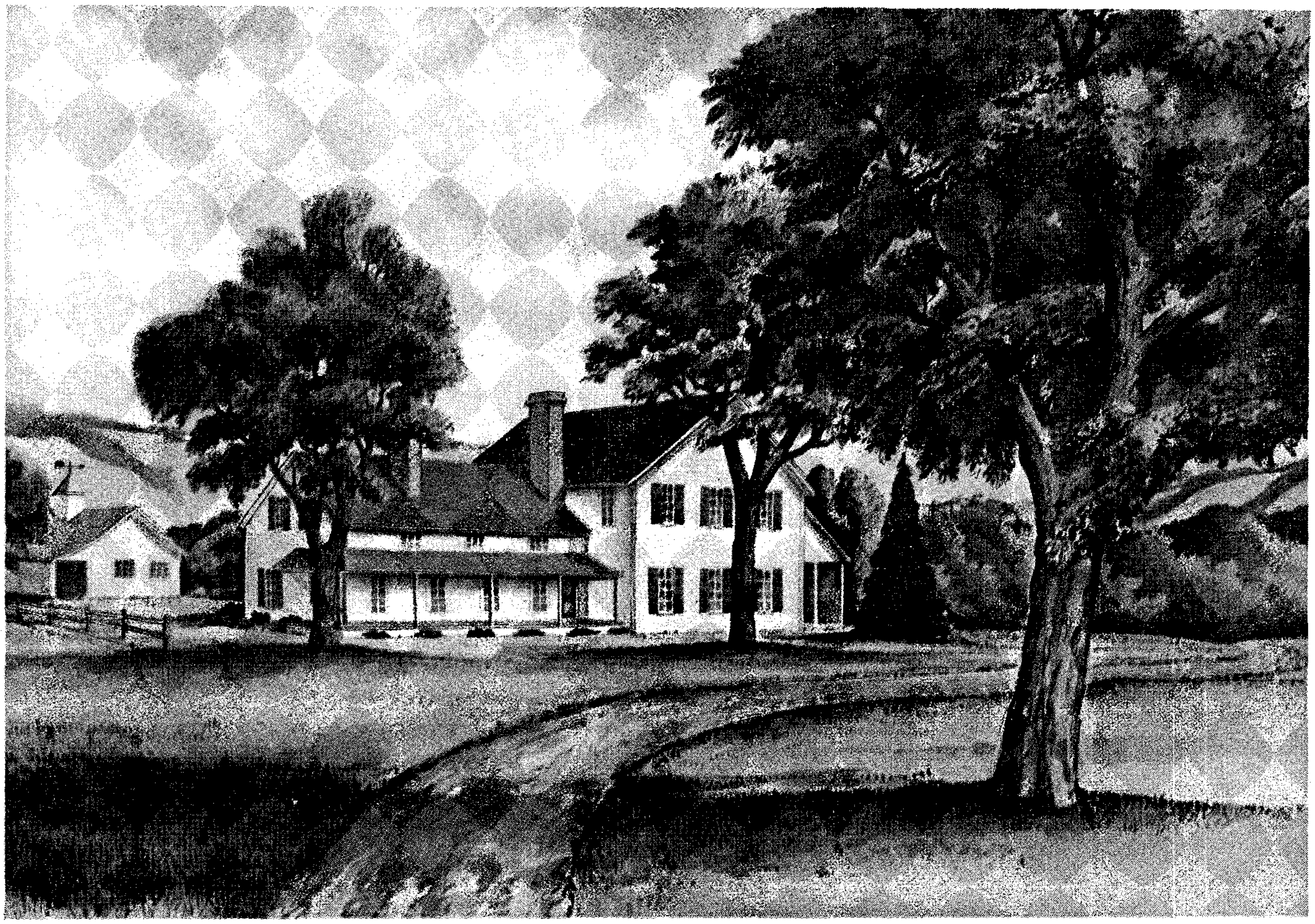

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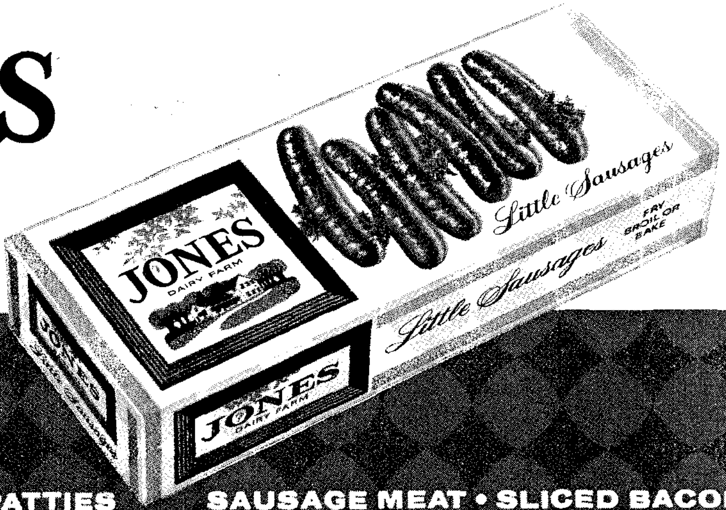

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lucid literary style she claims to have modelled her own. But even as a child she was puzzled by problems of a logical nature. She remembers that at the age of seven she learned a little German song that went:

Dornröschen und Schneewittchen,
Die sitzen auf den Thron,
Und jede hat zur Seite
Den schönsten Königssohn.

This is roughly translatable as:

The Sleeping Beauty and Snow White,
They sit upon the throne,
And each has at her side
The handsomest prince.

This poem seems to have made her uncomfortable and to have aroused the first glimmerings of that passion for logical coherence that has dominated her life. Specifically, how many princes were there in the poem? Her sisters claimed that there were two, one for the Sleeping Beauty and one for Snow White. Their nurse backed her sisters up on practical grounds. "What good would one prince do two girls?" the nurse asked, with an air of finality. "The nurse," Mrs. Langer recalls with some distaste, "was a pragmatist, of course." The young Susanne was not deceived. There was just *one* prince, and he was sitting between the two girls. There could not, logically, be two "handsomest" princes, she maintained. Many years later, at college, she put the problem up to Professor Whitehead, and, to her great satisfaction, he agreed with her.

Susanne Langer's childhood was spent in a rich atmosphere of Teutonic imagination, myth, and culture, which, in retrospect, looks like the perfect environment for a budding philosopher, since it surrounded her with all those mysteries that have for generations impelled the German mind to metaphysical speculation, plus the leisure and education necessary to indulge in it. She was born Susanne Katherina Knauth, the daughter of Antonio Knauth, a successful lawyer who had migrated to America from Leipzig, and his wife, Else, who came from Chemnitz and never did succeed in speaking English with any fluency. The family was well off. Antonio's brother was a banker connected with the firm of Knauth, Nachod & Kuehne, which did business both in Leipzig and on Wall Street. Antonio himself owned a brownstone on West Seventieth Street, where Susanne was born, and later bought another on West Seventy-sixth Street, where she was raised. The family was a large one. Susanne had two sisters and two broth-

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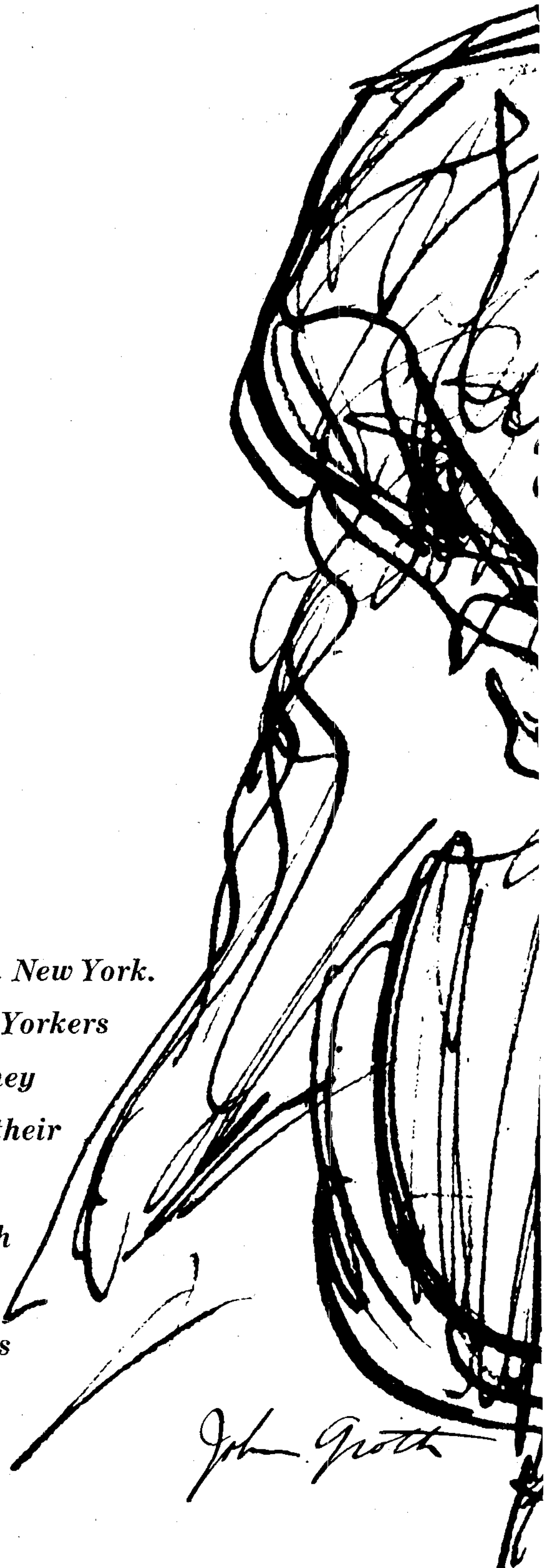

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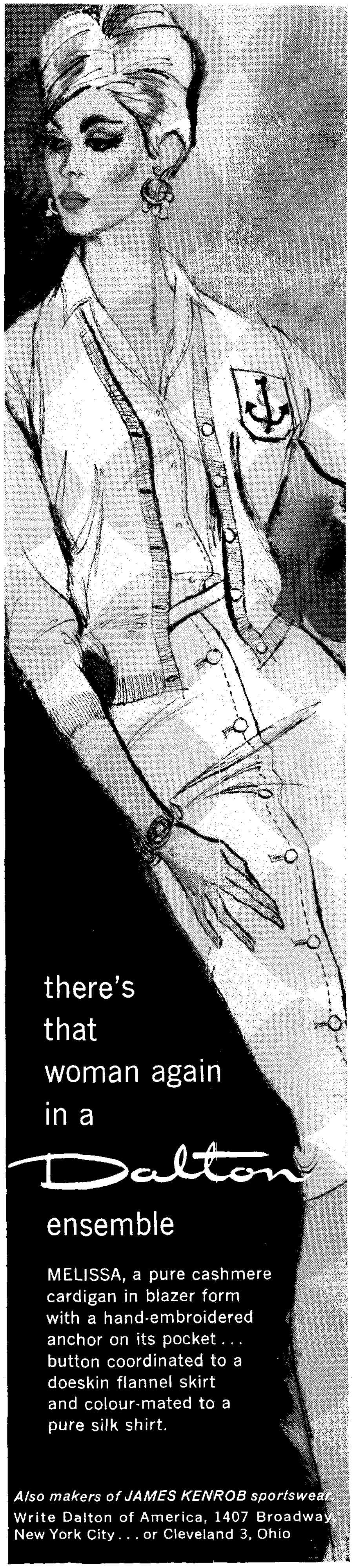
ers, and old photographs show all of them riding horses in Central Park with almost military solemnity, Susanne and her sisters dressed in formal riding habits. Antonio was a slightly built, aristocratic-looking German of what is so often referred to as the "old school." He had a full beard, rather conservative notions of propriety, and an elaborate air of aloof gallantry toward females. As a lawyer, he never accepted a divorce case or a case against a woman. He removed his hat ceremoniously in greeting his infant daughters, and always had them precede him into an elevator. "He hated anything masculine in a woman," Mrs. Langer recalls, "and simply loathed bluestockings." He also disliked the idea of his daughters' going to college—a dislike that did not prevent Susanne from doing so, with her mother's encouragement, after his death, which occurred when she was twenty. Antonio was not all rigor and formality, however. He was a gifted pianist and cellist, and often invited Eduard Herrmann, an eminent violinist of the time, to his house to play chamber music with him. Some of Mrs. Langer's earliest memories are of sneaking down the stairs in her nightgown to listen, concealed behind a curtain, to her father and Mr. Herrmann playing works by Beethoven and Mozart, and she recalls that once she caught a bad cold while doing so. Sometimes Antonio permitted his children to listen to the music overtly, and on these occasions they did so with reverent formality. He taught his daughters to curtsy when spoken to, and, in general, to be seen and not heard. Mrs. Langer feels no resentment whatever about this. On the contrary, she thinks that it was an admirable idea. "Such rituals as curtsying are very good for children," she remarked recently, "and modern children would be better off if they practiced them. They give the children something to do. Children nowadays are very ill at ease with their elders. The poor little mites have no knowledge of the world and are not sure just how they should behave. They should be taught little automatic gestures. Now such things are considered mere empty forms, but they are not. They give a child a sense of security and a method of dealing with the society of grownups."

Mrs. Langer's mother, Else Knauth, was a different sort of person from Antonio—a highly romantic woman with a soft heart and a pronounced feeling for poetry—and it was she, rather than her husband, who dominated the household. Mrs. Langer remembers



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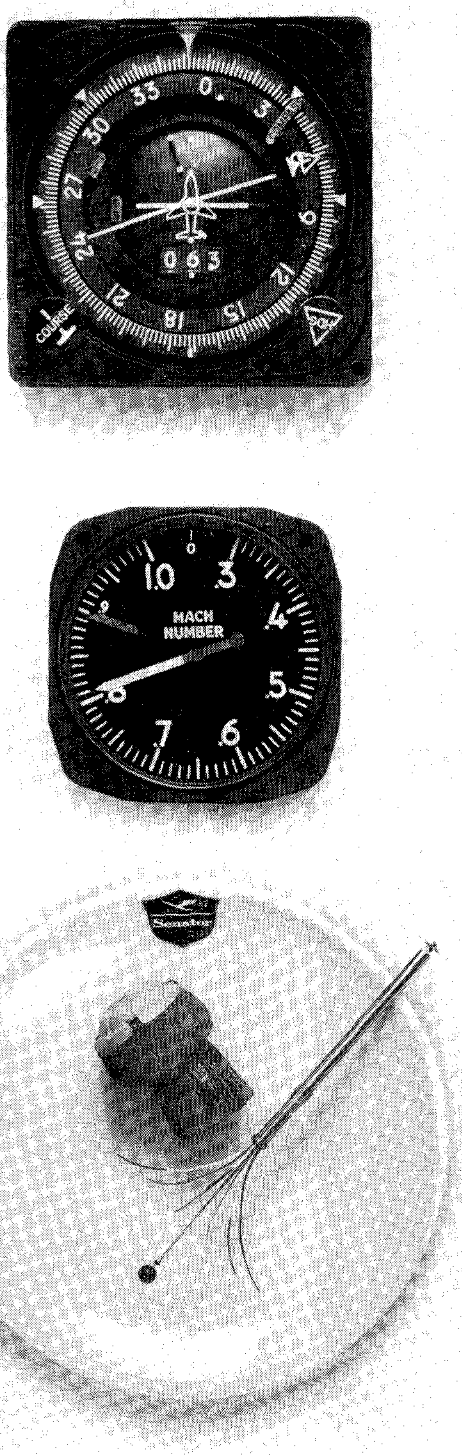

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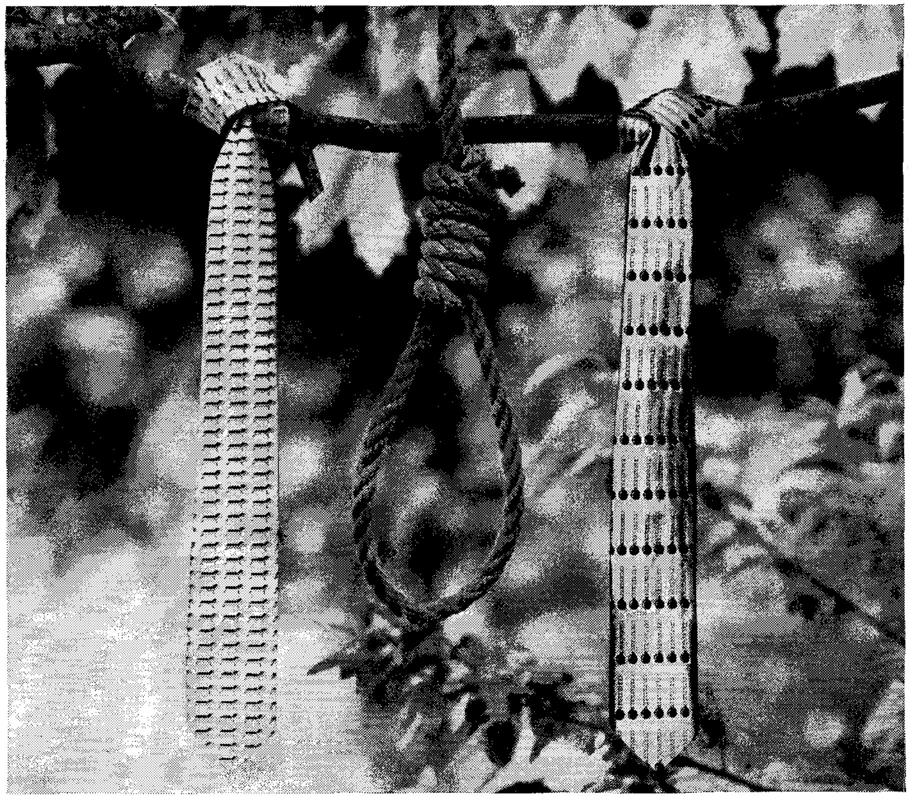

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that her mother, who was nearly blind and deaf during her declining years, amused herself by recollecting the poetry she had memorized early in life, sometimes asking Susanne to fill out a line she had forgotten. Susanne's own love of poetry, which her mother encouraged, blossomed at a very early age. She composed poems before she could write, and recited them to her father, who always listened with interest. Later, her nurse told her that if she learned how to write, she could set her poems down, and not have to tell them to anybody. This proved to be an excellent incentive to education. Susanne learned to write her poetry, and was soon involved in even more extended literary efforts, one of them being a drama called "Walpurgisnacht," in which the heroine was chased by evil spirits. The family generally spent its summers in a rather splendid rustic cottage at Lake George, where Susanne developed her intense love of nature. Among the Knauths' neighbors there were the patriarchal-looking Carl Schurz and the eminent German-Jewish physician Abraham Jacobi, both close family friends and both refugees from the German Revolution of 1848. "Walpurgisnacht" was performed there, in a woodland setting, by Susanne and her cousins. They also performed "Hamlet," with words that they rewrote themselves. One of "Hamlet's" celebrated lines emerged as "I think the Lord Hamlet loves me; he must be crazy." Carl Schurz, who was present at the performance, vowed that it was the first time he had ever really understood the play.

The rest of the large Knauth clan, which included no end of uncles, aunts, and cousins, was a little awed by the intellectuality of Antonio's family and by the introspective habits of Susanne in particular. Somebody gave her a book on frogs, which aroused her interest in natural science, and after reading it she delivered a formal lecture on the subject to the family circle. At its conclusion, an aunt remarked, "Do you realize that the child has talked for forty minutes without notes and without stopping?" This feat may have seemed alarmingly precocious, but it was only one feat among many. Susanne studied anatomy, collecting the bones of small animals and assembling skeletons from them. Her habit of wandering alone in the woods earned her the nickname of *die Waldhexe*, or the Forest Witch. She continued to write poetry and to read omnivorously. "In my early teens," she remembers, "I read 'Little Women' and

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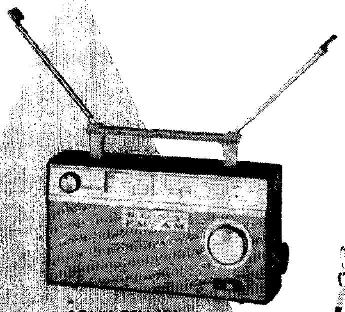

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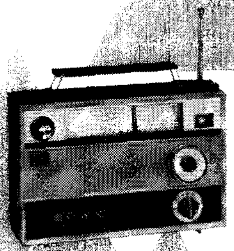

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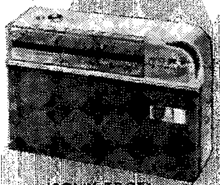

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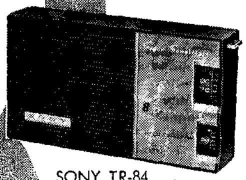

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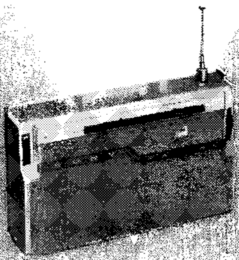

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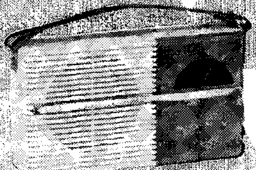

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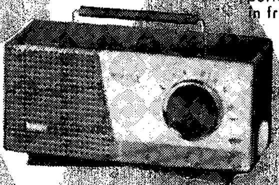

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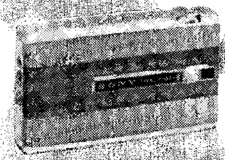

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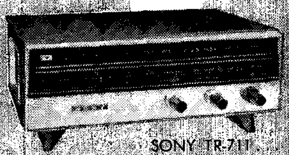

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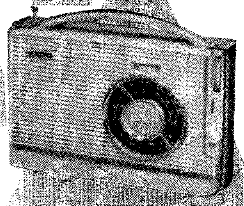

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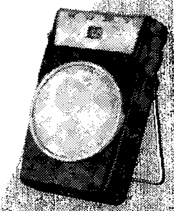

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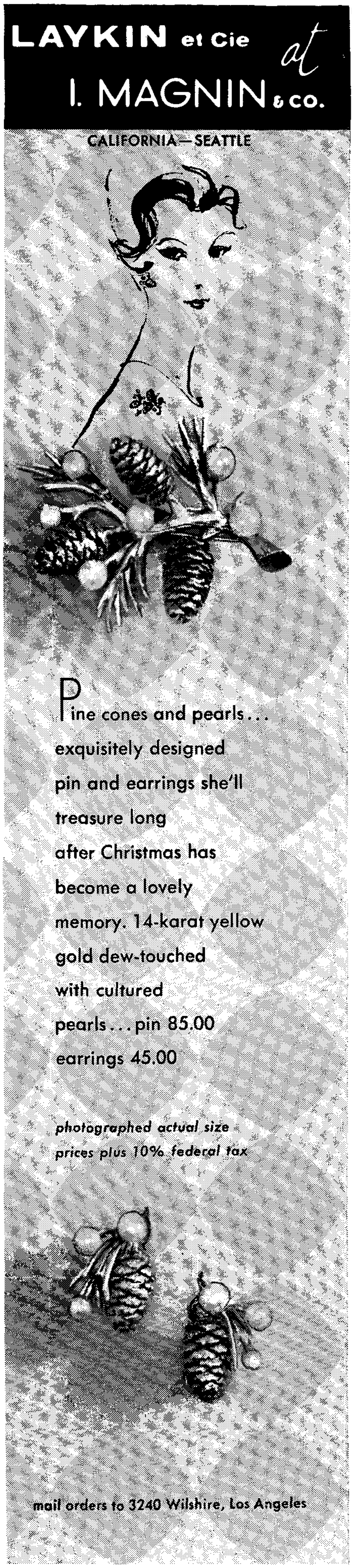
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Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason' simultaneously." She also studied the piano, and—later, in college, where she took up the cello—harmony and counterpoint, though she insists today that she never had any pronounced talent for music. The other children studied music, too, her sister Ilse being a singer and one of her brothers, Peter, a talented pianist, though he has never played professionally. Today, the Knauth family is remarkable for the diversity of its beliefs and interests. One brother, Berthold Antonio Knauth, is an inventor who lives on a boat in Florida. Peter has become an industrial designer, and lives in Syracuse. Ursula, one of the sisters, married a lawyer who later became a minister. Ilse, the singer, married a botanist and former science teacher named Henry Dunbar, and, having raised a family, now lives, and conducts nature tours for visitors, in Ulster County, near the cabin where Susanne hides out from civilization. Ursula is very religious; Ilse is, like Susanne, an agnostic. This variety of belief has extended even to Mrs. Langer's own children. Leonard, the son who works for General Electric, is a devout Lutheran, who at one time studied for the ministry. The other son, Bertrand, who teaches in Lausanne, cares nothing about religion. The Knauths are numerous as well as varied. Mrs. Langer likes to point out that her mother, who died two years ago at the age of eighty-nine, had eighteen grandchildren, and these have had, so far, twenty-five children of their own.

Though Mrs. Langer's early education was voluminous, it was somewhat scattered, by orthodox standards, and to a great extent self-acquired. She attended the Veltin School, a private institution on West Seventy-fourth Street, which she remembers very favorably for its courses in art and English literature. She also remembers that when she first went there, she could speak English only haltingly (the Knauths spoke German among themselves) and had a hard time understanding her teachers. She had additional instruction at home—partly because she was very frail as a little girl, as the result of a case of cocaine poisoning she had suffered in her infancy, when a careless pharmacist made an error in a prescription—and it was not until she entered Radcliffe ("a very serious and not at all social college in those days") that she faced formal education in a strictly systematic manner. There she discovered her talent for philosophy—more particularly, for logic—and decided to devote her life to the subject. There, also, she met William Langer, a beginning graduate student at Harvard, and in 1921, a year after they had both got their degrees, she married him. Together they continued with postgraduate work, making a trip to Vienna, where they spent what she refers to as a "not very successful semester" at the university of that city, and then returning to Cambridge. After a few years' teaching at Clark University, Mr. Langer was called back to Harvard to teach, and Mrs. Langer became a tutor in philosophy at Radcliffe, both remaining in Cambridge for fifteen years. It was during this time that Mrs. Langer wrote her first book—a book not of philosophy but of children's fairy tales. Called "The Cruise of the Little Dipper," it was illustrated by the late Helen Sewell, a close friend and an artist who later made a considerable reputation in this craft. The book has long been out of print and has become a collector's item. It contains a number of charming, rambling stories, in the German *Märchen* tradition, about beautiful princesses, Cinderella types, princes, and poor but persevering little-boy heroes who win fortunes with the collaboration of gifted animals and insects. Its association with what was to become an important philosophical mind seems incongruous only at first glance, for philosophy and fairy tales are not necessarily unrelated. One need only consider Mrs. Langer's later statement that "myth is the primitive phase of metaphysical thought" to realize that the realm of childhood fantasy may be the irrational wellspring out of which a philosopher fishes clear, systematic rationality. Certainly it is no accident that the German mind has most eloquently expressed itself in the seemingly unrelated fields of music, fantasy, and philosophy; Mrs. Langer was simply following a deep-rooted national trait. Later, after immersing herself in the

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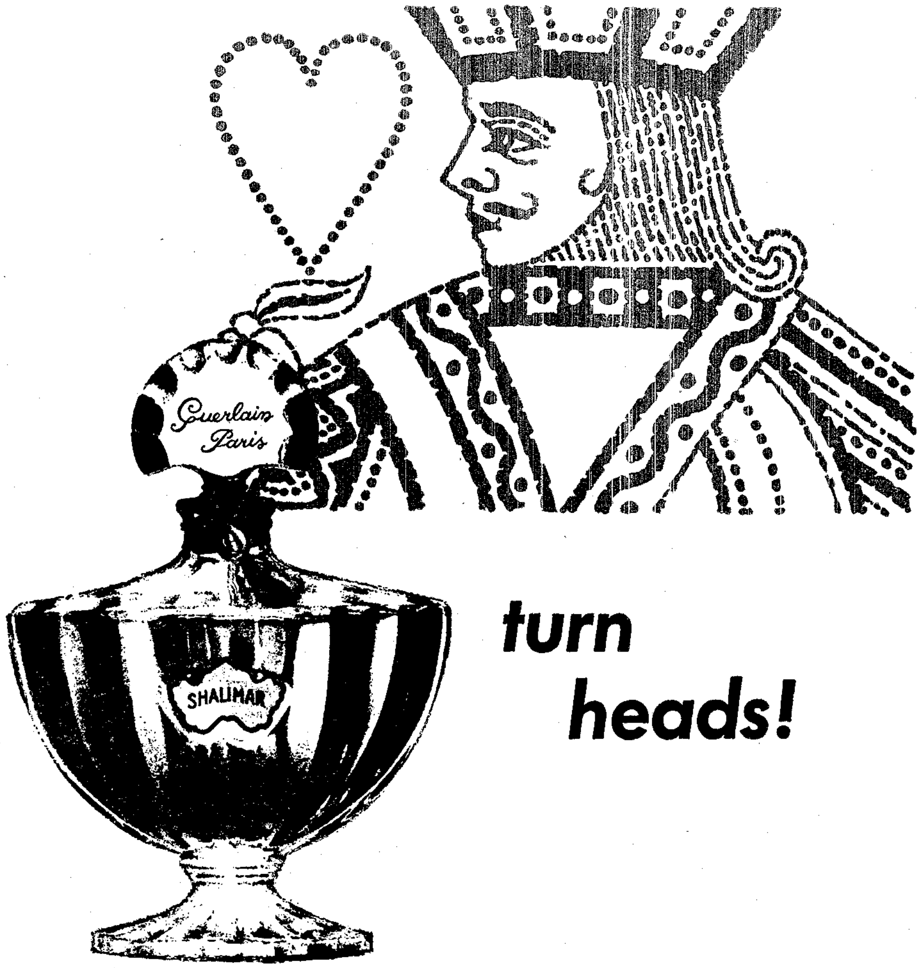
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • IMPORTED SOLELY BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY ©1959 mysteries of symbolic logic, she turned out her first philosophical work, "The Practice of Philosophy," and a few years later came her textbook "Introduction to Symbolic Logic"—a book that is still being used and that presents the subject as a study of the structure of abstract systems. "This work," Mrs. Langer says, "presents symbolic logic as Henry Sheffer taught it to us. Sheffer never wrote a book, but his method is all here."

THE home life of the Langers revolved mainly around study and teaching, and Mrs. Langer is nowadays a little doubtful about her success as a wife and mother. "It is questionable whether two deeply preoccupied parents can create the ideal environment for a family of children," she remarked not long ago. But her relations with her two grown sons remain very close, and this closeness was intensified after the Second World War, when Leonard returned from the Pacific and Bertrand from the European Theatre, the latter quite seriously wounded. Today, she is occasionally visited by younger members of the Knauth clan and their children, who know her as Tante Susi. In the basement room of her Old Lyme cottage, along with the cases of zoological specimens, she keeps a collection of toys for her grandchildren to play with. Among them is an old-fashioned rag doll named Nellie Perkins, which she inherited from the previous owners of the house and regards as a sort of household spirit. Nellie Perkins is permanently enthroned in a child's high chair, and Mrs. Langer handles her with undisguised tenderness.

Mrs. Langer's divorce occurred in 1942, after some twenty years of married life. Her present life of solitude and reflection is a rich, creative one, and obviously very much to her taste. In Old Lyme, she leads an existence gratifyingly free of the pressure and clamor of the city, and though she visits New York off and on, she finds it a very disturbing and distracting place, and certainly would not care to live here. "I'm afraid of the city and of people," she recently remarked. "I have been so ever since childhood. I was very shy as a child. Moreover, the city is not what it used to be. There's always the din of the radio. The radio has ruined city life. I said long ago that it was a menace. I was not a hermit until the radio was invented. I lived in a dormitory perfectly well at Radcliffe, but I wouldn't be able to do that today, with radios blaring away." Like many people who are sensitive to music, she finds invol-



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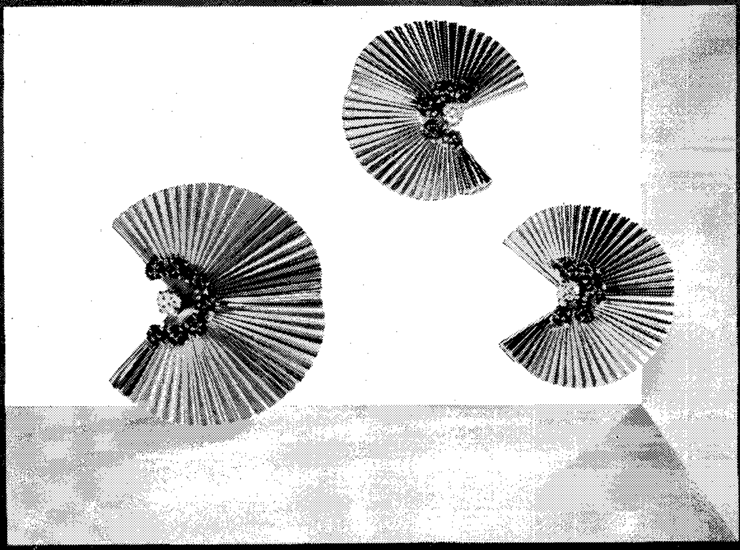

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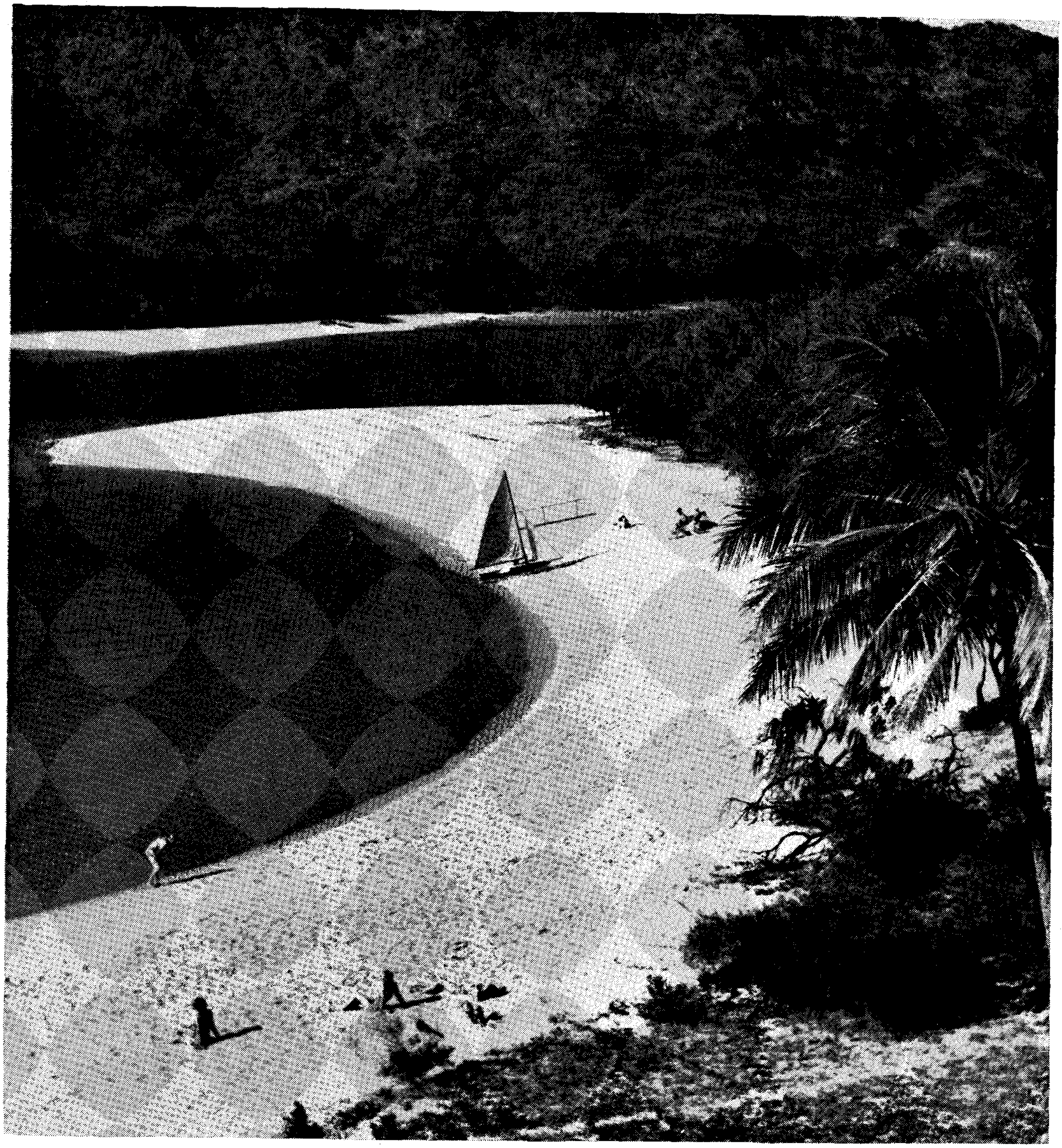

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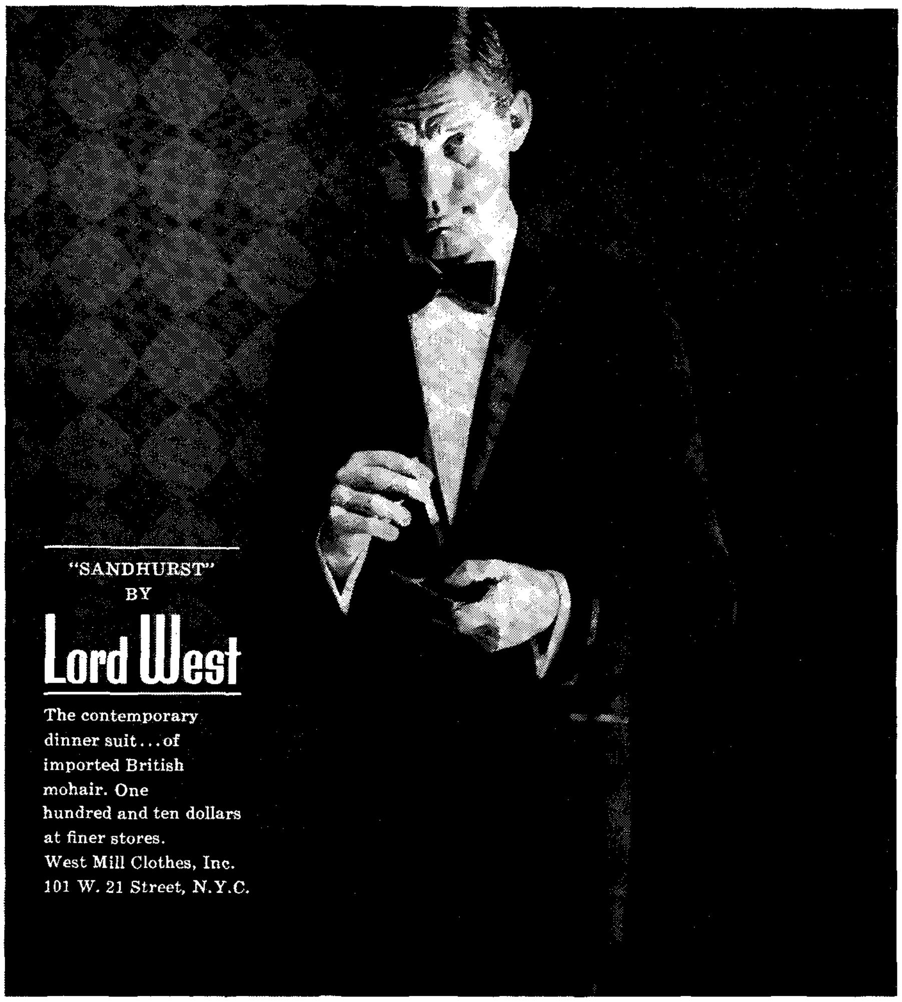
untary listening unendurable, and cannot carry on a coherent conversation, or even think, while music is in the air. She carefully avoids restaurants equipped with Muzak on her visits to New York, and she even dislikes the phonograph. "It's better than the radio, of course," she admits, "but it's still canned music." When she does listen to music, it is at concerts, and then the music absorbs her entire attention, making serious demands on her faculties of perception. Listening becomes, in fact, a profound exercise in concentration. "A half hour of music," she says, "takes as much out of me as ten hours of philosophical work." And, as might be expected, there is no radio or television set or phonograph at her place in Old Lyme; there she makes her music herself. There are woods to walk in, and nearby there is a fishpond, which she has recently constructed, and which she expects to stock with catfish. Catfish are quiet creatures. And though she welcomes an occasional visitor, and has a neighbor's boy in to help her with the garden, and a cleaning woman to help her with the house, she is at her happiest when she is thinking and writing by herself. There are exceptions to this. Visits from old friends or members of the family provide pleasant interludes, and on the top floor of her house she has arranged a guest room with an elaborate means of escape through the back of a closet, in case of fire. The guest room is about fifteen feet above the ground, and the means of escape, which she demonstrates with pride, leads to a window at the other side of the house, which is closer to terra firma.

Besides her dislike for canned music, she has some other marked aversions. She does not like the movies. "I'm like a tone-deaf person at a concert when I go," she observed not long ago. "The whole photographic projection does not interest me. I can tell when it's a good movie or a good photograph, but it simply doesn't register with me." One gathers that photography, still or cinematic, lacks the quality of having passed through the human mind—a quality she values highly in art. She prefers paintings and drawings, and among drawings she has a particular affection for the exact depictions of natural objects that one finds in books on biology. "Often, they have a special sort of beauty that I find wanting in imaginative pictures," she says. Moreover, history does not interest her very much. "I completely lack any historical sense," she explains. "To me, a well-constructed novel is more real than his-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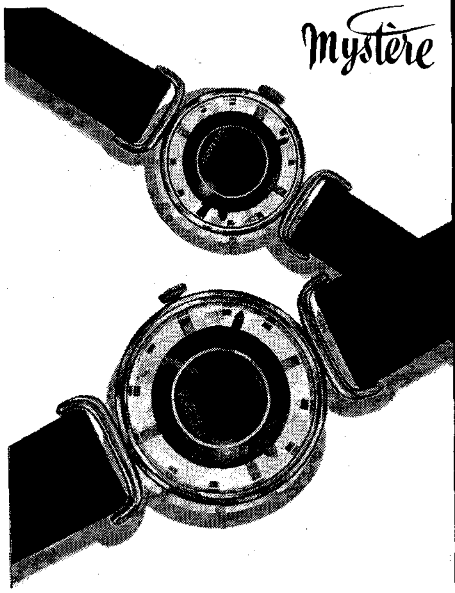

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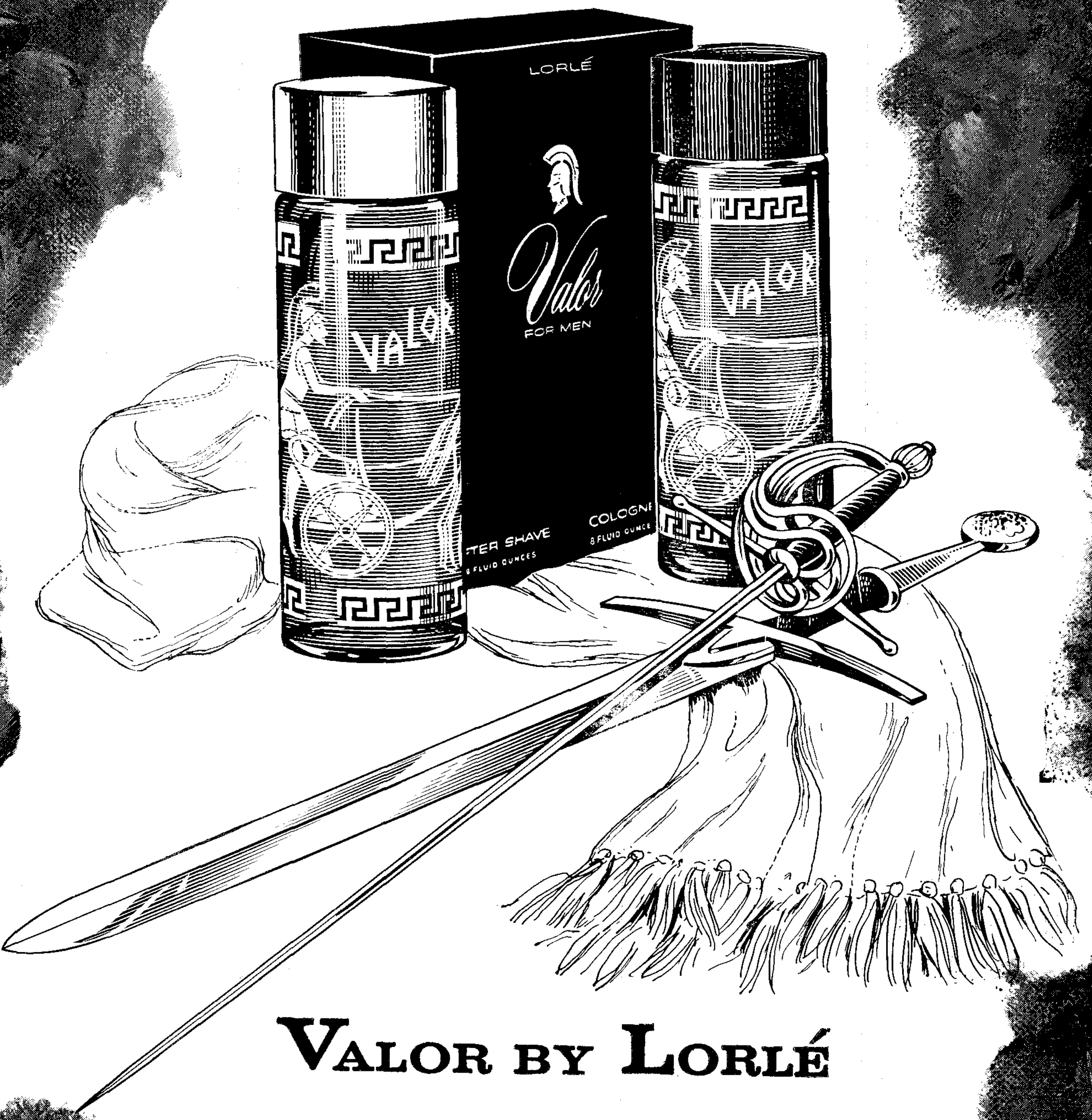
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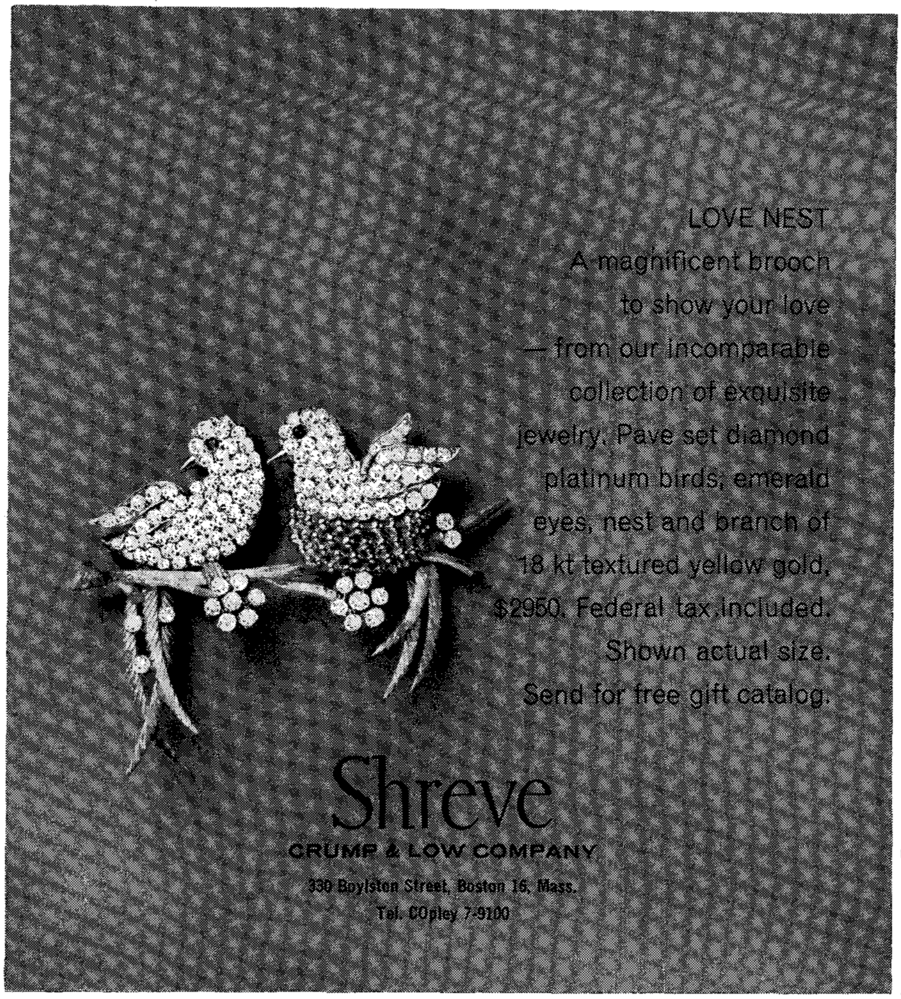
tory. I am very interested in world developments, though, and I read the newspapers, though I often get behind with the news." Mrs. Langer's strongest aversion, however, is her distaste for untidy philosophical thinking—a phenomenon she often comes across in the work of critics, popular psychologists, and even fellow-philosophers. Her reaction to a sloppy thinker is frequently expressed in an *ad-hominem* remark, which must be considered a luxury in a philosophical mind. "He's full of coke," she will say, with some emphasis, and then add, with a slight air of apology for so monstrous an accusation, "That's not as bad as it sounds, you know; it only means there's a clinker in the grate." People who are "full of coke" not only irritate her but provide excellent springboards for the philosophical reasoning that is necessary to refute them. Though she hesitates to apply this expletive to certain writers whom she respects, she is often quite contentious in her references to other thinkers. In a footnote in her book "Feeling and Form," she caught the celebrated literary historian I. A. Richards in what she considered a serious lapse from right thinking, and she made no bones about it. "Mr. I. A. Richards," she wrote, with very thinly disguised asperity, "in his 'Principles of Literary Criticism,' declares that when people speak of 'logical form' they do not know just what they mean. Perhaps he does not know, but I do; and if he really cares to know, he will find an elementary but systematic explanation in Chapter 1 of my 'Introduction to Symbolic Logic.' " Existentialism, among other things, makes her impatient. "It is interesting more for its symptomatic than for its philosophical content," she remarked not long ago.

Like many people of her age, Mrs. Langer looks at the contrast between past and present with a certain incredulity. "The past always seems to me like something I have read about in a book," she said the other day. "Actually, it was nice in many ways. But the young people today have no knowledge of it. Science fiction we always regarded as fantasy. But it isn't any more. The young people think of it as reality." One need not conclude from this, however, that Mrs. Langer is hiding away from the realities of the present. On the contrary, she is continually using them as grist for her philosophical mill. She *does* venture to New York, despite her dislike of the city, and she is a tireless traveller in her station wagon, driving alone not only to Ulster County but to really far-



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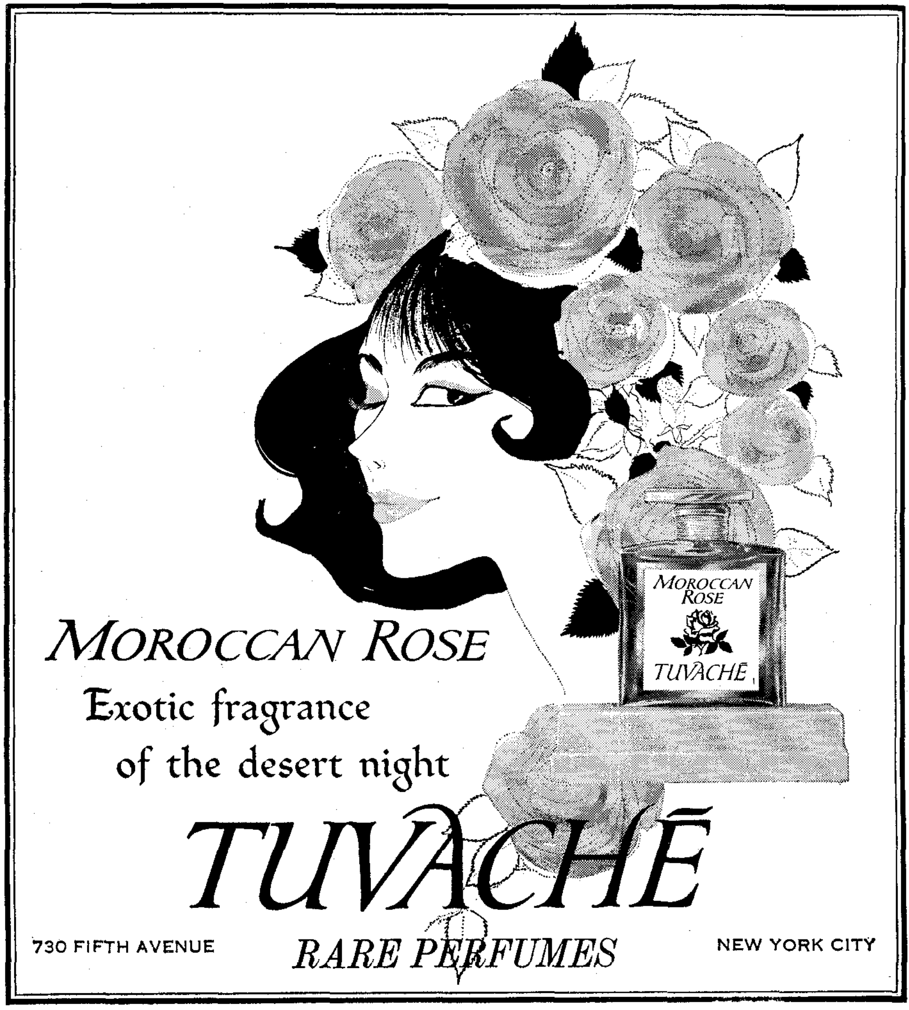

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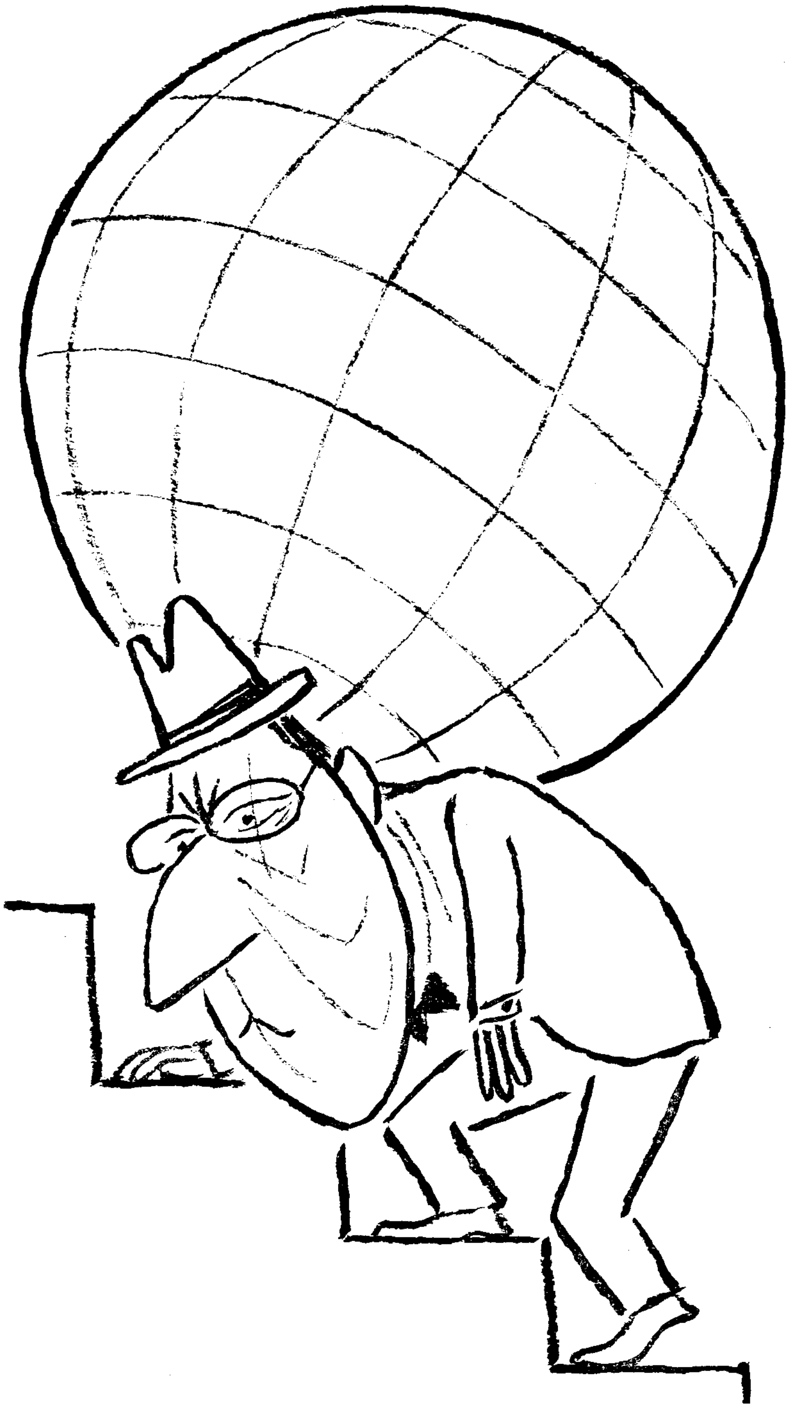

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away places like Florida, the Middle West, and Seattle, either for strenuous vacations or to keep lecture engagements at various colleges. Off and on, too, she writes articles for learned magazines on political, military, and other insistently contemporary subjects, which she thinks out in the most scrupulous philosophical terms. She is, in fact, vitally concerned with the present-day world and relentlessly bent on reducing it to logical sense. When she finds an incongruity somewhere, her mind leaps into instant action. "I get a very uncomfortable feeling that something is wrong," she explains. "Then I see how it ought to be." The process of seeing involves what she refers to as "cooking" her ideas, and it usually ends in a tentative clarification. The "cooking" is so satisfying that she wishes it would go on forever. At present, she is occupied in writing a book that will "help lay a rational foundation for science," and that will, among other things, deal exhaustively with the probable origins of speech. "I'd like to be a cat and have nine lives," she said not long ago. "As it is, I've got to hurry. I have about ten more years at the peak of my thinking powers. Few philosophers retain them much after seventy. I'm really happy as long as I have a theory."

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

He added that Marx had a wife and four children whom he left in poverty. One baby died of malnutrition.

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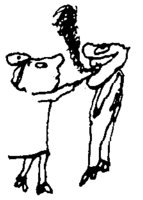

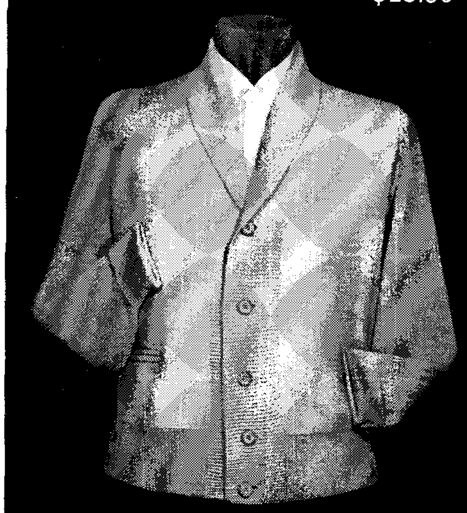

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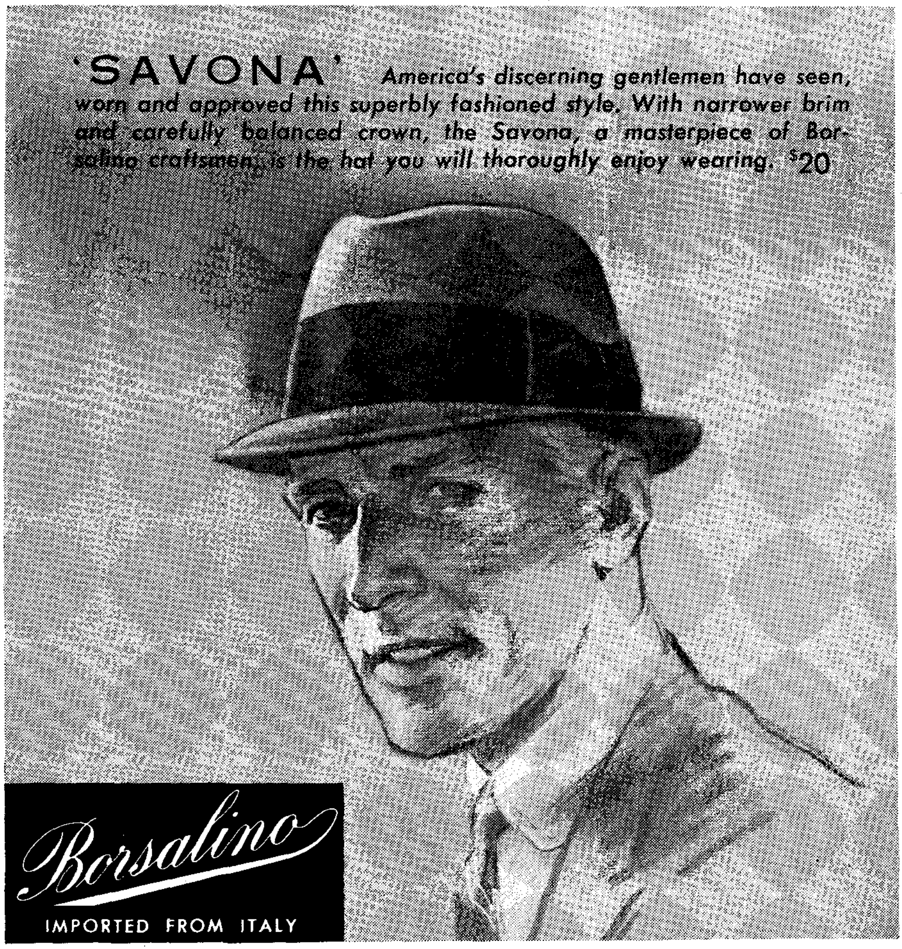

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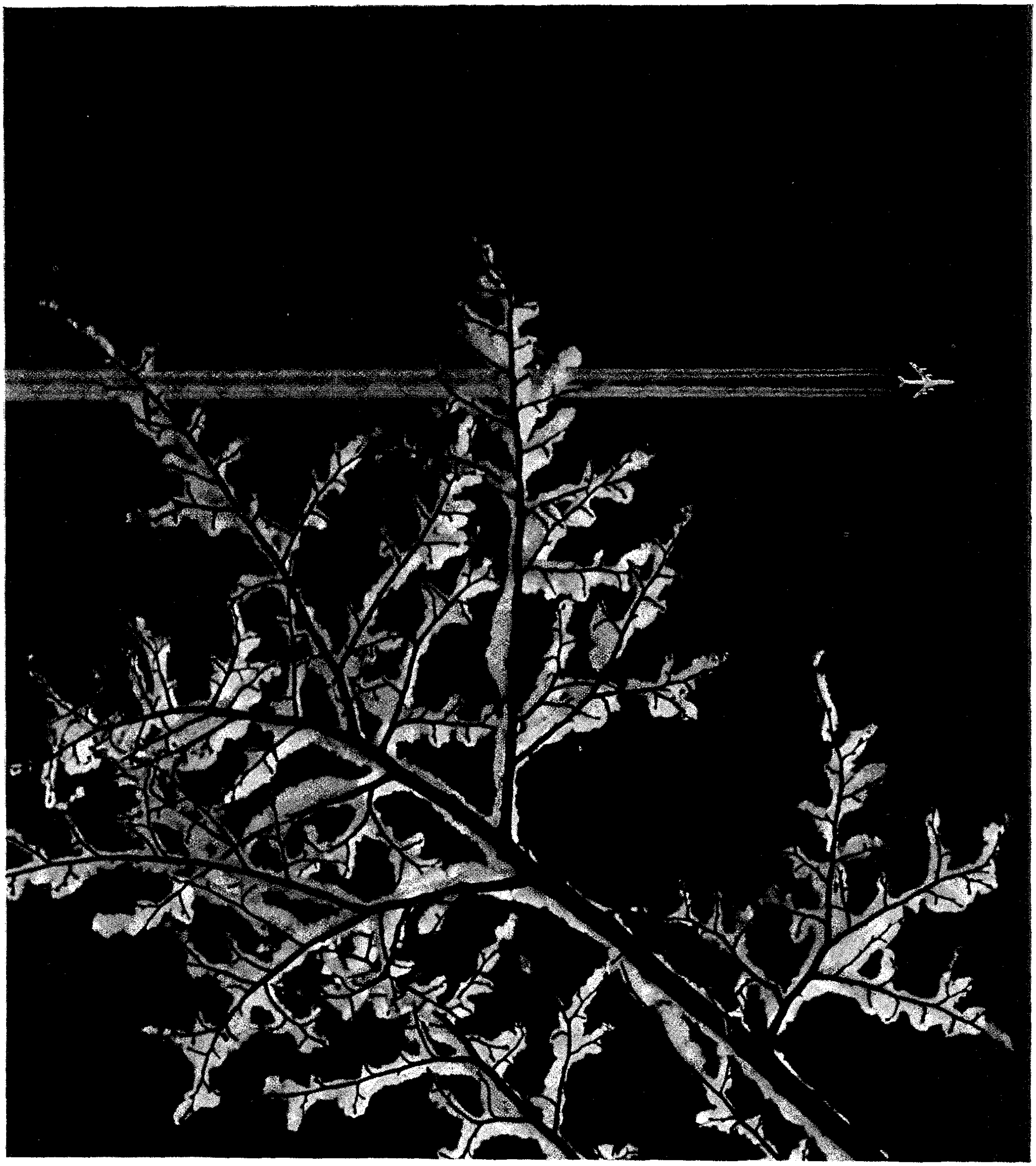

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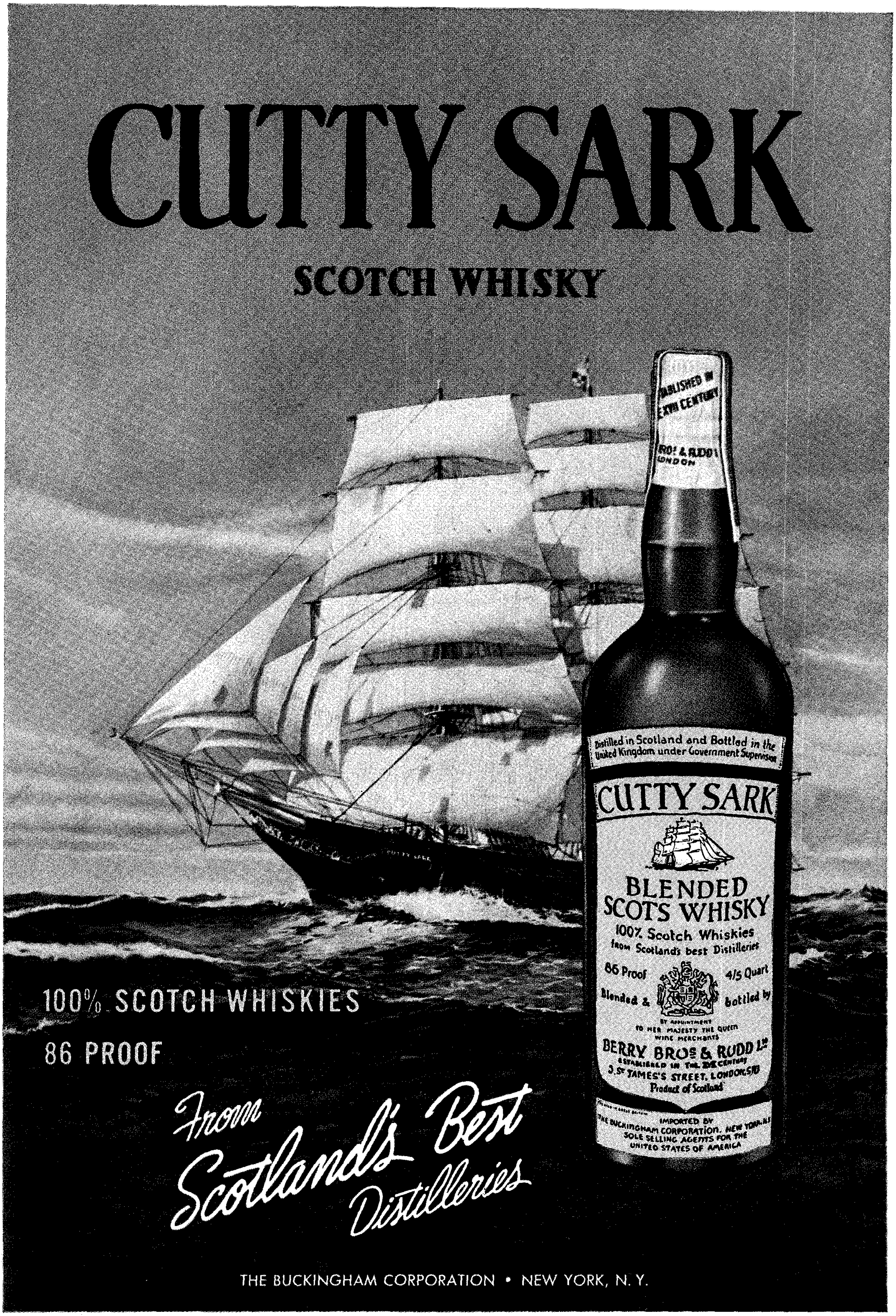
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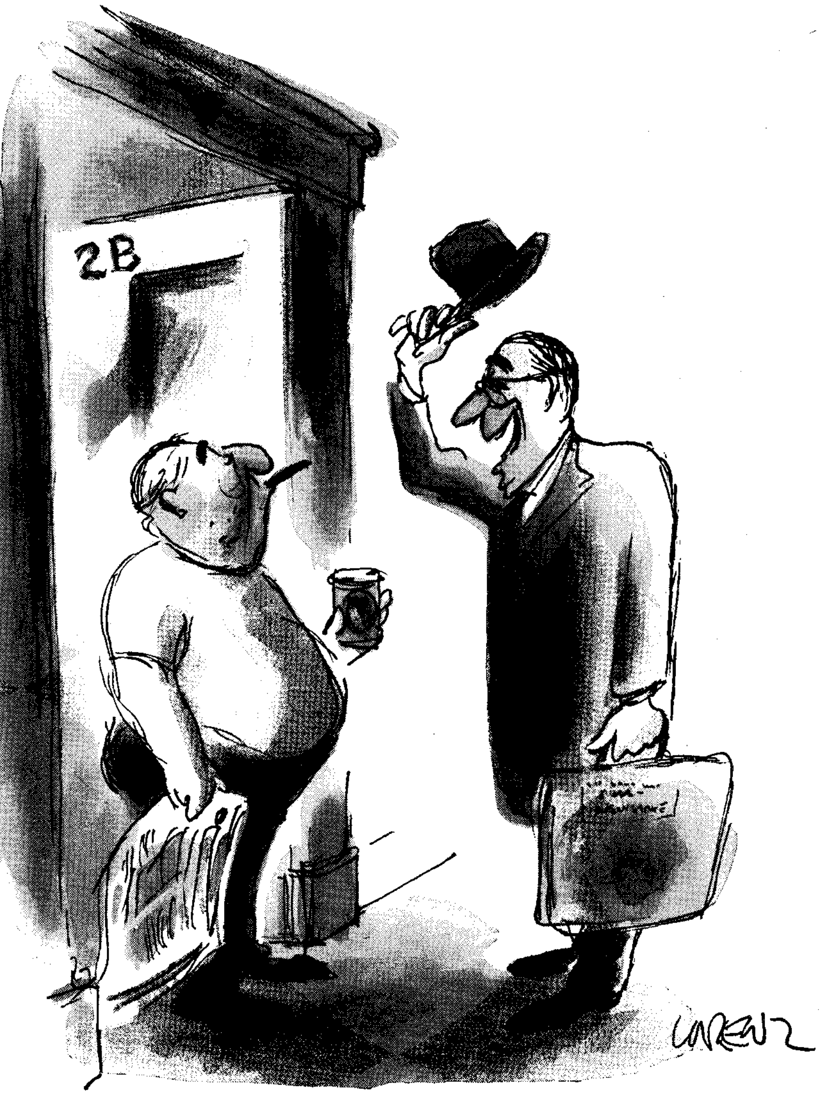
THE THEATRE

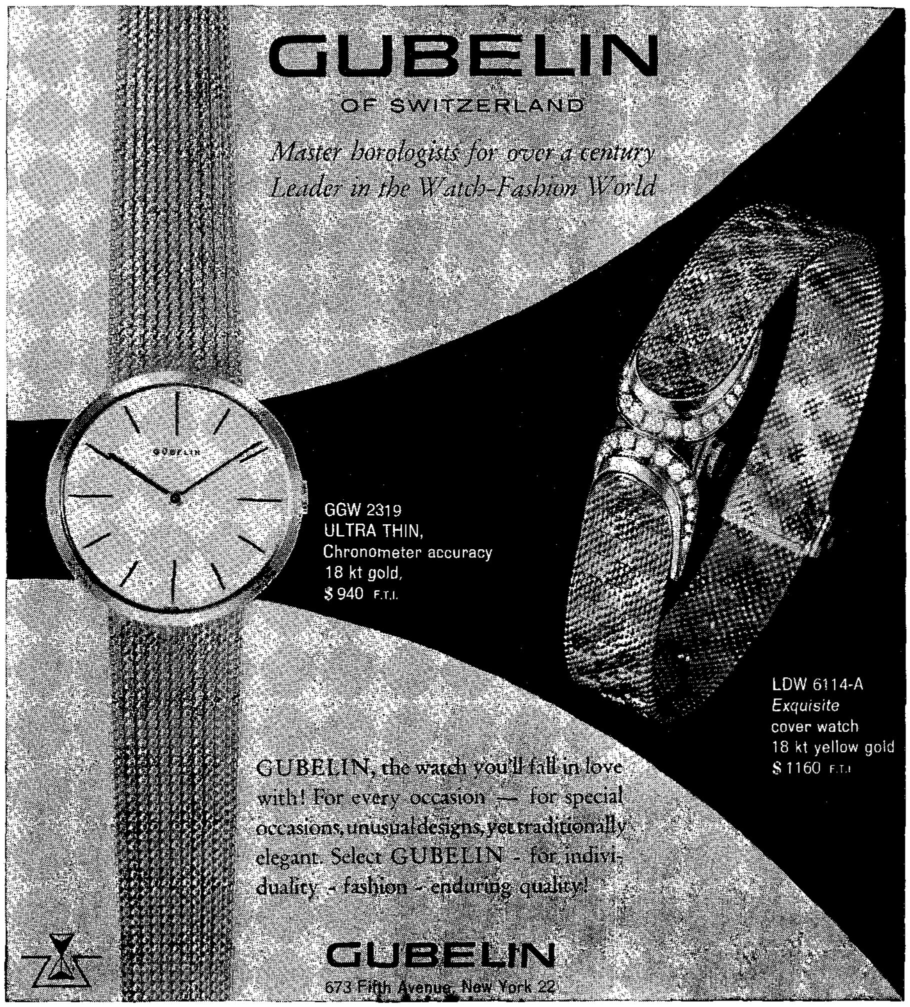
OFF BROADWAY

JOHN BOWMAN, the producer, adapter, and director of Strindberg's "Dream Play" (or "A Dream Play," as its author called it), at the Theatre East, impossibly asks his audiences to use their imaginations in a way that comes naturally at the age of six but that takes considerable lubrication even at sixteen. The Theatre East is one of those minuscule, subterranean theatres-in-the-round through which a runaway next-door subway might crash, and the notion of trying to realize the bulging and diffuse eccentricities of "A Dream Play" in it is dismaying, to say the least. The play is a Victorian spectacular that demands innumerable and tricky scene changes and a cast of close to fifty. It is also one of those queer, shapeless macrocosms, like "King Lear," that seem almost better suited to the motion-picture camera than to the stage. Even on the tranquil printed page the play offers a terrific subliminal jumble. In addition to vague structural and thematic nods toward the New Testament and "The Divine Comedy," it has elements of Lewis Carroll (nonsensical contradictions and conundrums), surrealism (a castle that grows, eventually sprouting a gigantic mum from its tower; characters who age visibly; a ship that becomes the Tower of Babel, equipped with telegraph wires), symbolism (characters who represent various professions rather than specific people), and Freud (the whole play is a dream)—to say nothing of jarring fragments of reality taken from Strindberg's own harried experience. At the same time, the singularly amoebic form and substance of "A Dream Play" cry out for cutting, rearrangement, and bold interpretation; it is, indeed, a director's play, and fortunately Mr. Bowman knows this. With a good deal of doubling in brass, he has pared his cast down to around twenty, padded out his one set (a lurid, hellish, red-and-orange backdrop and a fishnet-draped ceiling) with kaleidoscopic lighting and apt props, and done away with much of Strindberg's extraneous poetic matter. The results are, if often short on comprehensibility, the essence of "A Dream Play," or spirits of Strindberg.

The Dantean-Christlike matter of the play goes something like this: The Daughter of Indra, the Hindu god of heaven, is sent to earth by her father to report on human doings—one of this futuristic play's few genuinely old-hat touches. An indomitable but sensitive goddess, the Daughter, who is guided by various hosts, witnesses all our afflictions, and, to really get the feel of things, marries an ulcerous-looking lawyer, who orders his maid to suffocatingly seal up every crack in the house to keep out the cold. (This is Strindberg getting his own back for the vagaries of his domestic life.) Finally, besmirched and battered, the Daughter ascends with this news: Man has more suffering than joy, but he will, as Mr. Faulkner says, prevail. All of this is carried out with a sprinter's dispatch. Scenes melt the instant they congeal. Characters appear and disappear faster than the eye can move. Quick transitional moments of total darkness are broken by mysterious junk-wagon sounds, castanets, and flitting red or green flashlights. Female dancers in black tights nearly shuffle themselves to pieces. Every so often the entire cast, which incommodiously pops in and out of, stares at, and admonishes the audience all evening, issues sudden and deafening lamentations. The three chief characters—the Daughter, the Officer, and the Lawyer—are each instructive but for very different reasons. Valentine (as the Daughter) is a short, statuesque blonde (one of those striking Hindu blondes), with a Modigliani face whose mobility extends to a slightly opened mouth and a creased brow. She tends to let the ends of her utterances sag, and when she shouts her voice suggests an abruptly collapsed pop-up. Joseph Daubenas (the Officer) keeps his chin pointed skyward and employs all sorts of unbelievably broad vowels that are fenced off by tall, soft consonants; one prays that he is pulling Strindberg's leg. George Sawaya (the Lawyer) is an



"Good evening, friend. May I chat with you a bit about your 'golden years' planning?"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agonized mass of flying coattails, grimaces, and tidal exclamations. The remainder of the cast, got up in rags or heavy makeup or both, is too well concealed for comment. After its first few rumbles, the subway (played by the B.-M.T.) blends in admirably with the proceedings, adding some invaluable basso-profundo chords that only a choir of fifty could muster.

IT'S a signal occasion when two studies of Southern normalcy open in the same week—and on the same night, at that. The first of these, by virtue of a tossup, was "Whisper to Me," a play by Greer Johnson out of a William Goyen short story, and it lasted eight performances at the Players Theatre. It was not one of those frustrating creations you sometimes run across that end where they should start and that are in reality overstuffed preambles. Instead, it was, after its initial scenes, an extended epilogue. Its heroine, Lucille Marie Purdy, was a fat, miserable Texan ("O fat white woman whom nobody loves"), whose dominating ways and dominating weight had just cost her a husband and her position as a Sunday-school teacher. She resigned from her beloved church and, on the rebound, took in three young male boarders and started dominating them. They rebelled and left her, and the first act gave way to the second, the boys to a mad female neighbor, the mad neighbor to her sister, and so forth. Ruth White, as Mrs. Purdy, attempted to stem this flow by being at once bludgeoning and pitiful, and it's too bad she wasn't supplied with enough crayons to color in the mock-heroic character so clearly limned at first and then irretrievably smudged.

"Marcus in the High Grass," by Bill Gunn, surprisingly survives at the Greenwich Mews, and it deals in a fulminous, red-faced manner with alcoholism and illegitimacy of the Virginia variety. It's a wet, hysterical play, and practically the only thing worth looking at onstage—aside from the first-rate gingerbread-period set—is the cool-dad performance of J. Frank Lucas, who plays a neighbor of the principals. A tall, skinny, dapper man, with a long, querying nose, receding hair, and a pendulous underlip, Mr. Lucas has a way of reclining as an observer in a chair—legs stuck out a mile, small potbelly like a burial mound, one arm draped bonelessly across the chair back, eyes half shut, lower lip full of secret intelligences—that is the epitome of omniscience and that silently and perfectly assesses Mr. Gunn's mistake.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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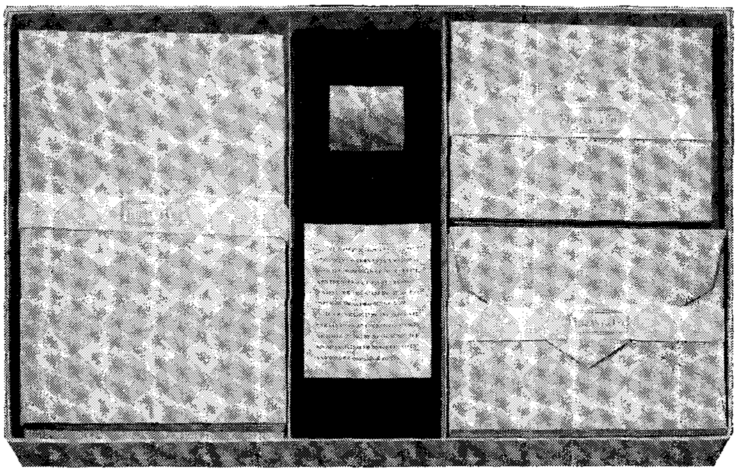

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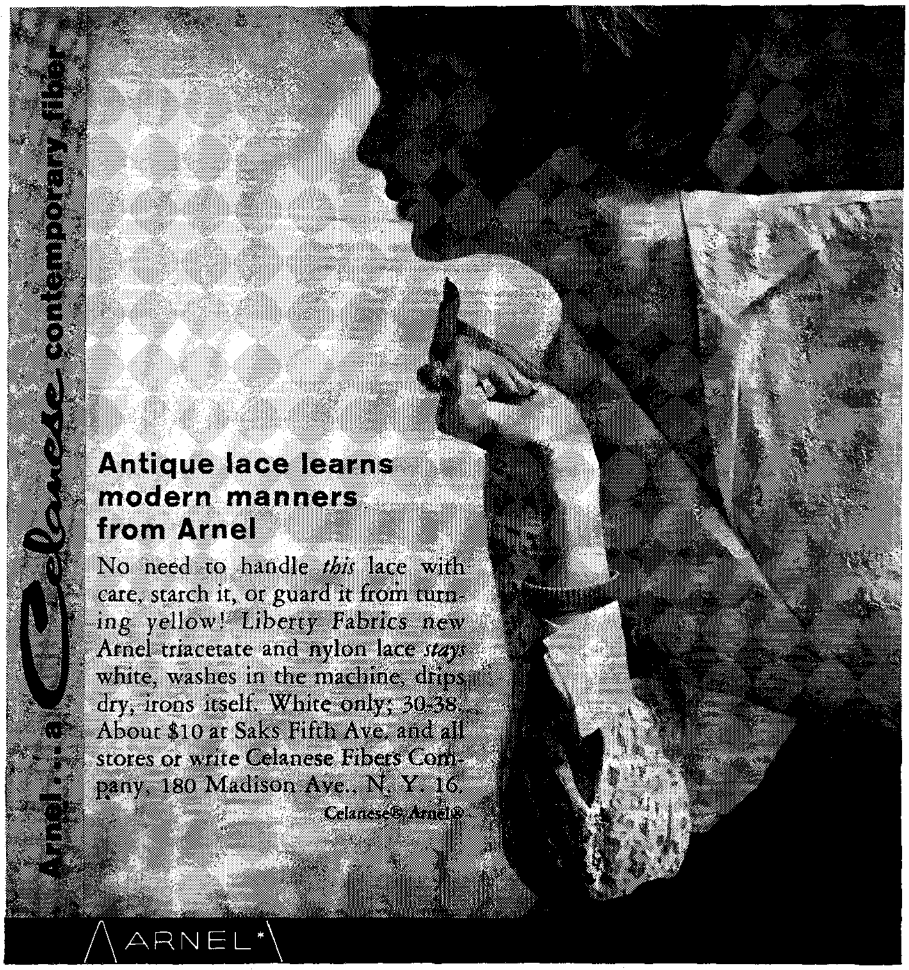
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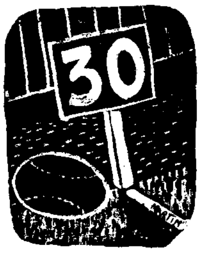

Navy, which finished out its regular term of duty by beating Army last Saturday, 17–12, has consented to engage in an extracurricular activity in the Orange Bowl, and there are a number of us who would like to see the team go up against Army once more. It isn't customary to save one's most exasperating combination of bad luck and bad performance for what is generally referred to as one's climactic game, but Army managed to do so on Saturday. Three times it stopped Navy forward marches, only to dribble the ball back to the enemy on the next play; several times it chose plays that—or so it seemed to just about everyone else—were noticeably inappropriate to the occasion; it upset a splendid chance at discomfiting Navy by sending an illegal pass receiver downfield (net expense, thirty-eight yards); it batted a pass away from one Navy catcher, only to see it fall into the hands of another; it collected another penalty for intentionally grounding a pass (no one at hand could remember when such a penalty had been levied before); and so things went. There was some muttering, too, about the way Army was missing tackles, but Bellino, who did everything right, is a difficult target and a constantly moving one, sidestepping his annoyers almost as fast as he runs away from them. At that, Army hauled him down more than once behind his own line of scrimmage. Blackgrove, an Army back, had special bad luck. Once, in a fourth quarter as tense as could be, he tripped over himself and fell as a well-directed Army pass came his way; then, as he stood at Navy's goal to catch the pass that would have won the game for Army in the final seconds, Bellino whipped past him and snaffled the ball. Another of Bellino's frequent laudable maneuvers came on the try for point after Navy's second touchdown. Spooner, his quarterback, pitched the ball to him, but as Bellino sprinted around Army's right end he saw quite plainly that he wasn't going to make it, and, without breaking stride, tossed the ball over his shoulder to Spooner, who did make it. Army tried to repeat the maneuver toward the end of the game, when it had the ball on Navy's seven-yard line. This time, the over-the-shoulder pass missed connections, and Army lost another chance to catch up with Navy. Flaws or not, though, it was an excellent Army-Navy dress rehearsal. *Bis, bis!*

LAST month, the New York State College of Agriculture of Cornell University announced the construction of a mechanical grape-harvester that can collect as much as five tons of the fruit in an hour. No equivalent machine for the harvesting of Cornell passes having been devised, Cornell's football team ended a truly dire season by losing, 18–7, to Pennsylvania on Thanksgiving Day. Cornell began the match with a line built almost entirely of seniors, but they were unable to do much with a Penn line that had been rebuilt over and over again this fall, and Cornell fell back—and that is the exact phrase—upon passes to largely uninterested receivers. The difference between Penn without Koval in the backfield and Penn *with* Koval was not astounding, but it was enough, and it was plain that the team, which had been breathing hard most of the season, was beginning to get the hang of the single-wing offense brought to it this year by John Stiegman, its new coach. Cornell has been looking at this style of attack ever since Caldwell installed it at Princeton quite a few years ago, but on Thanksgiving Day it was still an absorbing mystery play.

THERE'S not a great deal to be said about the rest of the Ivy League. Yale, which got stronger day by day as the season progressed, made a terrible mess of what had been at times a gallant Harvard team, and the entire audience, a standing-room-only affair, must have been filled with wishful thinking when Charlie Ravenel, who had been conspicuous this fall mostly by his absence from the Harvard backfield, began, late in the afternoon, making motions toward a token touchdown for his team. It was the last opportunity in his truncated athletic career, and he did not neglect it. Princeton beat Dartmouth, 7–0, in the very last minute of one of the best matches of the year when Scott, likewise ending his career, threw a pass to MacMurray, ditto, on the Dartmouth goal line. Dartmouth had already lost a touchdown because of an offside penalty, and Princeton had lost one because it couldn't move the ball an extra six inches, and any number of the spectators had nearly lost their minds in what was genuine cause for excitement. It was enough to encourage the Ivy League to keep trying.

—J. W. L.

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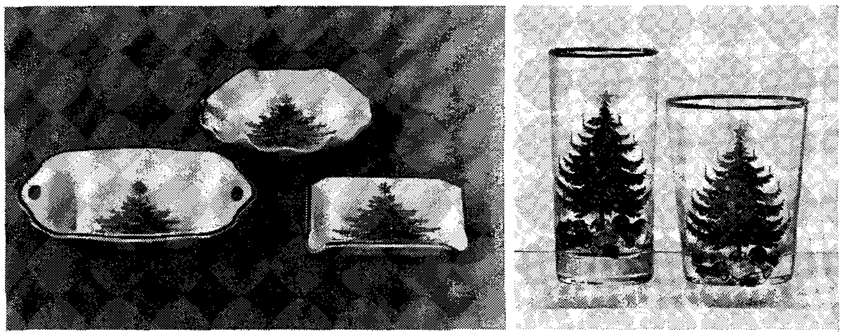

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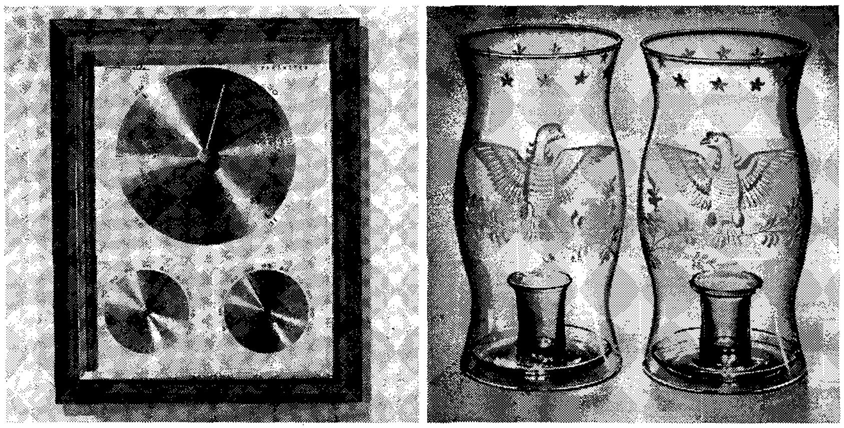

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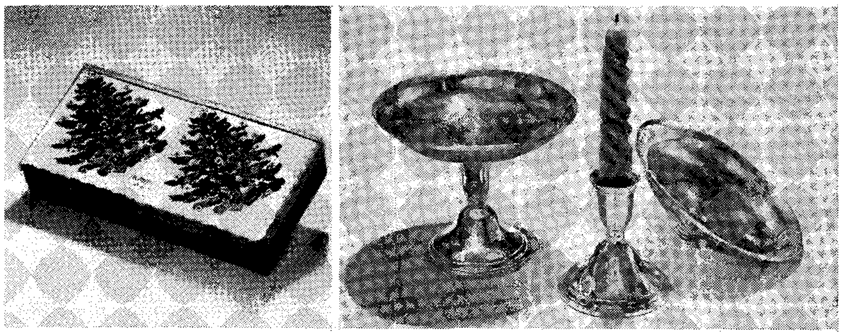

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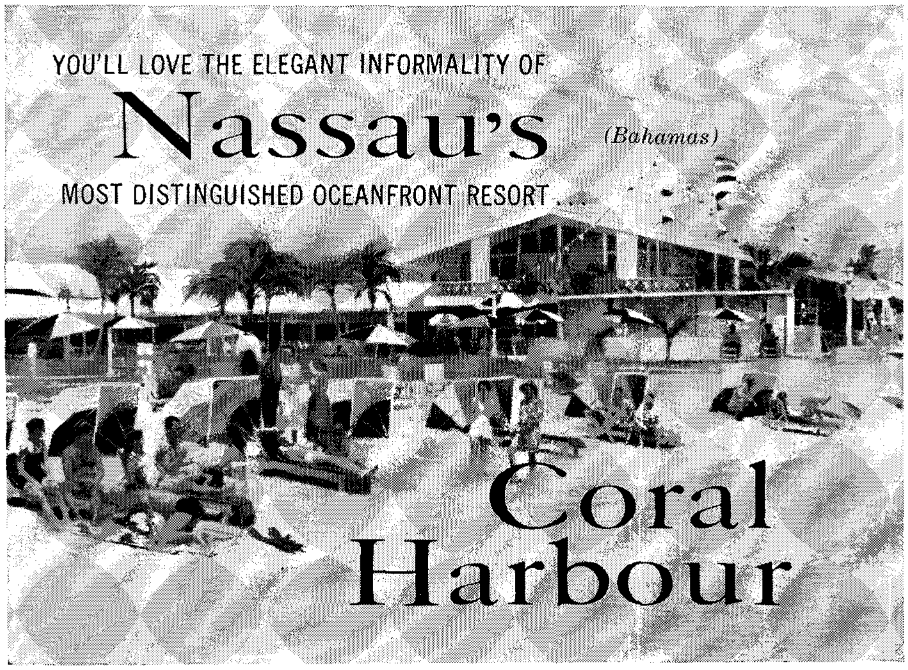
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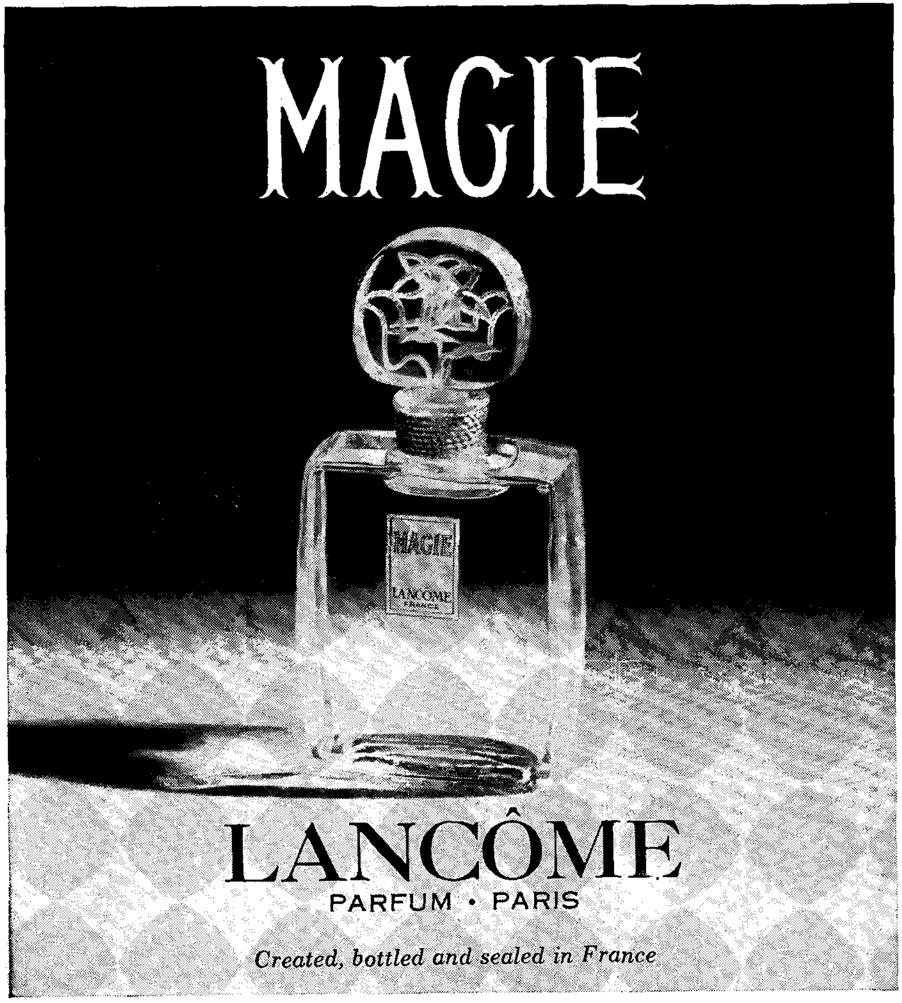
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

No Woe

IT'S a pleasant week indeed when I've *two* first-rate comedies to recommend—and not comedies in the merely technical sense of their providing happy endings to an hour or so of hell but truly funny pictures, concocted for the purpose of making people laugh. That lofty goal is one to which little effort is devoted on our side of the water, and it will surprise no one to learn that these admirable specimens of the genre have been imported. From Italy comes a picture called "The Big Deal," and from France a picture whose title—"The Love Game"—is the only hackneyed thing about it.

Directed by Mario Monicelli and starring Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale, and the great Toto, "The Big Deal" is, in structure, a freewheeling spoof of all such taut crime melodramas as "Rififi." The scene is Rome, and the leading characters are members of a hastily cobbled-up gang of petty thieves, intent on committing a superb burglary; their difficulty is that, try as they may to keep things taut, things persist in going slack. The spirit is eager to burgle, but the flesh is weak; at every turn, clumsy good nature or passionate self-interest keeps them from becoming the hardboiled desperadoes of their dreams. The goal of a sublime crookedness beckons them on, but, alas, they keep stumbling over distractions. They are too fond of falling in love and eating and drinking; when they should be concentrating on plans, they quarrel, or fuss over a sleepless baby; and though they prefer being out of jail to being in, they prefer jail to work. In short, they are victims of their own invincible humanity. The closest they ever come to a professionally high standard of criminal conduct is when they hire the leading safecracker in Italy to show them how to pull off the big job. This safecracker (played by Toto, under the inspired name of Dante) will teach his art for a price but, like his pupils, is a humanist as well as a rogue; his heart is not in *expertise*, and when the crime itself is to be committed, his person will be miles away, establishing a suitable alibi among delightful surroundings.

There are half a dozen wonderful scenes of Roman low life in "The Big Deal," and the apocalyptic safecracking, which skillfully parodies the famous silent scene in "Rififi," is as funny a stretch of clowning as I've seen in years. Since the point of the picture is that every seeming climax should prove an anticlimax, there's no very satisfactory way to end it; our new-found foolish friends simply drift away into the middle distance and are lost to sight. I disliked parting from them in this casual fashion, but it occurs to me that Mr. Monicelli's curious anti-ending may have a purpose, or anti-purpose; perhaps he intends to bring the hapless gang together for a second try. Surely, in simple injustice, on the grounds of incompetence alone, they deserve a chance to fail again.

"THE LOVE GAME" is a story about two very young people in Paris—a pretty, rather serious girl and a spoiled featherweight of a swain—who make love practically all the time and, when they stop to catch a breath, battle like the children they really are over the vexed question of their future. The girl wishes the young man to marry her, so she can start having a family; the young man, already a fixture *chez elle*, sees no reason to modify his so convenient arrangements. Since this is a comedy, you can be sure that the young man consents at last to the yoke of marriage and the sure oblivion of parenthood; still, he fights the inevitable with marvellous gusto, and the consolations of defeat have been sketched so vividly for us that we find ourselves envying him his lifelong Waterloo. "The Love Game" is a triumph for its director, Philippe de Broca, who

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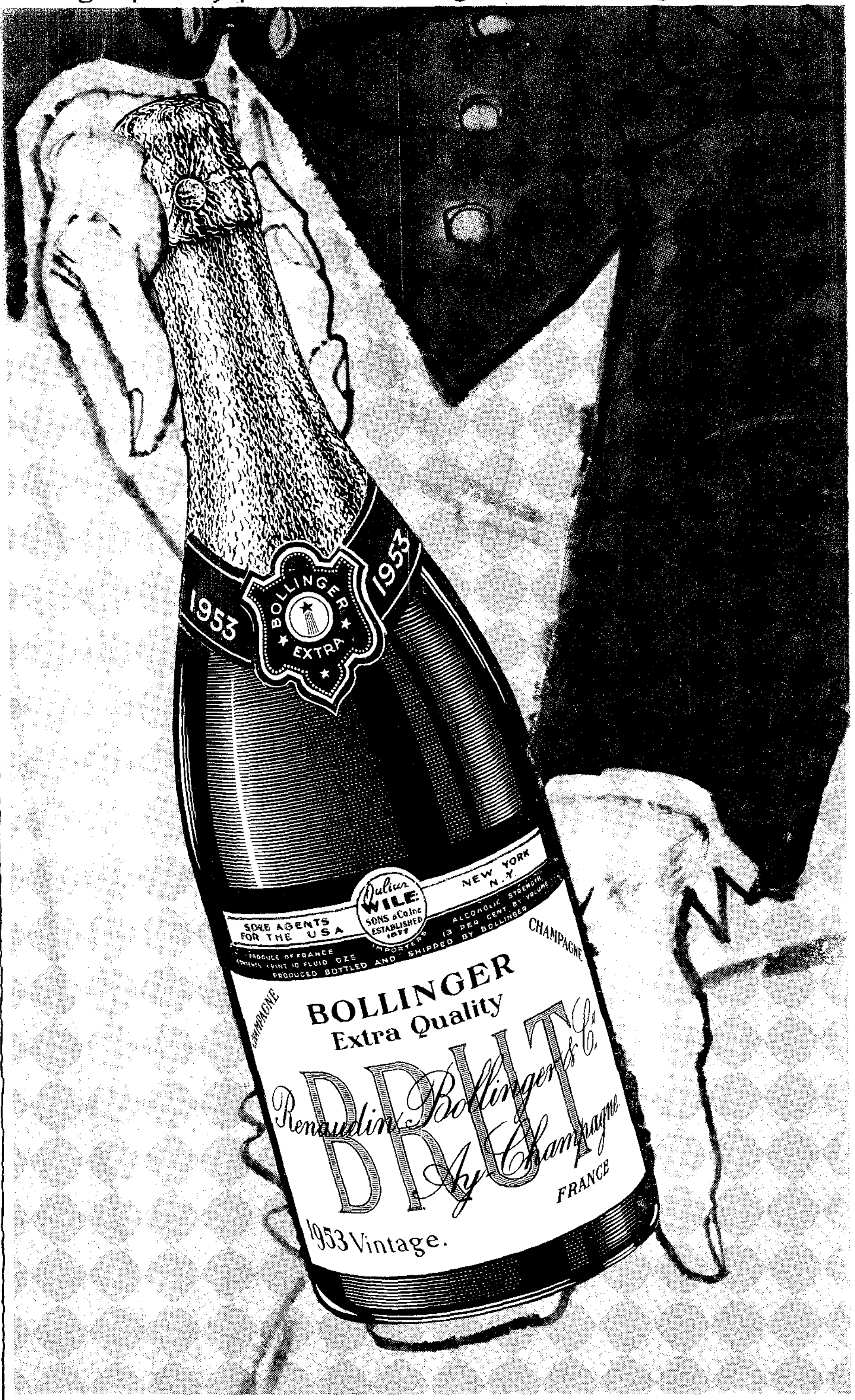

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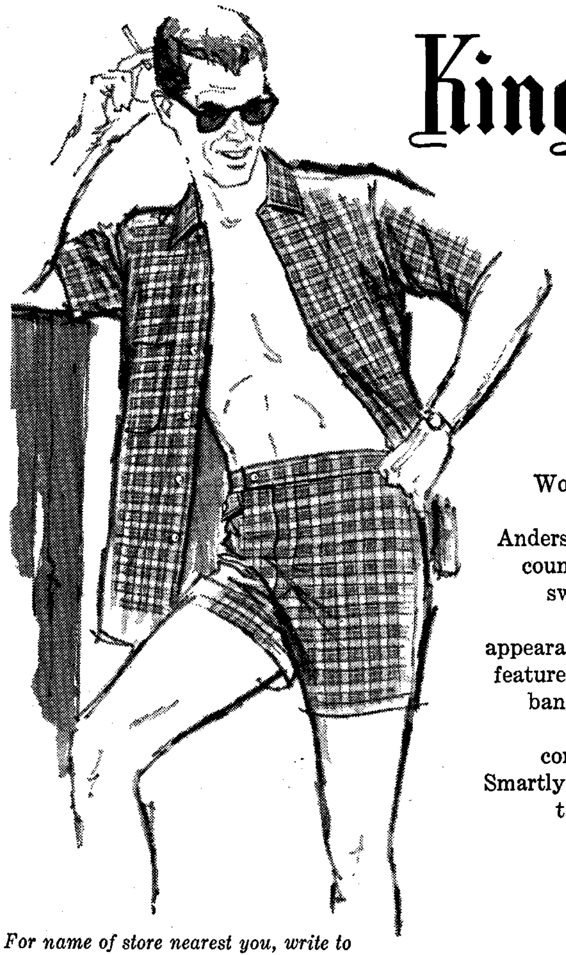

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stops at nothing in the way of gags and tricks to make us laugh. It is all preposterous, all in fast, freakish fun, and we nearly always do Mr. de Broca's bidding. Few sentences seem, at first glance, less risible than "My wife died in childbirth," but I'm prepared to wager a couple of hundred old-style francs that in context those five gloomy words will strike you as extraordinarily funny. If that doesn't suffice to establish Mr. de Broca's genius, I don't know what will.

Geneviève Cluny plays the dear, warm, beguiling, and determined girl; Jean-Pierre Cassel dazzlingly portrays the near insanities of youth as her selfish lover; and Jean-Louis Maury has a wistful role as the third point in a never very substantial triangle. The romantic setting is worth a word to itself. It is a down-at-the-heels little shop, full of bizarre antiques and caged animals, across the street from a well-known Left Bank landmark, the church of St.-Étienne-du-Mont. Our heroine is the proprietress of this enchanting shop; she not only works there, she lives there, in a single gloriously rumpled room at the rear of the premises. The next time I journey to Paris, I'm going to pretend to pay a sightseeing visit to St.-Étienne-du-Mont, and if the shop isn't there . . .

—BRENDAN GILL

•

And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe,
And all the daughters of the year shall
dance!
Sing now the lusty song of fruits and
flowers.
—WILLIAM BLAKE—"To Autumn"

DEAR EDITOR:

The poetic muse does not stir me like it did old Bill Blake to sing of autumn and dancing daughters but I would like to tune my jolly voice to your editorial ear and talk about pipes. Not the type of pipe that Pan played upon but the more prosaic type through which runs the liquids and gases that propel our industrial civilization.

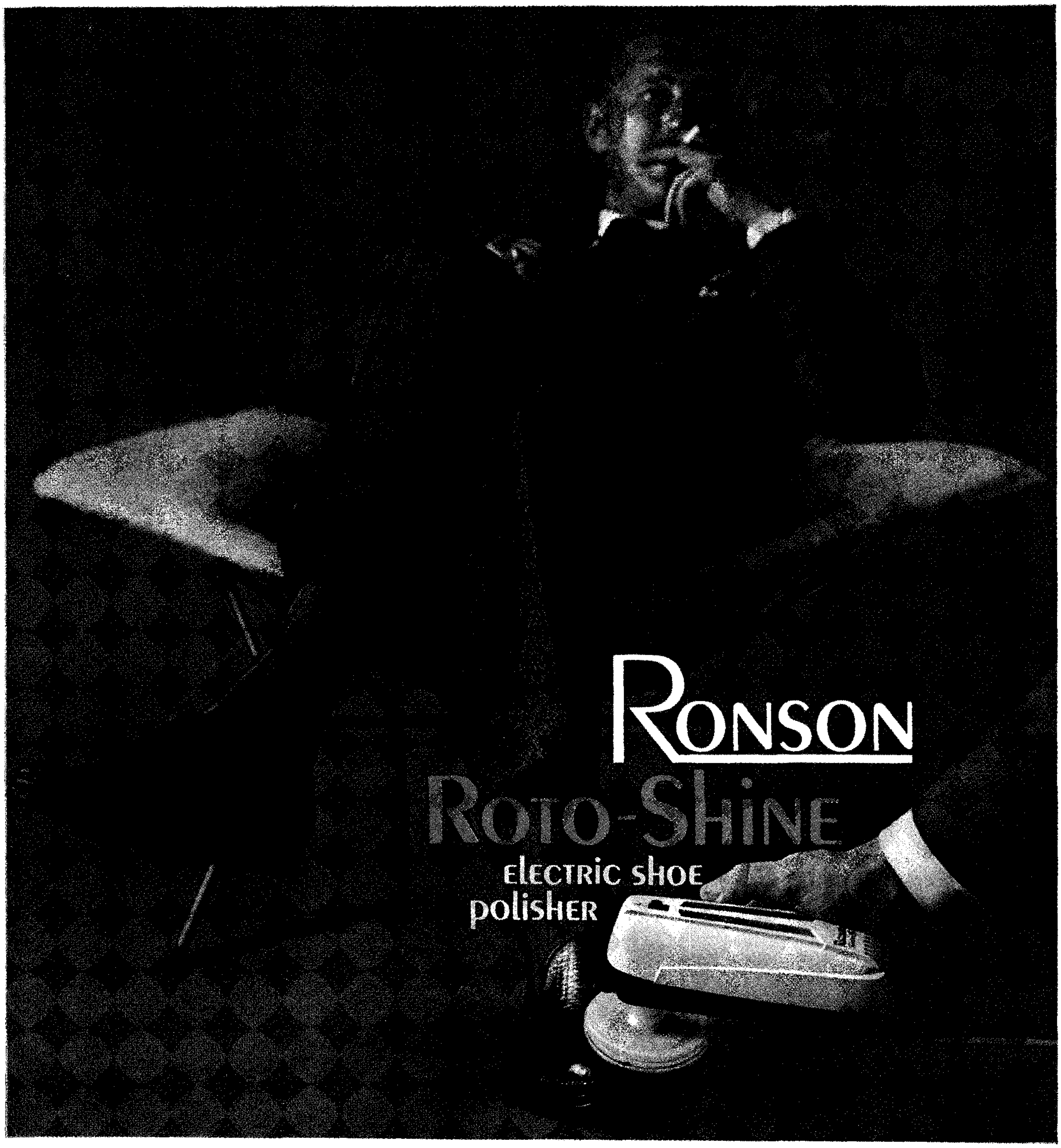
These liquids and gases in addition to their other estimable qualities also possess a thermal factor, to wit: they are either hot or cold. The question of what constitutes "hot or cold" we shall leave to the psychologists, physiologists and mayhap philosophers but the temperature that shows itself upon the walls of the pipe is of interest to practical production men. Which brings us down to the subject of the enclosed news release, the brand new Abrax models No. APFT 460 and No. APFT 461 Pipe Thermometers.

We have never seen anything like them before and trust that they will be of interest to your readers.

Very truly yours,
FRANKLIN C. (FOR CONDUCTIVITY)
WERTHEIM, *President*

—*Letter from the Abrax Instrument Corporation, Jamaica, L. I.*

And now back to William Blake.



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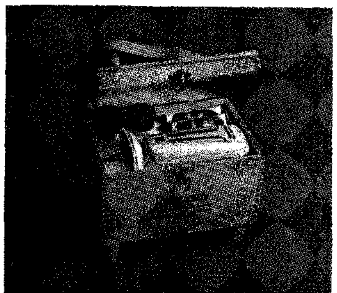
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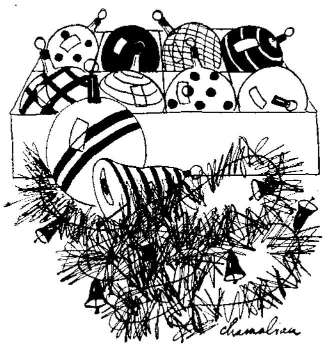
FRENCH-CANADIANS, WHA HA'E

NOW that I am an American, with my racial background lost in the great melting pot, my way is untrammelled and forthright, but during the first twenty-seven years of my life, when I was a Nova Scotian, I was caught in a kind of racial triangle. Because the province of Nova Scotia is too sparsely populated to be able to homogenize backgrounds in the American fashion, most Nova Scotians go through life tagged according to their racial descent—English, French, or Scottish. I am of French parentage. The village where I was born and where my family has lived for six generations is situated deep in Scottish territory, but it has a completely French population. It was founded in 1756, a few months after the declaration of war between England and France, by a party of thirteen refugees from some French debacle farther down the coast. For almost fifty years, they had the area to themselves; a long, curving peninsula concealed their log cabins from passing ships, and a range of heavily wooded hills strung out behind them along the coast remained unexplored until near the end of the century. At that time, Scottish sheepherders began settling on the reverse slopes of the hills.

To this day, the village is populated almost exclusively by descendants of the original thirteen settlers—fishermen and their families, for the most part, who raise their own potatoes and cattle on the side, and hook rugs for the tourist trade. When my father was a boy, strangers were rare, and there was still some distrust of the neighboring Scots, who by then were established on the coast to the north and south as well as in the hills. Woodcutters from the village working deep in the forests sometimes heard the distant drone of the bagpipes, and our old people would interpret this to mean that there was trouble brewing over the hills. There was a prophecy in some papers left by one of the thirteen settlers that the Scots would someday attack us without warning, and it was traditionally believed that the bagpipes stirred up the Scots' fighting blood (they were held to be fighting men by nature). But the prophecy remained unfulfilled. By the time I was through high school and getting ready to leave home, the whole thing had so far receded into legend that at our church picnic that summer two bagpipers played almost without relief for two days and caused no noticeable stir. In one generation, the surrounding English-speaking culture had made deep inroads into the village life, and the quaint, obsolescent French handed down by the thirteen settlers was being supplanted by English. Visitors from neighboring villages, travelling salesmen, and American tourists rubbed shoulders with the natives in the general stores and handicraft shops and in the single street that runs along the edge of the harbor.



And I knew from experience that there was an outside world. My father had made one attempt, in 1926, when I was seven years old, to establish himself in it. But after trying his hand at various jobs in Halifax, and then in the eastern United States (he was well read in a great variety of trades), he had been overtaken by the depression, and in December of 1931 we returned home. I had been away at an impressionable age. For months after we got back, I awed my school chums with accounts of my travels, and with my Massachusetts accent, which I imparted to both my English and my native French. Perhaps because of my father's experience, I grew up feeling that I would have to submerge my French birthright if I was to get anywhere in English-speaking Canada, where I intended to take myself at the first opportunity.

My opportunity came in the fall of 1936, when I was offered a junior clerk's job with one of Canada's large chartered banks. It was the bank's practice to hire suitable boys just out of high school and to mold them into career bank clerks by means of a training program that included frequent transfers around its nationwide network of branches. To me, this was the bank's chief attraction. I left home with the wholehearted support of my family, except for the reservation expressed by my Grandfather Aucoin, who was then about seventy-five, a frail old man more or less retired on his small farm at the foot of the hills. He had a reputation for wisdom, acquired through his habit of speaking in generalities so broad that they were likely to embrace the whole human race. When I went to see him before leaving, he was seated in a rocking chair on his front porch, where he

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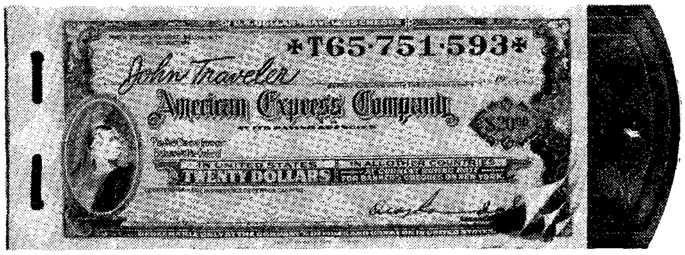

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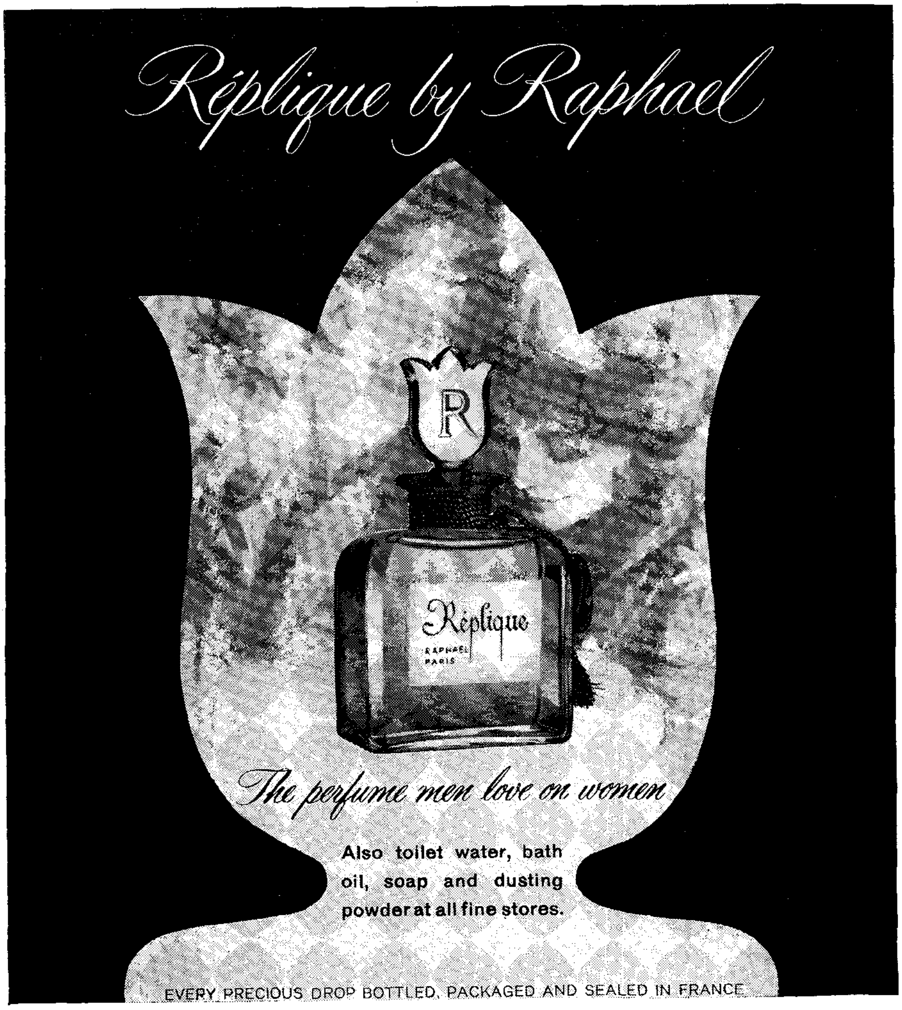

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now spent most of his time, smoking his pipe and ruminating. "The human race," he said, "has never really broken away from the tribal groupings of the Old Testament. Oh, people move around now—up and down, in automobiles. But mix them all up together in some big city and they still seek out their own. Now, you say you're going to work for strangers. In a bank. That's a good trade. I have no objection to our young men going out among the Scotch, to learn, and show them what we can do. But after a while they should come back here, where they belong."

The words he used were "*étrangers*" and "*écossois;*" in our village, the terms were synonymous. Even my grandfather, for all his profundities, was inclined to view the human race as a vast sea of Scotsmen, with the other nationalities grouped among them, here and there, in little islands. I felt that way myself.

THE bank was in a small town, which I shall call Benacady, beyond the Scottish hills. Its chief historical monument, set in a pasture bordered with raspberry briars, was a pile of stones and rotting timbers flanked by two ancient cannons—the remains of a blockhouse that the original British settlers had erected against the French and the Micmac Indians. Shortly after its completion, a combined force of these had swept in from the south and massacred the entire population. The modern town of Benacady stands on the site of this ill-fated settlement. By rights of martyrdom, it became the county seat in 1865, and flourished modestly until a political changeover in 1919 moved the county government to another town, thirty miles to the south. By 1936, Benacady was exhausted and half deserted, its population (largely Scottish, with a high count of aging lumberjacks and superannuated municipal clerks) concentrated along Main Street and in three or four cross lanes.

The bank was a relic from prosperous days—an oversized and gloomy office, with a great deal of varnished mahogany and scrolled grillwork. In this baroque setting, an austere and precarious banking business was carried on. The staff was down to three (in 1919 there had been seven). Deposits had dropped to below a quarter of a million. The branch was hardly worth keeping open any longer. But to me, entering its working space for the first time, on a Monday morning in November, it was the threshold of the outside world. From their twin portraits on the lobby wall, the president and the general

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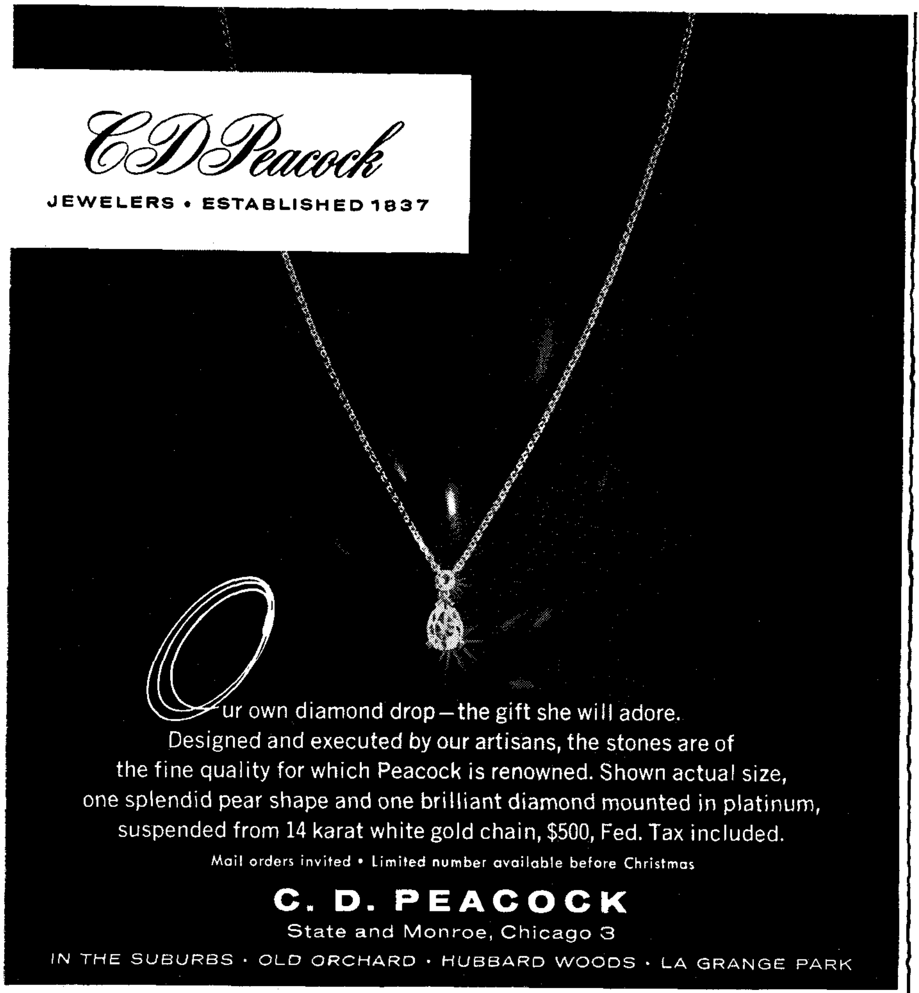

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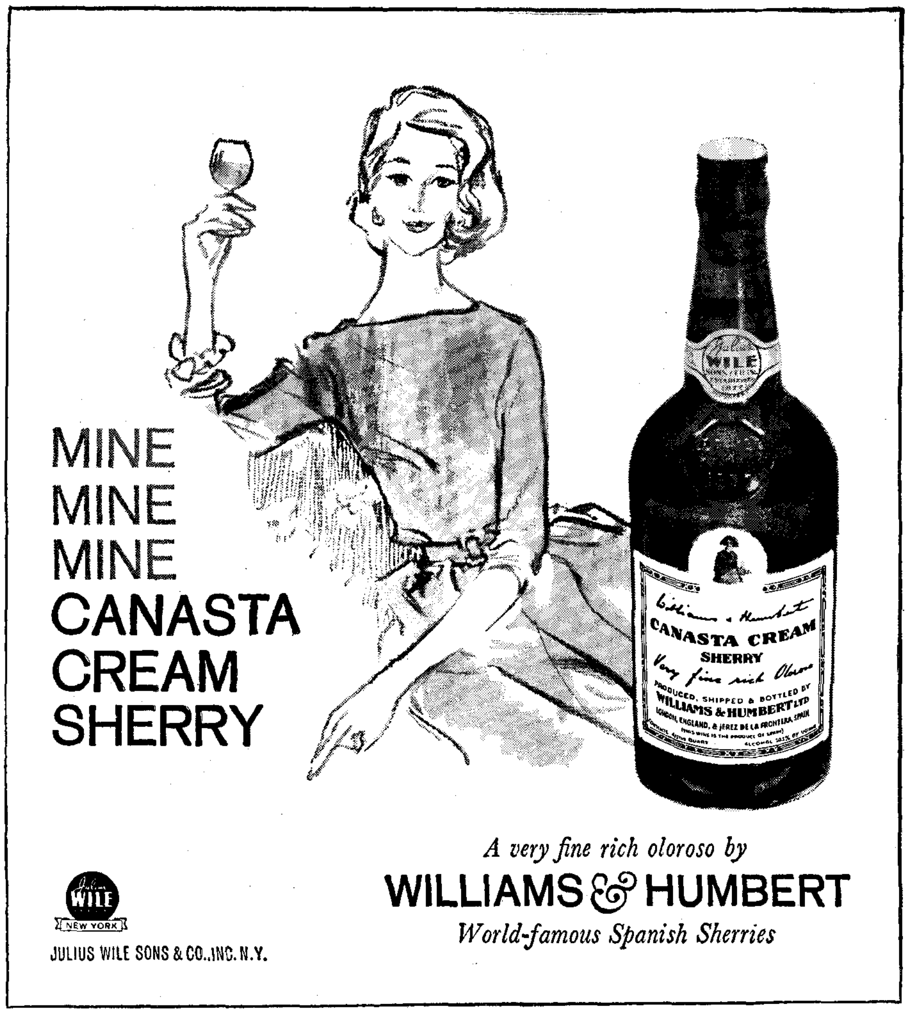

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manager seemed to be taking stock of me through their gold-rimmed glasses. I felt that they were placing their trust in me, a Frenchman, and I was determined they should not regret it.

I was not a natural bank clerk, and when at the end of my three months' probation I was taken on permanently, it was largely due to the patient efforts of MacEachern, the head clerk, and Mr. Gidney, the manager. In guiding me through my apprenticeship, MacEachern tried to impress on me the importance of my work. Mr. Gidney, on the other hand, advised me to take it easy. "You'll learn in time," he kept telling me. "Just remember that any damn fool can become a bank clerk." With these conflicting directions, I slowly learned my trade. I had some difficulty at first in distinguishing between debits and credits, and when, shortly after the new year, I was given the savings ledgers to post, there was chaos in that department for a time, particularly in the financial records of the Gaelic Society. The first few pages of their bankbook for 1937 were a mess of blots, of figures written over one another, crossed out, and rewritten in the margins.

I heard that questions were being asked about the book. At one of the monthly meetings of the Society, the president, Mr. MacGillivary, a former county clerk and a man with an eye for a neat page of figures, had examined the book himself. He had shaken his head and asked if anyone present knew who I was and where I came from. The information had been supplied, and remarks had been made: "Never heard of a Frenchman in the bank before." "Small wonder, if this is a sample of their bookkeeping." "An emotional race."

It was a setback, undoubtedly. But then one day Mr. Gidney gave me a tip on bookkeeping that brought me surging forward again. "Before you lay a pen to a customer's account," he said, "imagine that it's your own account, and you won't be tempted to debit him with a deposit."

It worked. Viewed in a personal light, the principles of bookkeeping suddenly became intelligible. No less a customer than Mr. MacGillivary commented on the change. He was talking to Mr. Gidney in the lobby one day, when he caught sight of me behind the grille. "Is that the young man who writes up the Society's bankbook?" he asked Mr. Gidney.

"That's the bird."

"There has been a tremendous improvement in his work lately. He de-

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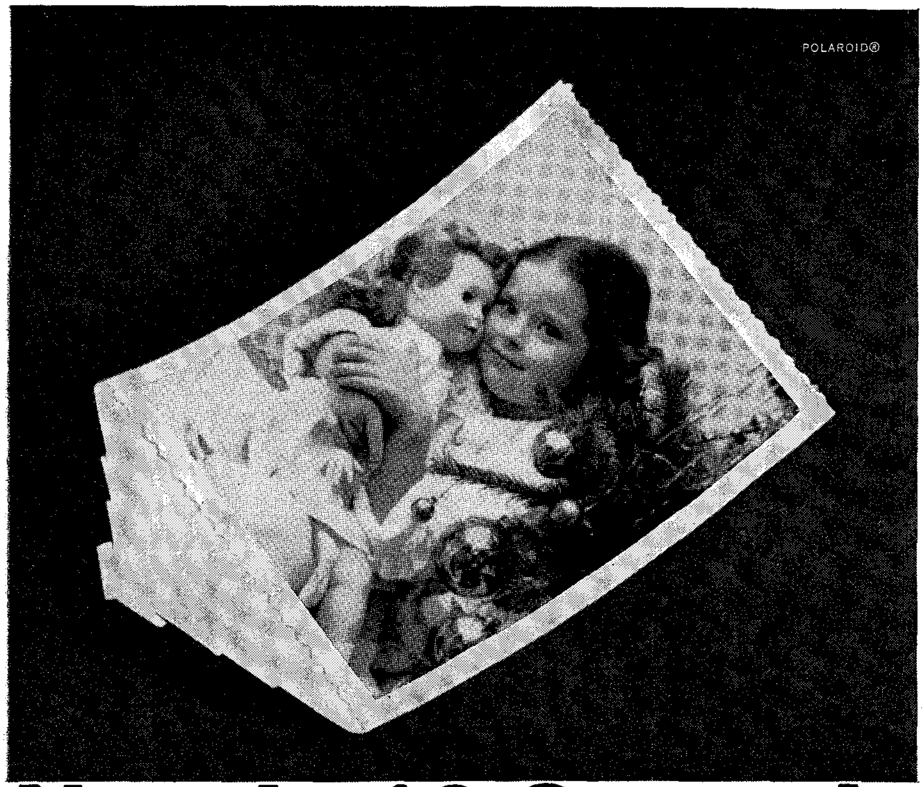

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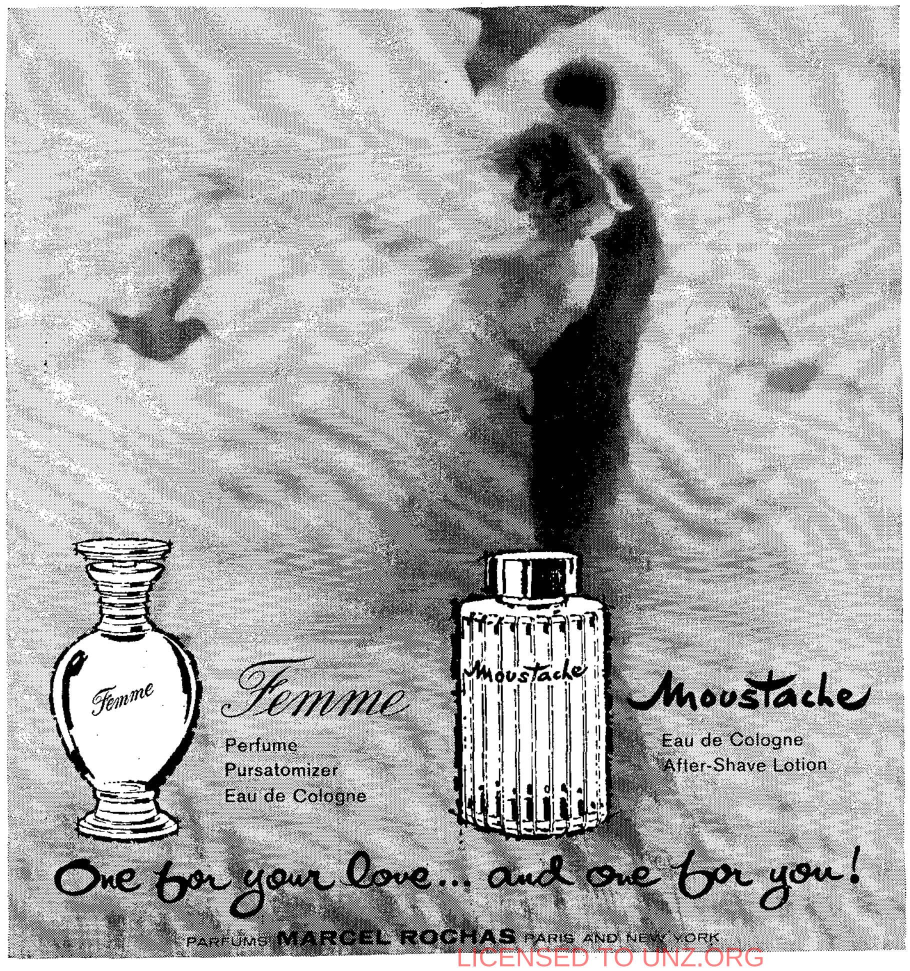

serves to be commended." He turned to me. "Congratulations, my boy!"

I was highly gratified.

"I guess you can teach bookkeeping to a Frenchman, after all," Mr. Gidney said.

"Well," said Mr. MacGillivary, with a wink, "we'll consider him a member of the English-speaking community from now on."

I now knew of no one who questioned my standing in the English-speaking community, with the unimportant exception of Wilkie Smythe-Baldwin, the old tailor who made Mr. Gidney's deplorable suits. He was not really a tailor at heart—he was a patriot and a poet. On the anniversaries of Canadian heroes, he contributed memorial verses to the Benacady *Weekly Bulletin*, which were chiefly remarkable for their length (they sometimes ran to two installments) and the intensity of their emotion. A number of them made bitter allusion to the Benacady massacre. Smythe-Baldwin had never forgiven the French for this deed. One day in the bank, I was leaning over the counter discussing with an Indian lumberjack some entries in his account, when Smythe-Baldwin walked in.

Mr. Gidney, who was standing idly in the doorway of his office, pointed us out to him. "Look at them, Wilkie," he said. "Plotting another massacre, sure as hell."

There was no humor in the look Smythe-Baldwin threw at me. It was cold and accusing, full of acrimony at that ancient outrage. I had the decency to blush.

One afternoon, when I was posting the petty-cash register, Mr. Gidney strolled out of his office, spat into the Waterloo stove—a large cast-iron pagoda that occupied the center of the floor—and perched himself on the stool beside me. "Do you ever wonder what lies ahead of you in this business, Aucoin?" he asked.

I gave him my full attention. The question had been in my mind for weeks. MacEachern had told me that if I did my work conscientiously I would probably get ahead, but beyond that he could not predict—no man had any idea of where he might be going next until his notice came down from head office.

"I understand the bank doesn't commit itself in matters like that," I said cautiously.

"It tries not to, but this is an old, respectable institution, Aucoin, and it has fallen into certain habits. It has traditions. For instance, you might have noticed quite a Scotch atmosphere around here?" He rolled his eyes to-

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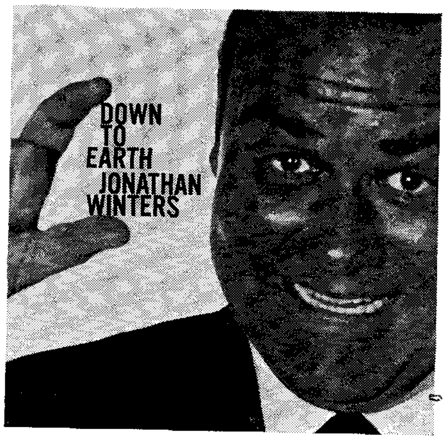
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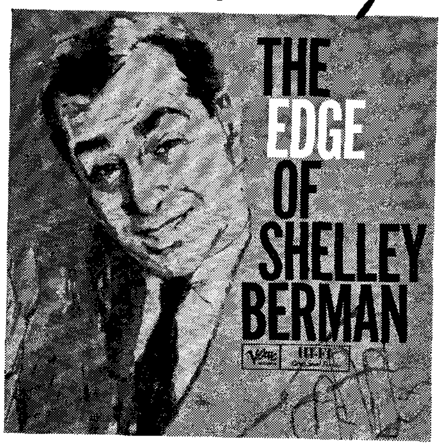
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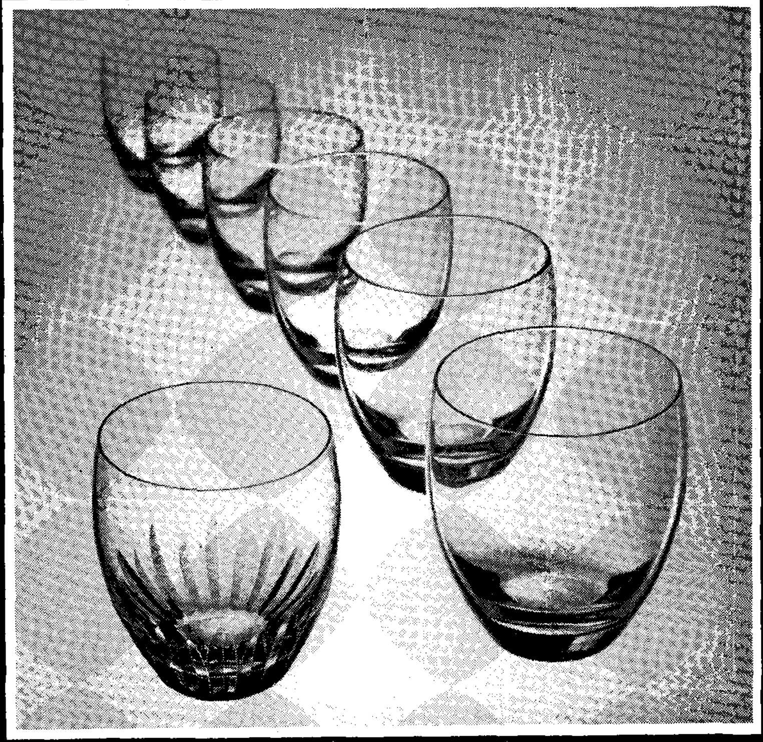

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ward MacEachern, who was rubber-stamping some checks at the end of the counter. "That's the Scotch tradition. The Scotch have a talent for banking."

MacEachern nodded pleasantly. "True," he said.

"They were very prominent among the founders, and they are still well represented all up and down the echelons. Right, MacEachern?"

"Quite right. Except in the French belt, of course."

"Yes. In the French belt around the province of Quebec, Aucoin, everything is French—the managers and staffs, the bank's name above the door, the checkbooks, deposit slips, letterheads. Everything is done to give the French customer up there the illusion that he's dealing with a genuinely French bank. What kind of French do you speak, Aucoin?"

The question took me by surprise. "The only French I speak," I said, "is my home-town jargon."

"And that's corrupt, I hear?"

"It is," I said. (One reason the people back home had always been receptive to the English language was that they knew their native French was useless except among themselves. Two summers earlier, when our harbor had come in for its periodic dredging, the antiquated and noisy dredge the Dominion government had assigned to the job had been manned, presumably as a political good-will gesture, by a French crew from the province of Quebec. For all the sense we had been able to make of them, or they of us, Ottawa might just as well have had us dredged out by the Chinese.) "It's obsolete."

Mr. Gidney nodded. "Hardly presentable in the province of Quebec. In time, I suppose, you'll become extinct."

"I suppose so." The thought saddened me, but only momentarily. Actually, I was all for our becoming extinct—or Anglicized, as Mr. Gidney no doubt meant. It was our only practical course. I considered myself just about extinct already.

"What I started to tell you," said Mr. Gidney, "was that your first transfer will probably be to the main branch, in Halifax. They'll polish you up there a little and then hustle you out to the province of Quebec." Mr. Gidney took a stump of cigar from his vest pocket and lit it. "The French belt."

I stared at him in disbelief. We sat silent for a minute, listening to the steady pounding of MacEachern's rubber stamp. "It's not as though my English wasn't good enough," I said at last.

"It wouldn't matter if you were an-

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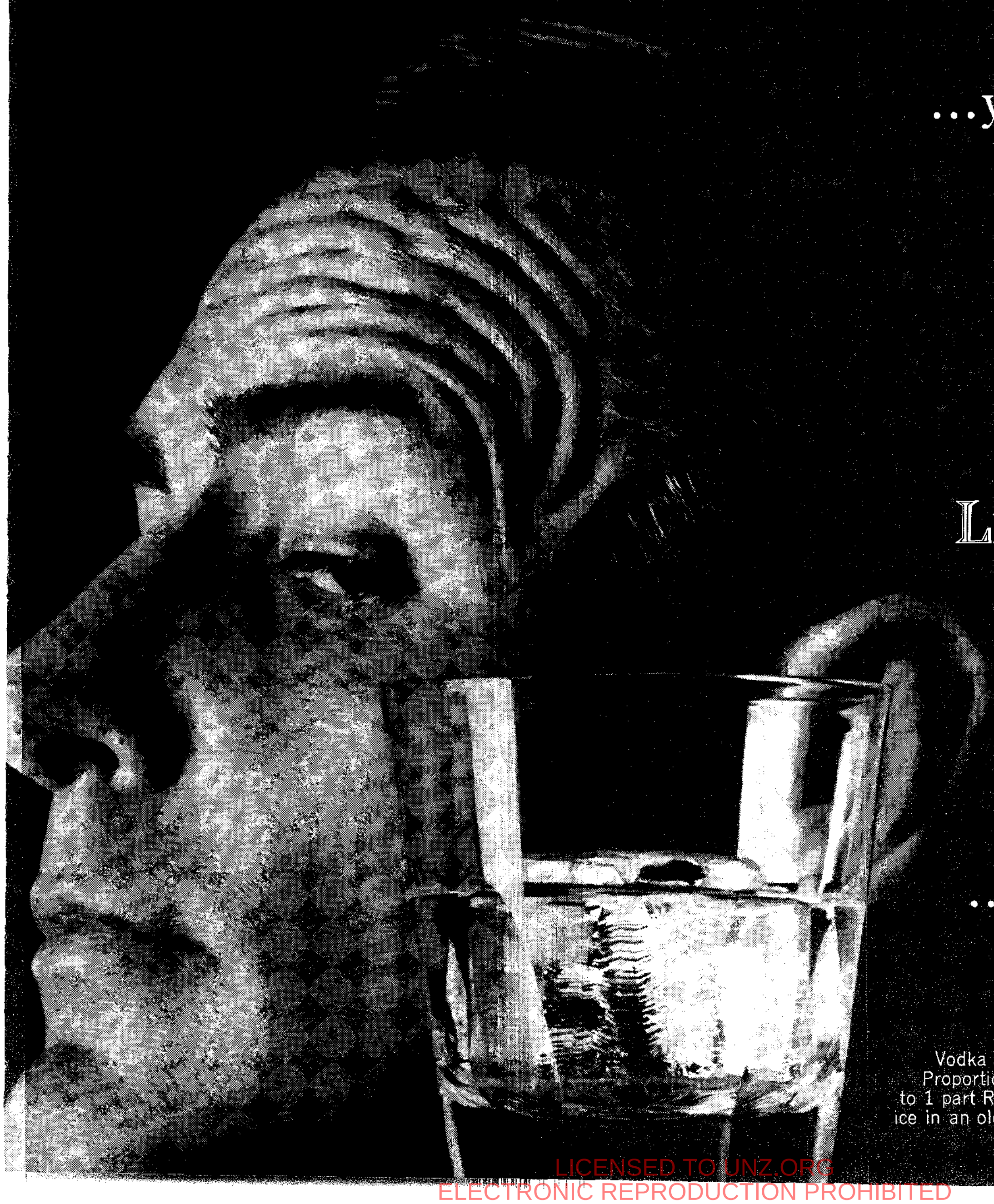

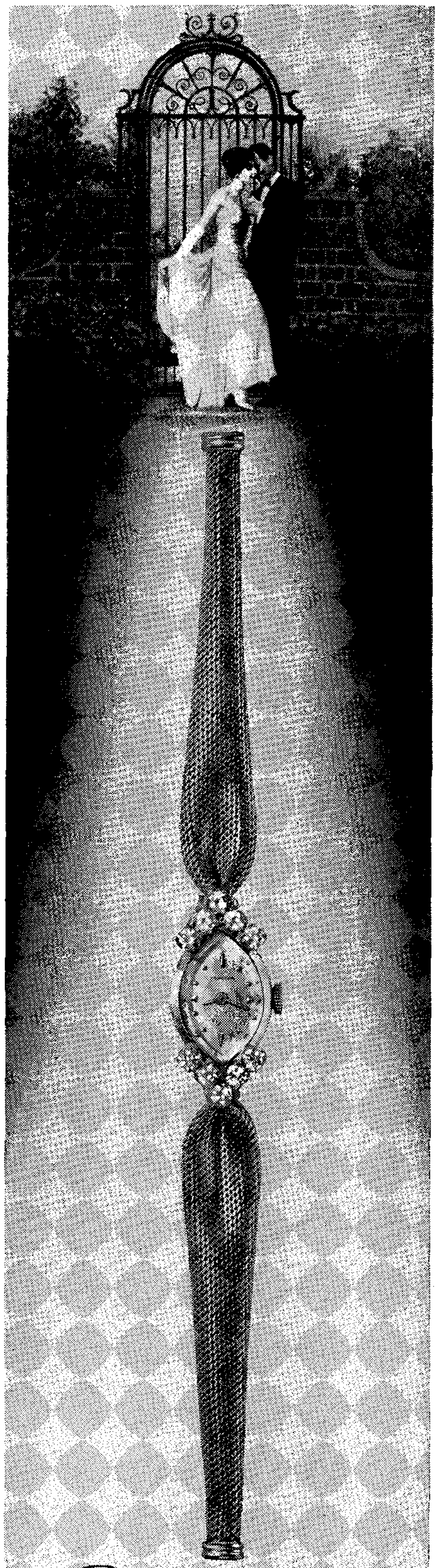

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other William Jennings Bryan," Mr. Gidney said. "As far as head office is concerned, a Frenchman is a Frenchman and he belongs in the French belt. That's the tradition." He waved his cigar. "Of course, there's always the rum belt—the West Indies—where nationalities don't mean much. They *could* send you there."

My first transfer, as Mr. Gidney had predicted, was to Halifax, and I spent several months there, with no indication that I was destined for the province of Quebec, much less the West Indies. But this was 1939, and a different kind of immediate future was looming up for me. Halifax Harbor began to bristle with warships. The Citadel, which overlooks the city, was closed to the public, and long barrels of anti-aircraft guns probed the sky from its summit. We were at war. In February of 1940, I was in the Army, and my struggle to rid myself of my French background entered a new phase.

I SPENT most of the war in a Canadian Highland regiment recruited largely from the Scottish population of our section of Nova Scotia. We arrived in England a few weeks after the Dunkirk evacuation, and were given a stretch of coast between Brighton and Eastbourne to defend. The area had already been cleared of civilians and been barbwired, and our duties consisted of patrolling the beach and watching the Channel through telescopes that had been mounted on the upper veranda of an evacuated hotel. For the first few weeks, I was on beach patrol, but then I was transferred to the veranda, where life was more relaxed, but also more boring—nothing ever disturbed the great expanse of water we were watching except the sea gulls, and an occasional British destroyer hurrying by along the coast.

Our only distraction while on duty was the bagpipe band. The pipers and drummers were quartered in the ballroom on the ground floor of the hotel, and marches, strathspeys, and reels wafted up to us. In the mornings, the band paraded on the beach, under the pipe major, Angus Ross, who was a diversion in himself. Ross was a picturesque giant, and a favorite of the generals. From the distance of the veranda, his head looked like a beautifully lathed block of mahogany, tufted with hair and eyebrows of a lighter, fiery red, with the black ribbons of his Glengarry fluttering behind in the breeze. His legs below his kilt had the solidity of tree trunks. On parade, he wore a leopard skin over his tunic and

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DODGE DART!!

carried a mace, and he looked like some barbaric war god.

Those of us assigned to watch duty were also quartered in the ballroom, and I had moved in with my duffelbag, the morning of my transfer, with considerable exhilaration. There I was, in the very heart of Scottish life and tradition. A bagpiper in kilt and undershirt, who was blasting away on his pipes at the bunk next to mine, nodded to me cordially without interrupting his music. I sat on my bunk and watched him, admiring his solid Scotchness, the casual ease with which he executed his uproarious Highland medley. I had not been in the ballroom many days before I decided to try my hand at becoming a piper myself. I spoke to Cameron, the piper who had been playing the medley, and he offered to lend me a spare practice chanter. (A practice chanter is the flute part of the bagpipe, with a muted, rather squeaky reed substituted for the lustier business one.) Cameron assured me that once a man had mastered the chanter he was practically a bagpiper. He showed me the finger positions on the instrument, and soon I was picking out a few Scottish airs on it.

Like other musicians, bagpipers are temperamental. For weeks on end, Cameron and three or four of his comrades would pass their spare time sitting on their bunks, blowing gloomily on their chanters, speaking seldom and only in monosyllables. Then, without warning or leave, they would take off for remote parts of Scotland, usually Dundee or the Isle of Skye. (Glasgow they scorned as an Irish dump.) They were sometimes gone so long that life in the ballroom closed in and obliterated all trace of them; their things would be removed to the quartermaster stores, their bunks would be assigned to the reinforcements we were constantly receiving from Canada. But inevitably, some night, when the ballroom was fast asleep, there would be loud voices and

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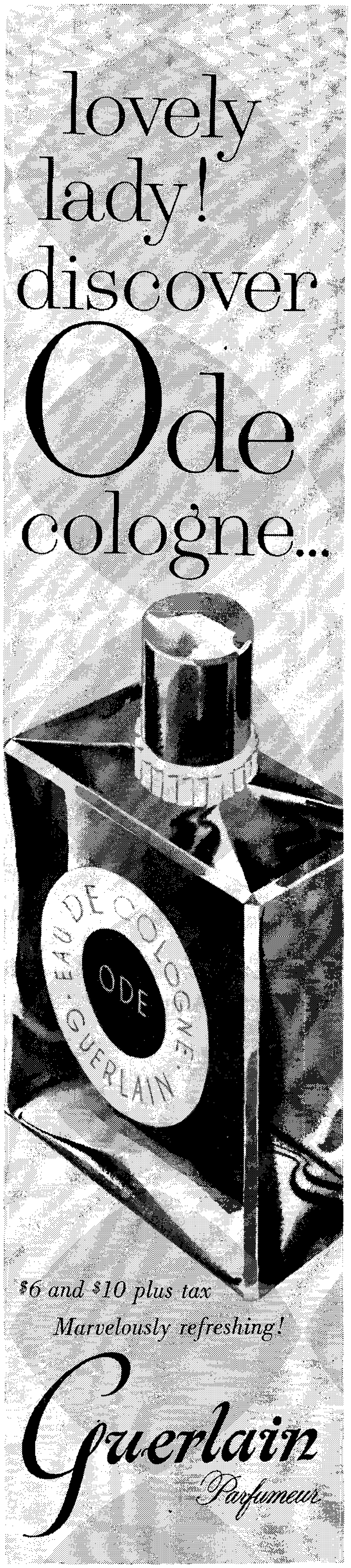
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the clumping of hobnailed boots in the corridors, sudden light as the switch was turned on—and there they would be in their rumpled finery, shouting greetings, routing the cooks out of bed, and pressing half-empty bottles of bad whiskey on drowsy, cursing comrades.

The pipe major's reaction to these escapades was explosive and prolonged. One morning, after a roll call that revealed two pipers freshly A.W.O.L., with a third piper and a drummer already serving time in the leatherhead detention camp for similar offenses, Ross was holding forth in the ballroom. "You call yourselves Highlanders!" he roared in his parade-ground voice, which could carry over the massed pipe bands of the First Canadian Corps. "You don't know the meaning of the word! If this keeps on, we'll have to disband, that's all. We'll see then how you like it in the rifle companies! It's all one to me if this outfit ends up with a damned bugle band! I'll go to the Black Watch. There's no' a Highland regiment in the Canadian Army wouldn't snap me up!" He strutted, snorting, among the bunks, torn between outrage and vanity. "Five head of pipers I'm left with for the brigadier's parade Saturday morning. It's a damned disgrace to the regiment!"

We had heard this many times before, and I stopped listening and fell to polishing some buttons and whistling the "Pibroch o' Donald Dhu." The pipe major's voice ceased presently, and I assumed he had left the ballroom. But a minute later I looked up, still whistling, to discover him seated on Cameron's bunk, watching me, his huge hands on his knees, his head cocked in a listening attitude. "You have an ear for the music!" he roared ingratiatingly.

"Och, aye," I admitted.

"You don't pipe, by any chance?"

"Not yet, sir, but I've been taking lessons."

"Have you, now! Let's hear you, then. Cameron, lend this boy your chanter."

I took the proffered chanter, removed the mouthpiece, and tested the reed by flipping it with my little finger in the approved manner, reassembled it, and blew a few recognizable bars of "Hieland Laddie," our regimental march.

When I had finished, the pipe major stared at me glassily. He stood up and walked around, sizing me up from different points in the ballroom. Finally he left, without comment.

That evening, Cameron told me that I was to be groomed for a bagpiper.

The pipe major followed my progress

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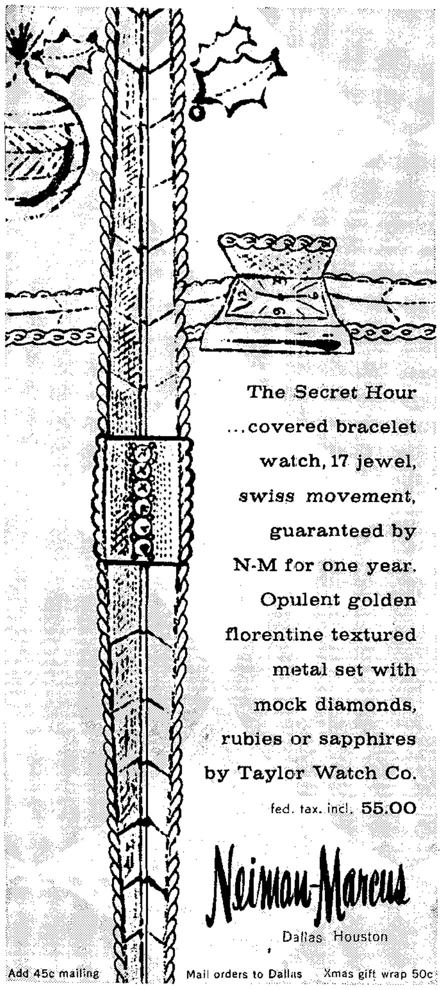
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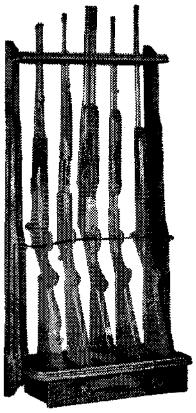

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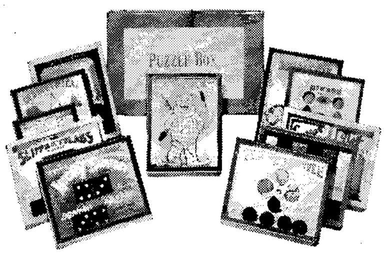

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closely. He had me excused from my regular duties, to put in more practice, until I became known to lesser noncoms as an Exception, an enviable category for a private soldier to be in.

But it didn't last. Included in a batch of reinforcements we received in the summer of 1941 were three MacNeil brothers from Cumberland County, all former coal miners, and each an accomplished bagpiper. The pipe major was overjoyed. He went to the reinforcement depot to greet them personally, and brought two of them back in a jeep, bypassing regular channels. He herded them into the ballroom. "Here," he announced, "are two fine pipers for the band—MacNeil, A., and MacNeil, D. Cooling his heels henceforth in the mortar platoon will be another fine piper—MacNeil, N. He will be waiting to step into the shoes of the first one of you who takes off for the Isle of Skye. Govern yourselves accordingly."

His interest in me collapsed overnight. It was probably just as well, for it was beginning to dawn on me that I was not really a musician at heart. I didn't have the patience. Nevertheless, I continued to practice, off and on, and when I left the ballroom to join B Company a few weeks after the arrival of the MacNeils, I took with me Cameron's spare chanter, which he had given me outright. I lost it, eventually, along with my shaving kit, a change of socks, and the few other items I carried in my small pack, in a quagmire on the approaches to Rimini, in the fall of 1944.

AT the end of the war, I went back to the Halifax branch of the bank. I was given a better job than the one I had left. Salaries were up. There was a cost-of-living bonus, a thing I had thought existed only in the minds of impractical Left Wingers. And the bank was allowing its returning servicemen to put in their first three months at the branch of their choice. In this progressive atmosphere, my old apprehensions about being sent to the French belt seemed out of date, and I settled down with an easy mind.

I was left in Halifax for a year. Then suddenly I received notice that I was being transferred to the province of Quebec.

The day before I was to leave, I was sent for by the assistant personnel director, Mr. Giles, whose office was in the divisional chambers, on an upper floor of the building. I knew Mr. Giles slightly, having had a short interview

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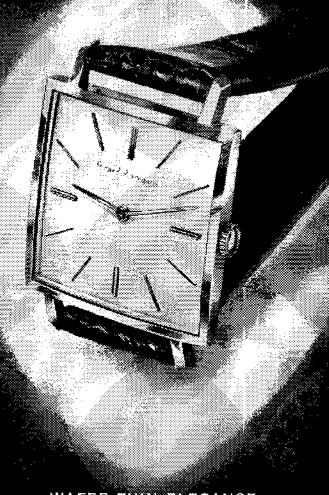

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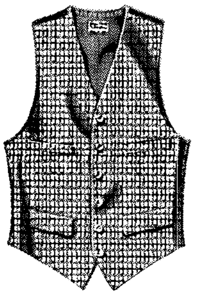

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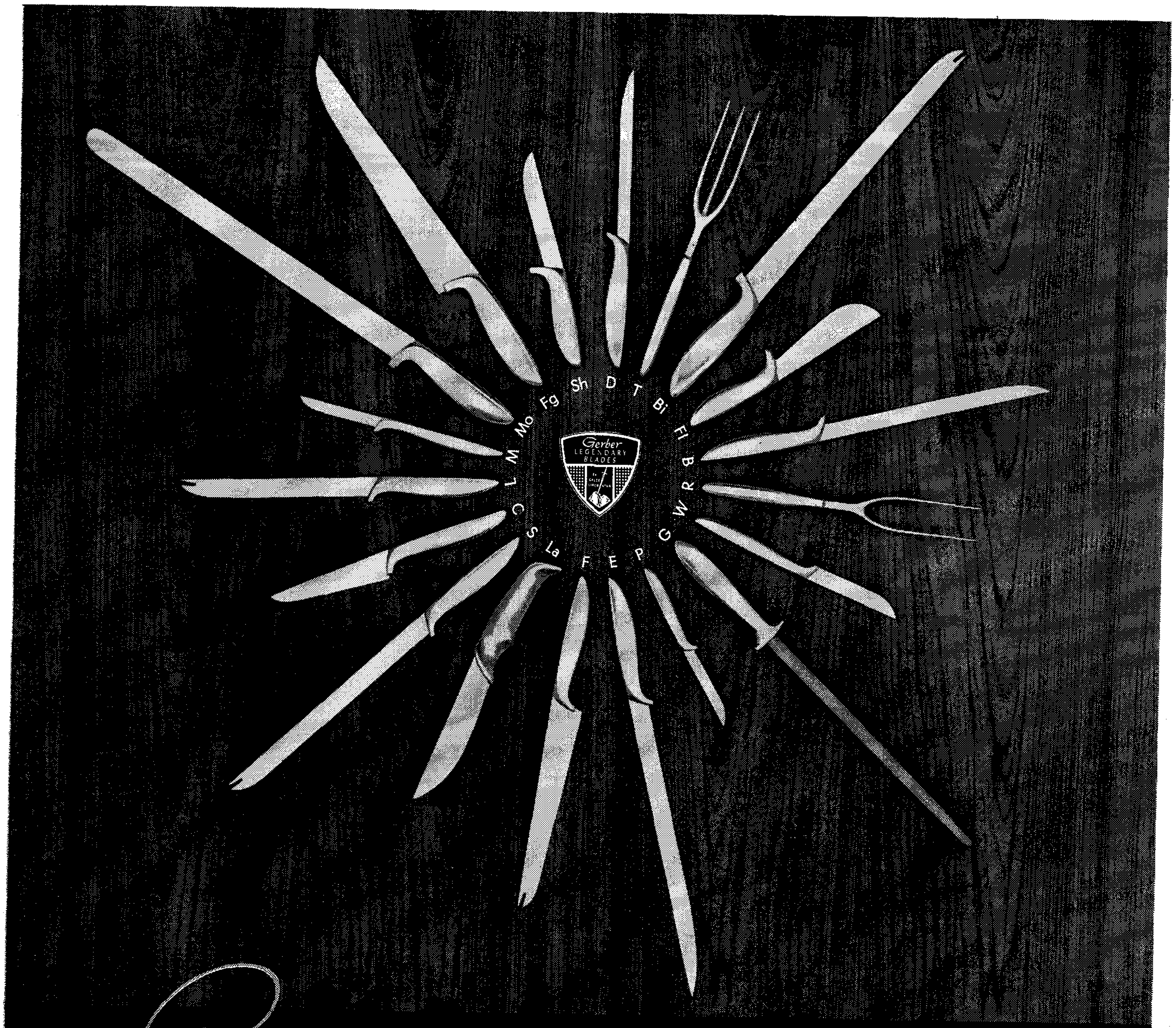

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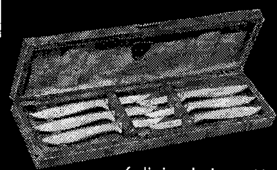

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with him on my return from overseas. He was a dashing figure of a man (he had been an amateur hockey star in the thirties), with unexpectedly heavy manners. When I entered his office, he looked up and smiled faintly. "Ah, Mr. Aucoin!" He attempted the French pronunciation of my name. "I suppose you're happy to be going among your own people?"

On the way up in the elevator, I had considered protesting my transfer. The idea of switching over from an English to a French culture appealed to me even less now than it had before the war. Anyway, it seemed illogical. Here I was, the next thing to a Scotsman—practically a bagpiper. I was wearing my regimental tie—the Argyll and Sutherland tartan—and I fingered it ostentatiously.

Mr. Giles ignored the gesture. He leafed through some documents in a folder on his desk—my dossier, apparently. "There's just one little thing I wanted to take up with you before you leave," he said. "Your first name. Clifford. It's not very French."

"I was named after the author of a book on navigation my father used to read," I explained. "He was a Swede."

Mr. Giles' head shot up. "A Swede?"

"The author of the book."

"Oh." He relaxed in his chair. "Well, about your name. A Frenchman who spoke little English, or none at all, might have difficulty getting his tongue around it, don't you think?"

"He might."

"In other words, it would be a handicap to you in the province of Quebec."

"I suppose so, in that sense."

"However," he said, "all is not lost. You have a middle name." He rummaged in the folder again and came up with a buff-colored card. "A good French one this time. 'Joseph,'" he read.

That middle name had been given to me simply to appease the old parish priest who had baptized me, and who had grumbled at sending a French boy into the world saddled with a pagan, English name. I had never used it. But, of course, it was on my baptismal certificate, which I had had to produce on entering the bank.

Mr. Giles scribbled on a sheet of notepaper, which he then clipped to the buff card. "So," he said, "we'll just reverse the order of your names on your records, and you will be Joseph C. Aucoin from now on." He closed the folder and pushed back his chair, with an air of having done with formalities. "All right? I think you'll appreciate

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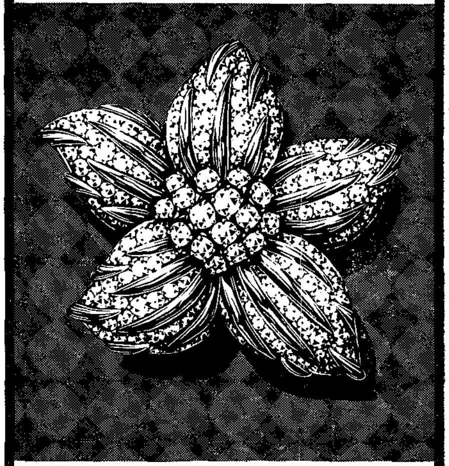

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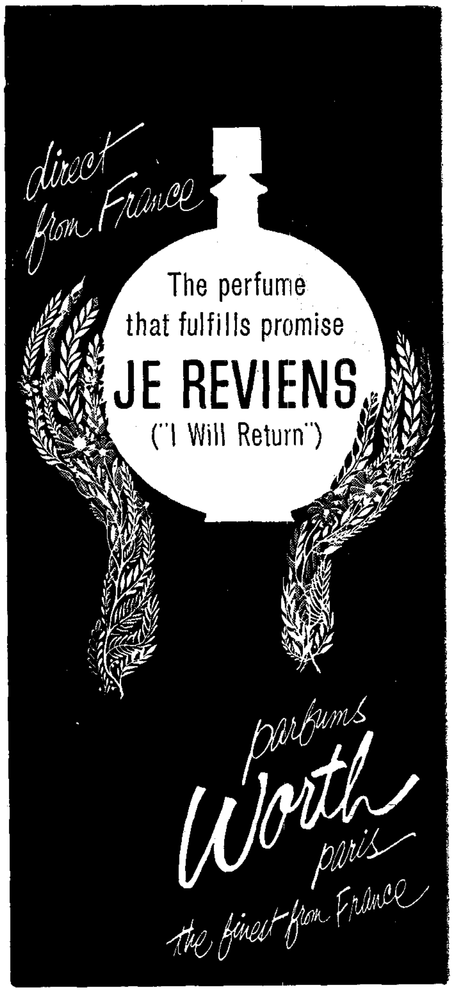

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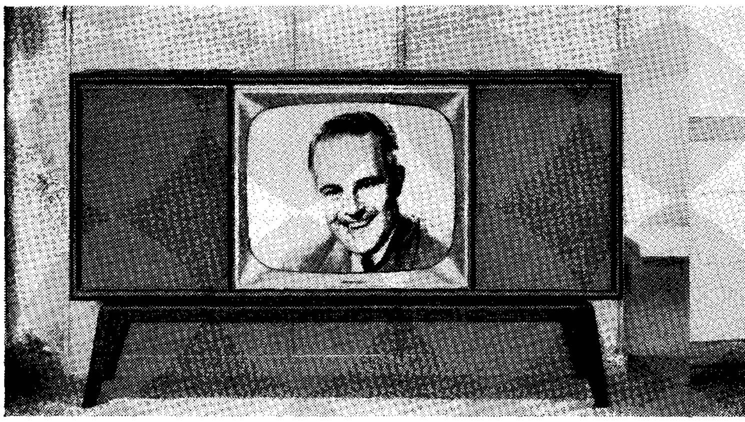

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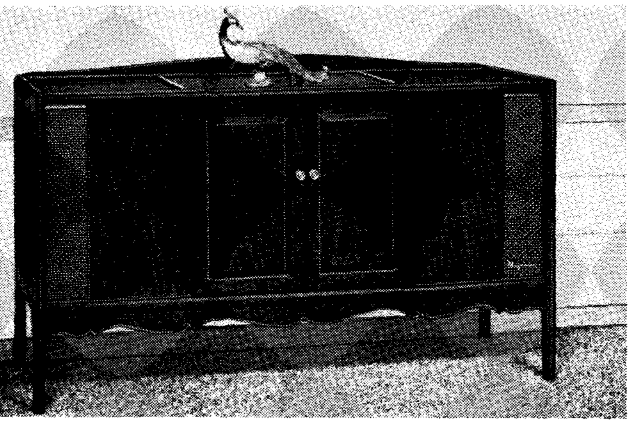

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it once you start introducing yourself up there." He twirled his pencil in his fingers. "Speaking of names, by the way, isn't it common among the French to have many of them—three or four, even more?"

"I believe it is in the province of Quebec, but where I come from single names are the rule."

"There's a lot to be said for multiple names, though," Mr. Giles said. "When I worked in head office, I was always impressed by the manager we had at St. Catherine and Ste. Geneviève branch, in Montreal. He's retired now, but I never forgot his name—Mr. Antoine J. A. M. C. Papineau. Something distinctive about a name like that, what?"

"Very distinctive," I agreed.

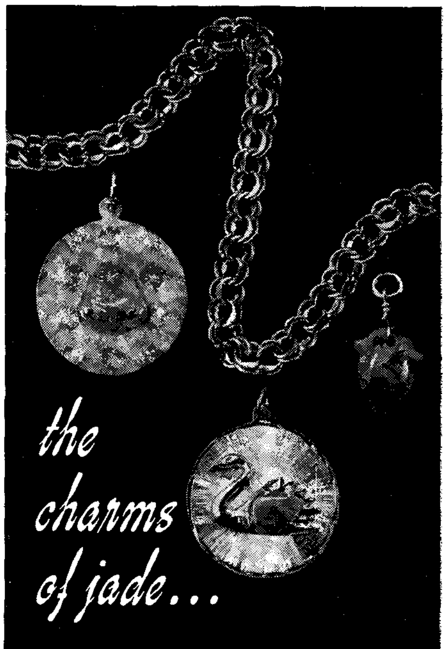
He tapped his thumbnail with the end of his pencil. "You know, as long as we're changing your records, we could easily give you a few extra initials—show them officially as being for identification only. We've done it before. Mr. Joseph J. A. M. C. Aucoin. What? How does that sound to you?"

I said it sounded fine but I guessed it wasn't for me.

"No? Well, it was just a thought. Entirely up to you, of course." He rose abruptly. "Very well, then. Plain Joseph C. Aucoin it is."

In the French suburb of Montreal where I ended up, I got along better than I had expected. With a little care, much of my native French was usable, and almost from the first I was able to get by on that and a few banking expressions I quickly picked up. To the customers who expressed curiosity about my halting French I explained that I had spent much of my life in the United States—a fiction I latched on to because it was more easily rendered in French than the long rigmarole I would have had to translate to acquaint them with the true facts.

At the end of two years, I had made the changeover from Scot to Frenchman. I was enjoying my new life, and when, about that time, I accepted an offer of a job from a distant relative in the United States, it was on no account because I wanted to leave the province of Quebec. In February of 1949, having put in my four weeks' notice and withdrawn my accumulated pension-fund contributions, I parted regretfully with my friends in the French belt, resumed my original name, and crossed over into the United States. In eleven years here, no one has ever asked me about my racial background, except in idle curiosity, and, being as much a mixture as my neighbors, I often feel



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The Editors, *The New Yorker*,

DEAR SIRS:

EVEN in the midst of admiring Lewis Mumford's brilliant pieces on Unesco House, in Paris, I must break off to pick a small but important bone with him. In discussing the wholly inappropriate glass curtain walls of the Unesco Secretariat, he notes that such walls appeal to architects not merely because they're fashionable but because of their comparatively low cost. "Glass is cheap," Mr. Mumford writes, "and a glass wall, if first costs alone are considered, is the least expensive way of sheathing a building sufficiently to make it seem habitable." I believe this to be untrue. Several architects of my acquaintance have told me that in their experience glass curtain walls, framed in steel, aluminum, or what you will, are invariably more expensive than ordinary brick or metal curtain walls, and surely the local evidence would seem to bear them out. If Mr. Mumford were right, then the scores of big apartment houses going up all over New York would be curtained with glass, because in these buildings cost is nearly always the supreme factor, and the combination of low cost and high fashion would render glass irresistible to owners; in most cases, however, we find that our big apartment houses are being sheathed in brick, not glass. It's hard to get any firm figures from the building industry, but I've heard one figure quoted that I think reliable: a year or so ago, in an office building here, a glass curtain wall with metal spandrels cost approximately eight dollars per square foot to erect; the same wall built of brick backed with concrete or cinder block would have cost approximately six dollars per square foot. In short, our contemporary megahyaline buildings (as the architect Edward Steese has christened them) are not only faddish but uneconomical, in first cost as well as in maintenance. Glass may be cheap, but all-glass walls are both expensive and silly.

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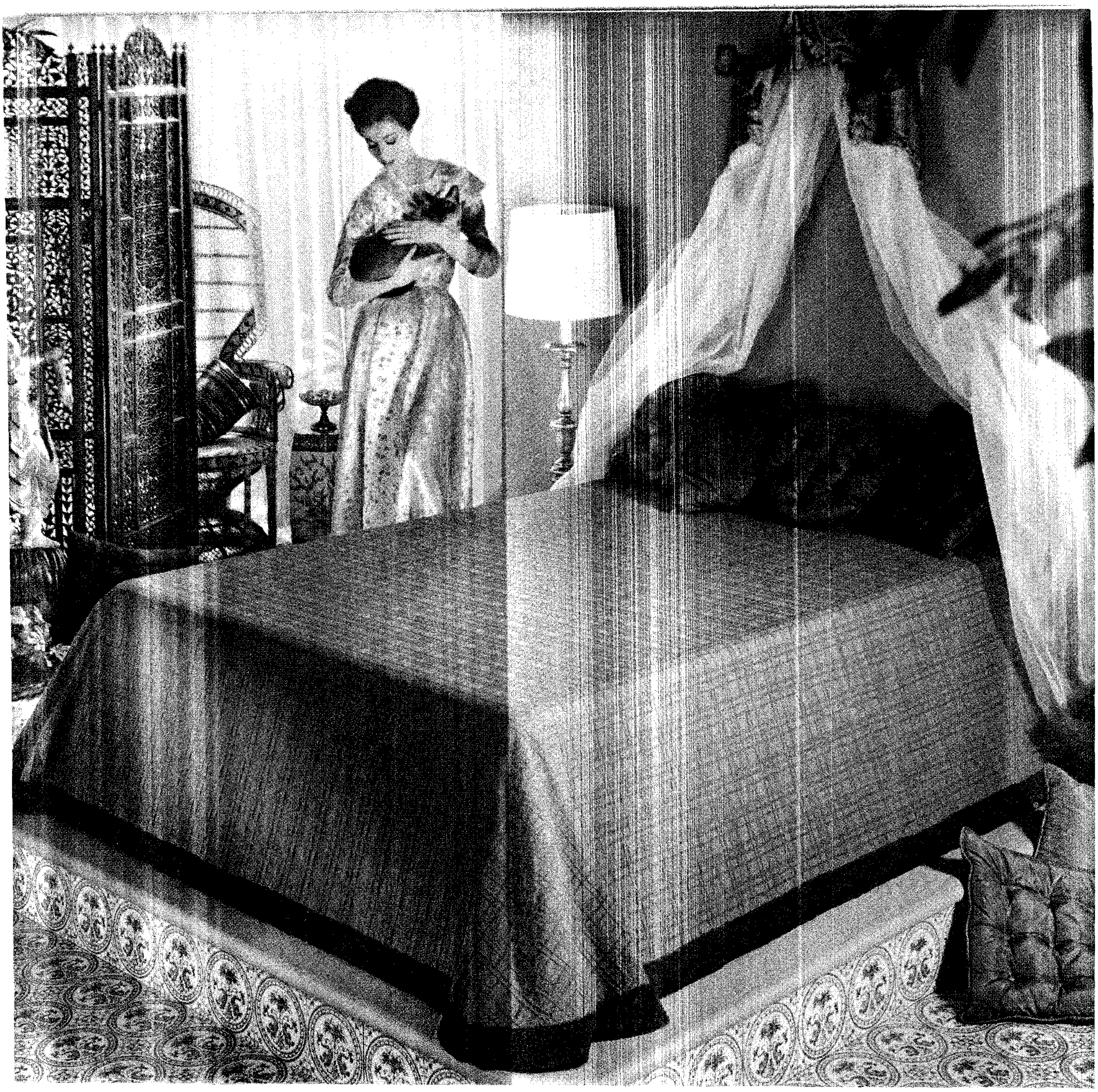

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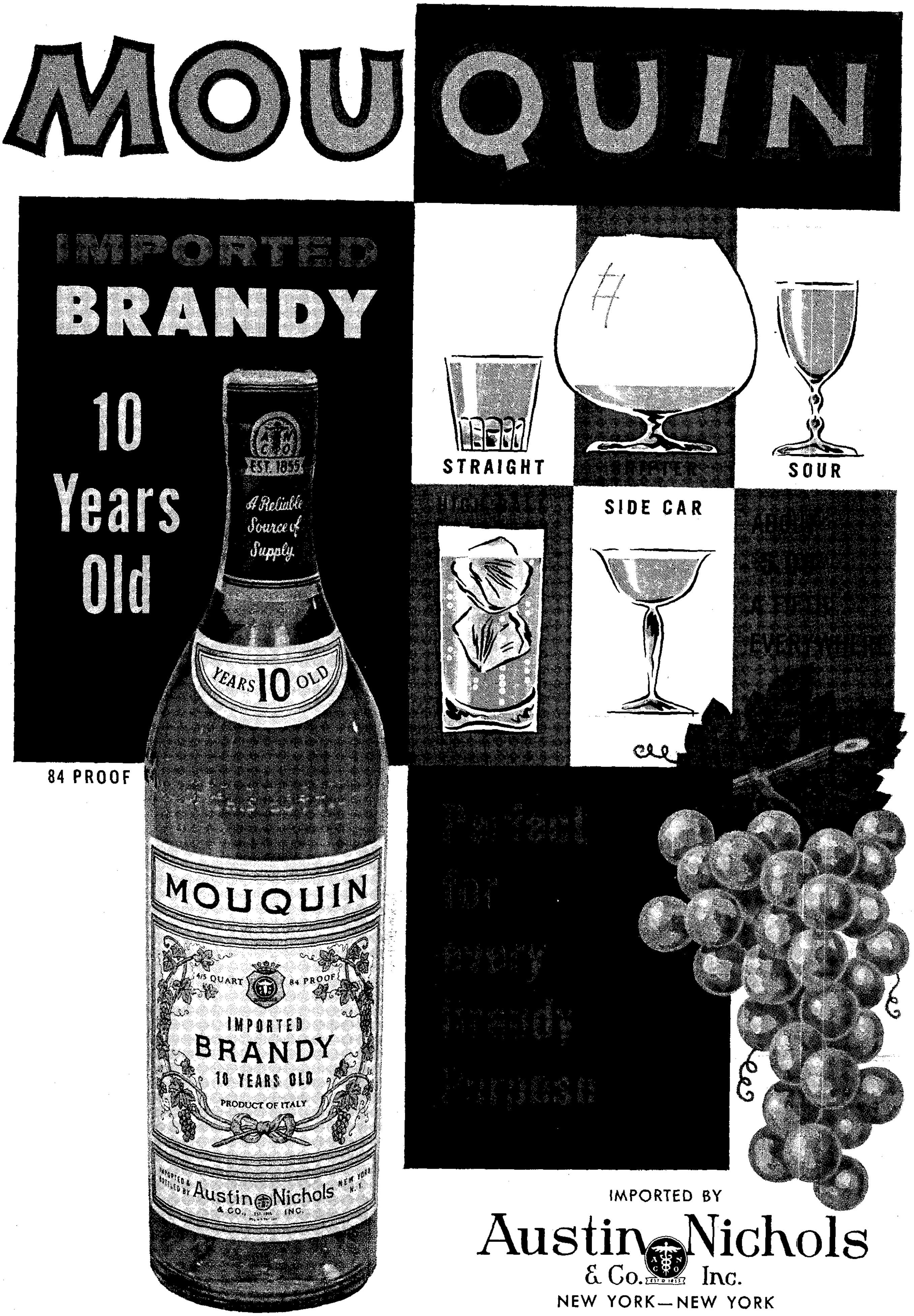
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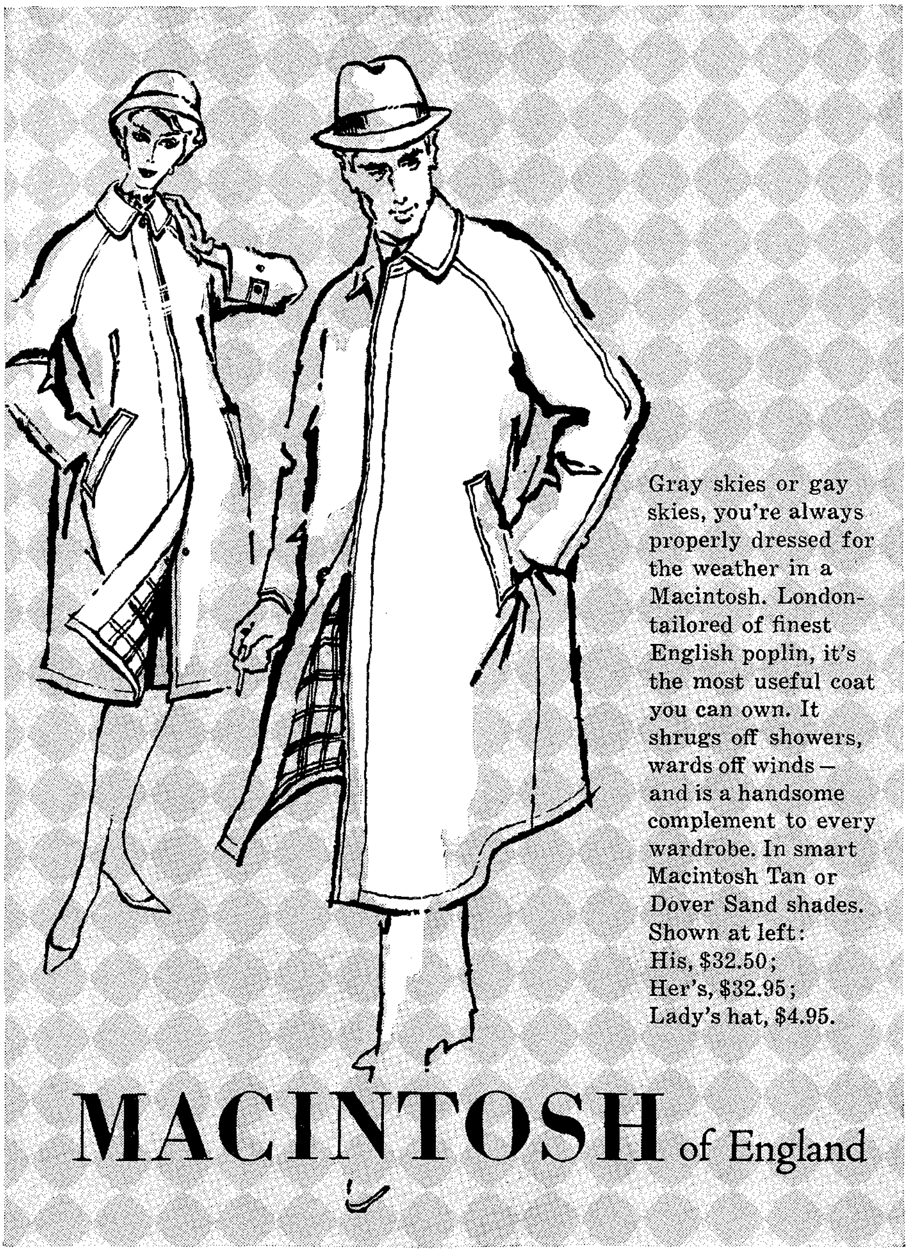
THE RACE TRACK

Many a Slip

As if things weren't already tough enough for horseplayers, up pops another way for an odds-on favorite to lose: having his saddle slip during the race. That's what happened to Don Poggio in the Display Handicap, a two-mile gallop at Aqueduct last weekend. Nickel Boy won it by ten lengths from Manassa Mauler, who was about five lengths in front of Beau Diable, last year's winner. There really isn't very much to say about the Display. Don Poggio looked hard and fit, and on the strength of his easy victory in the Gallant Fox the previous Saturday he was tabbed as a good thing, despite the fact that he carried 130 pounds and gave from fifteen to twenty-four pounds to the seven other runners. He dominated the scene at the start, and swept past the stand with the long, powerful stride of a natural stayer, but as he rounded the clubhouse turn, Boulmetis, who rode him, seemed to be having trouble with him, and in the next few strides Don Poggio bore sharply to the right, almost to the rail. At this point, the boy had all he could do to stay on the colt's back. Presently, one of the outriders came to his aid and Don Poggio was pulled up, at which moment, of course, the $299,686 wagered on him went up the flue. Meanwhile, Nickel Boy had disposed of Manassa Mauler, and the others were down the course.

Nickel Boy has two transcontinental trips and twenty-two starts to his credit this year, and Don Poggio is one of our better stayers, but neither could hold a candle to the Display for whom the race was named. The Iron Horse, as we called him, campaigned for six seasons in the twenties against the best there was. He started a hundred and three times and would have won a lot more than the twenty-three races he did win if it hadn't been for his atrocious behavior at the post. There was only one man I know of who could really handle him—Boots Dickerson, who is now the starter at Arlington, Washington Park, and Keeneland. In those days, he was an assistant starter, and he'd hold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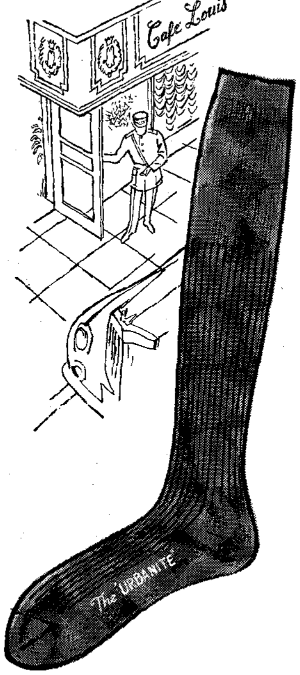

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Display in his place at the barrier (horsemen used to say that Boots could have held the Twentieth Century Limited) and there would be no fuss about it. There were giants in those days.

THE Gallant Fox was an anticlimax. It had been expected that Bald Eagle and Kelso would be starters and that their meeting would settle the Horse of the Year question, but on the eve of the event it was announced that Bald Eagle had been retired to the stud and that Kelso would take a rest before going out to Santa Anita for the winter plums. I have a notion that the ballots in the *Morning Telegraph* and *Daily Racing Form's* Horse of the Year poll had already been counted and that the news of Kelso's selection had leaked out, so there probably didn't seem to be much point in running him again. I confess that when Bald Eagle won the Washington, D.C., International, I thought it would make him Horse of the Year, but the selectors don't seem to be sentimental pushovers. Instead, they remembered that Kelso had won eight of his nine starts this year. By the way, the racing secretaries also picked Kelso in their poll. As for the Gallant Fox Handicap, Don Poggio looked the winner from the start, and was, with Manassa Mauler second and Nickel Boy third. Taking one thing with another, I don't remember more delightful weather, livelier racing, or closer finishes than we've had at Aqueduct this fall.

MAN and boy, I've seen most of the runnings of the Pimlico Futurity at Baltimore, and none of them had as mediocre a lot of starters as the seven that came out a fortnight ago for the thirty-eighth renewal, which I decided to pass up. As you've probably heard, Garwol, whose winning efforts could be counted on your thumbs, took the $68, 256.50 purse from Bal Musette, a maiden, and something named Sherluck was third. Oh, well, I've been saying all along that this season's two-year-old colts are no great shakes. The fillies are something else again. Of course, Bowl of Flowers is top of the list, but Primonetta, who won the Marguerite at Pimlico last weekend—her fourth straight—is worth remembering. She's by Swaps, and looks like him, too, and she is in good hands.

HEIGH-HO. Bowie will open on January 21st, and Aqueduct on March 20th. Colonel Martingale is looking for his woollies.

—AUDAX MINOR

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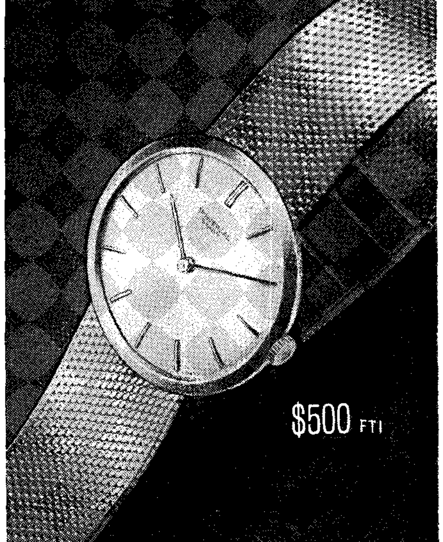

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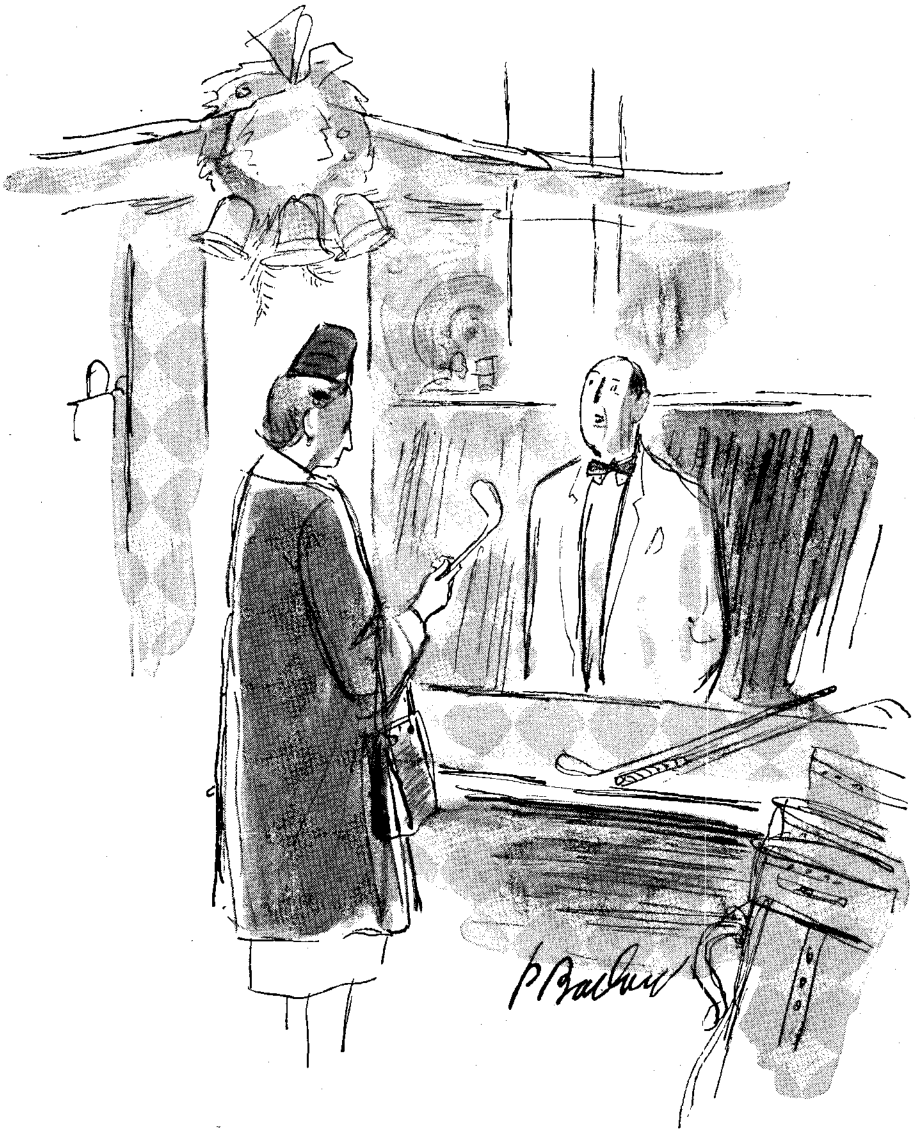
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE HOUSE

IT may give Christmas shoppers a false sense of security—make them think it's all going to be as easy as this—for us to name at the very outset of this week's guide through the Christmas fracas one absolutely surefire gift. And it's surefire for the givers—grandmothers and all other people who have the survival of young mothers at heart—as well as for the recipients. Since grandmothers and young mothers form a not inconsiderable section of the community that either shops or is shopped for, we have no hesitation in saying that a gift certificate drawn on Part-Time Child Care would be a great blessing for an awful lot of people. We have spoken before of this admirable organization, so you may be familiar with its good works, but this is the first time that its services have been available in a Christmas wrapping, so to speak. And what young family wouldn't be delighted to find a trustworthy baby-sitter, even in certificate form, under the Christmas tree? "Baby-sitter" is the term that the extremely competent Child Care women use in referring to themselves, but it conveys very little idea of the versatility and personal feeling they bring to their work. Not having had occasion to investigate the Child Care setup for some time, we made it a point not long ago to discuss its services not only with patrons of the agency but with a number of the sitters themselves; we chose them, as the political poll-takers were doing so recently, at random, and we like to think they represent a cross-section of Child Care's personnel. They included a cultivated and very likable middle-aged woman, a competent youngish woman with an obvious understanding of children, and a number of young office workers, these last all girls in their twenties (the agency employs no one under twenty-one) who, we are convinced, bring to their work with children an interest and a sense of responsibility not always associated with youth. The obligations these women assume are extremely flexible; in fact, they will cope with just about anything that comes up—the unexpected as well as the arranged-for—during the time they are minding a child. They will give him a light supper, superintend his bath, read to him or tell him a story, put him to bed, and all that. If the assignment is a daytime proposition, the routine can include visits to museums, attendance at concerts, trips to the dentist, or merely playing in the park. The procedure for bestowing a gift certificate is this: A check (for not less than $10) is sent by the donor to Part-Time Child Care, 19 East 69th Street, and this is credited to the recipient, to whom a card is sent announcing the gift. The recipient can then call on the agency for a sitter at any time until the credit is exhausted. Charges for daytime services are $1.38 per hour for one or two children, $1.65 for three children, and $1.65 for infants under three months. (Only trained baby nurses are sent on these last calls.) Evening rates are $1.10 per hour for one, two, or three children, and $1.65 for infants. The service is limited to Manhattan; clients pay bus fare or, after 1 A.M., taxi fare; and the minimum visit is for four hours.

NOW that we've been able to give all grandmothers such an invaluable steer in their Christmas shopping, we are pleased to say that we are also in a position to pass along some good news to anybody looking for a present for a grandmother who doesn't feel so good—the news being that General Electric has brought out a splendid new heating pad. We know that at this Joyous Season it's against all the rules to talk about aches and pains, so we hasten to add that it is as a mechanical marvel as well as a soother of these that we recommend G.E.'s latest



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IF we hadn't resolved to curb an unfortunate tendency to make ex-cathedra pronouncements, we would voice our absolute certainty that on every Christmas list there is at least one person who hopes to pull a desk out of his (or her) Christmas stocking. Anyway, we've gone ahead and acted on that certainty by investigating the desk situation hereabouts, and we are now able to report on desks suitable for Christmas giving to those of all ages from the cradle to the grave. Pretty near the cradle level is a desk we saw at Macy, which would be exactly right for a boy or girl who has outgrown the nursery and needs a serious piece of furniture for serious homework. This is a very nice-looking article in a stained wood that has the appearance of walnut; the top (twenty-three inches by forty-five) has a plastic finish that makes it resistant to hard wear, the height is twenty-nine inches, there's a bank of two drawers on one side, and the price is $25.98. Moving along to desks for grownups that are moderately priced enough not to ruin a Christmas budget and yet won't *look* too moderately priced, we have earmarked a sleek-looking number at the Work Bench, 252 East 51st Street and 46 Greenwich Avenue (Seventh Avenue). This is done in walnut with an oil finish, the top measures thirty inches by sixty, there are three drawers on one side, and the price is $114.50. The Gold Eagle, at 17 Greenwich Avenue (10th), whose carefully selected, authenticated antiques make a trip to the Village well worth the trouble, has three utterly charming little desks of the type known in England (where they originated, in the early nineteenth century) as davenports and in this country, rather unaccountably, as ship captains' desks. Whatever they are called, the form is always the same—a sloping top for writing set upon a small chest of drawers that open on the side. These desks were extremely popular in Victoria's day with

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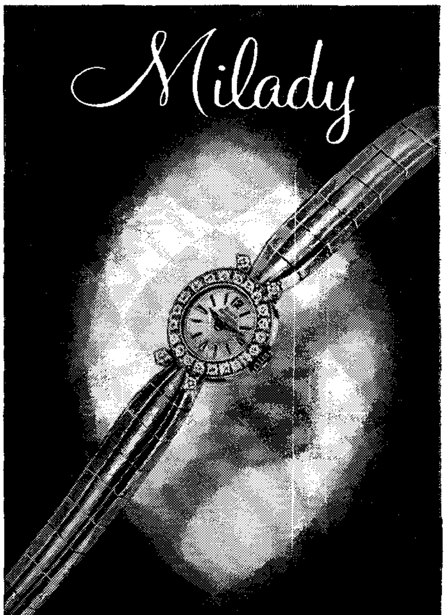

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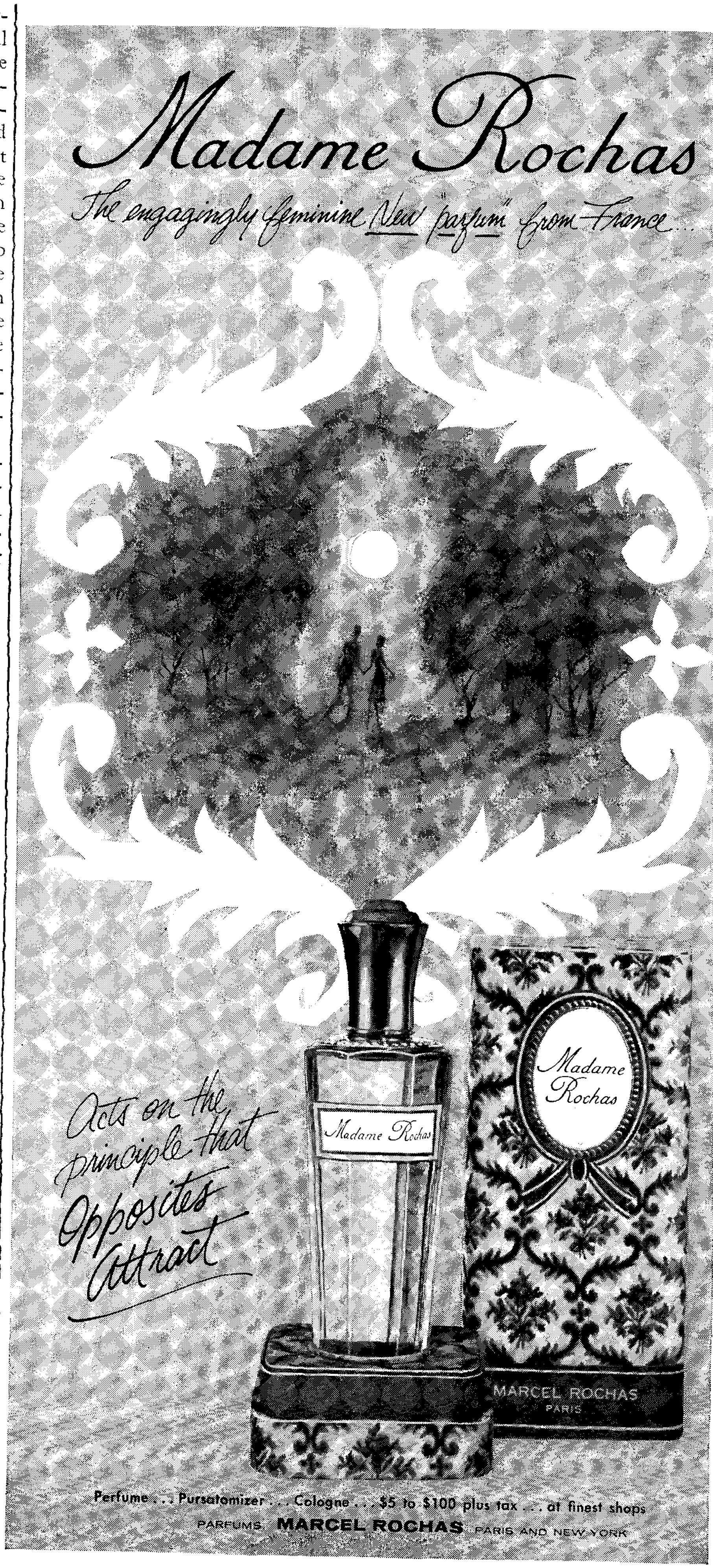
ladies who didn't do too much paperwork (and, for that matter, they still are). Of the three examples at the Greenwich Avenue shop, one is of walnut with a marquetry design in satinwood, at $165; another is in burled walnut, at $145; and the third, at $135, is in walnut unadorned. All three pieces date from the mid-nineteenth century. At Lord & Taylor, we have found (and we have been working up to this jewel gradually) one of the handsomest mahogany desks we've seen in a long time. And now that we have found it, it's up to you to find someone to give it to—someone with a connoisseur's appreciation of fine eighteenth-century furniture, and (here, we realize, the choice narrows down abruptly) someone on whom you feel like lavishing a present that costs $995. Assuming that these requirements have been met, we'll go on to say that this magnificent piece of English cabinetmaking is of the kneehole type, that the mahogany is of the finest, and that the top, in gold-tooled red leather, measures thirty-nine inches by sixty.

CHOOSING a present for the Queen of the Kitchen is always, we think, one of the most rewarding parts of Christmas shopping, and this year, when there's an unusually large assortment of delightful trifles available for making the kitchen more livable or more convenient, or both, it becomes a great lark. At the very top of our list of such things we put some ceramic canisters, imported by Georg Jensen from Sweden, that have an original charm alongside which the grandest cocktail napkins or cigarette lighter would appear (at least to us) hopelessly banal. We have often regretted that the Jensen firm, to which all of us are indebted for so much creative Scandinavian art, had never brought over any of the gracefully simple china that adorns the typical Swedish and Danish kitchen, so we are particularly pleased that with these delightful canisters Jensen appears to have got at least one foot in a Swedish kitchen door. The canis-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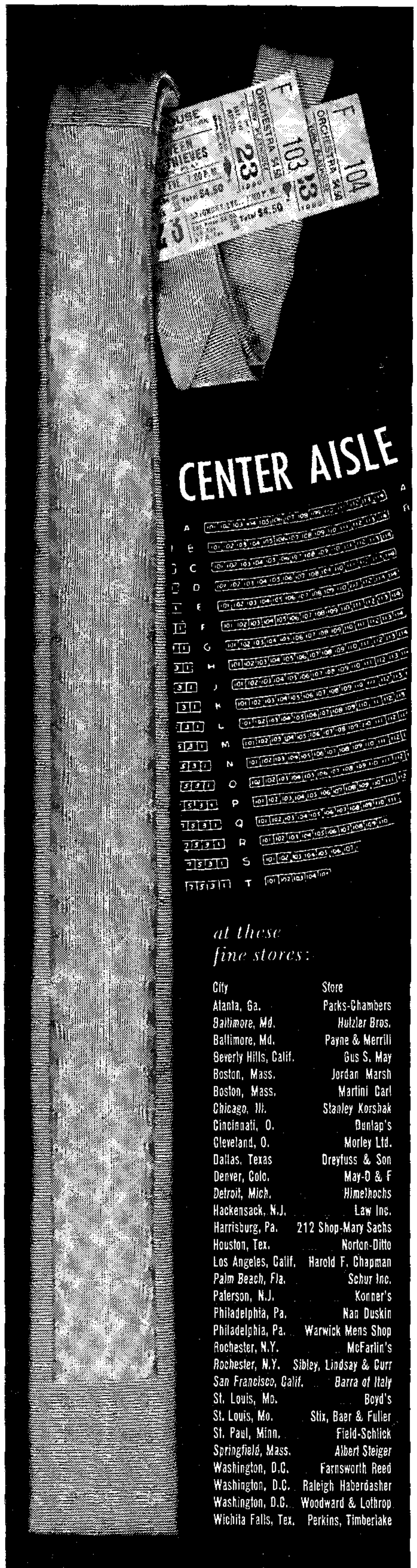

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ters hold slightly more than a pint and come in various prim designs of blue and off-white, each with a hinged wooden cover and a hole for hanging on the wall. The name of the commodity each is supposed to contain is written in flowing Swedish script on the container, so it's lucky for American housewives that the Swedish word for "salt" turns out to be "*salt*," which is probably what all the canisters (even a few marked "*mjol*") will be used for. They cost $9.25 apiece. La Cuisinière, 903 Madison Avenue (73rd), has some very old covered wall boxes for the kitchen, and though they are as different as possible from the Swedish canisters, they are equally decorative. Made of brass, six inches long, two and a half inches wide, and two and a half inches deep, they were originally used by careful housekeepers in Georgian England for storing the ends of candles until they could be melted down. As kitchen matchboxes, they would be practical and decorative. The price is $30. At Pampered Kitchens, on the eighteenth floor at 220 Fifth Avenue (26th), there are some trim, cheerful enamelled-steel cylindrical containers, imported from Holland in sets of four, that will efficiently contain practically anything that needs to be contained. They come in red, yellow, or white, and each one has a heavy plastic window in the side, making it just about impossible to mistake coffee for Cream of Wheat. They range in height from four to eight inches, and in diameter from three to five, and the price is $5.95 the set.

If, as we are constantly told, the manufacturer's ear is always to the ground to catch the slightest whispered wish of the housewife, we are bound to conclude that either the ground he has his ear to is nowhere near our vicinity or he simply doesn't care about our desperate need for a teakettle with a jointed handle—the kind that can be pushed aside to accommodate all sorts of things (a teapot, for one) that need warming on top of the kettle. But if the handles of American-made kettles, which used to be comfortably flexible, now remain uncompromisingly rigid, French manufacturers have recently sent us—sent to Bazar Français, at 666 Sixth Avenue (21st), to be exact—the trimmest little aluminum kettle you could wish for, with an impeccably jointed handle. Dressed up with a red wooden handle grasp and a perky little red button on the lid, it holds five pints and costs $5.95. The Stark Valla Emporium, 109 West 10th Street, has imported from Germany a much larger (four-quart)

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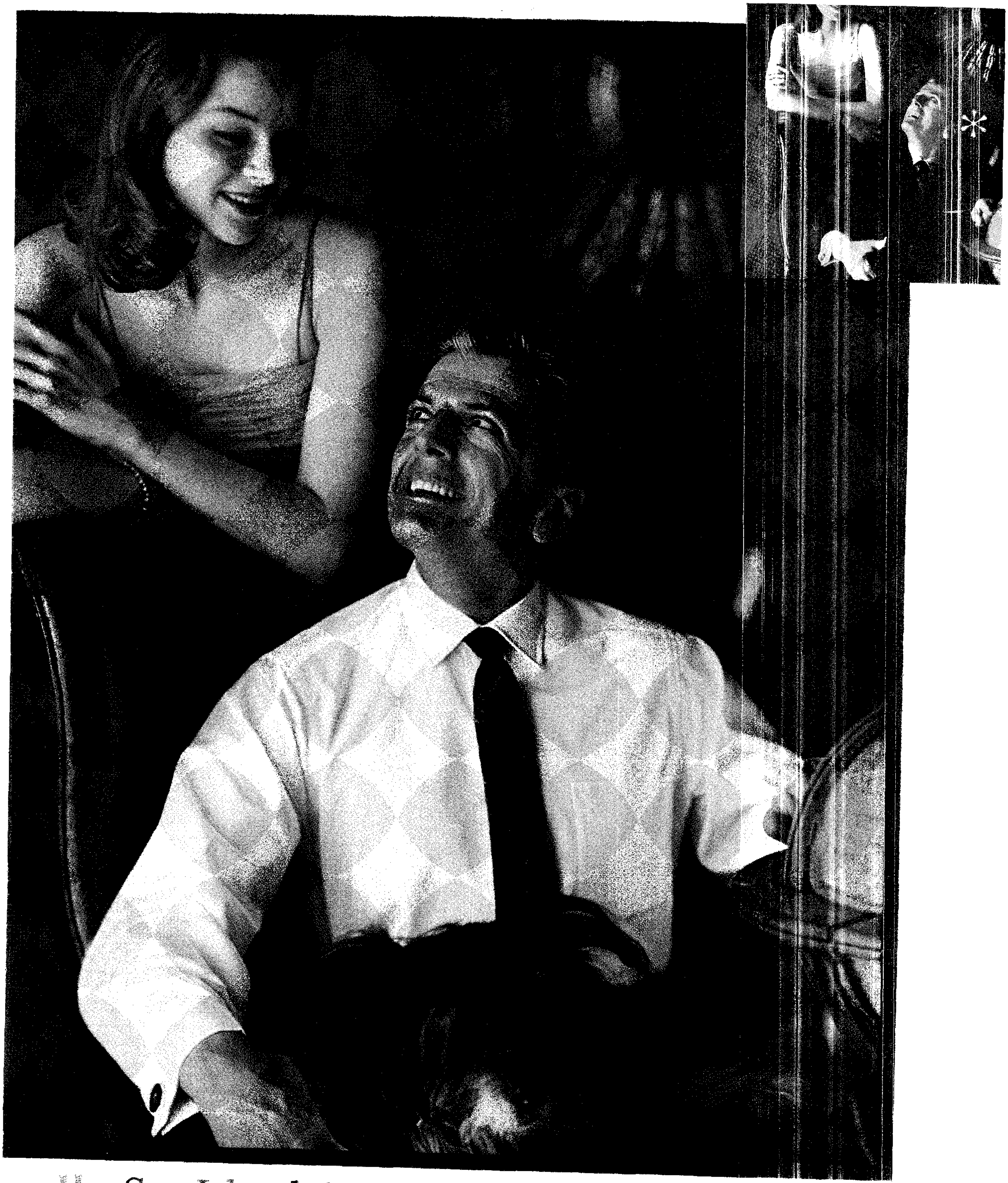

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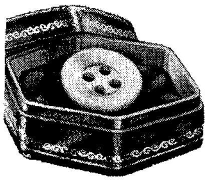

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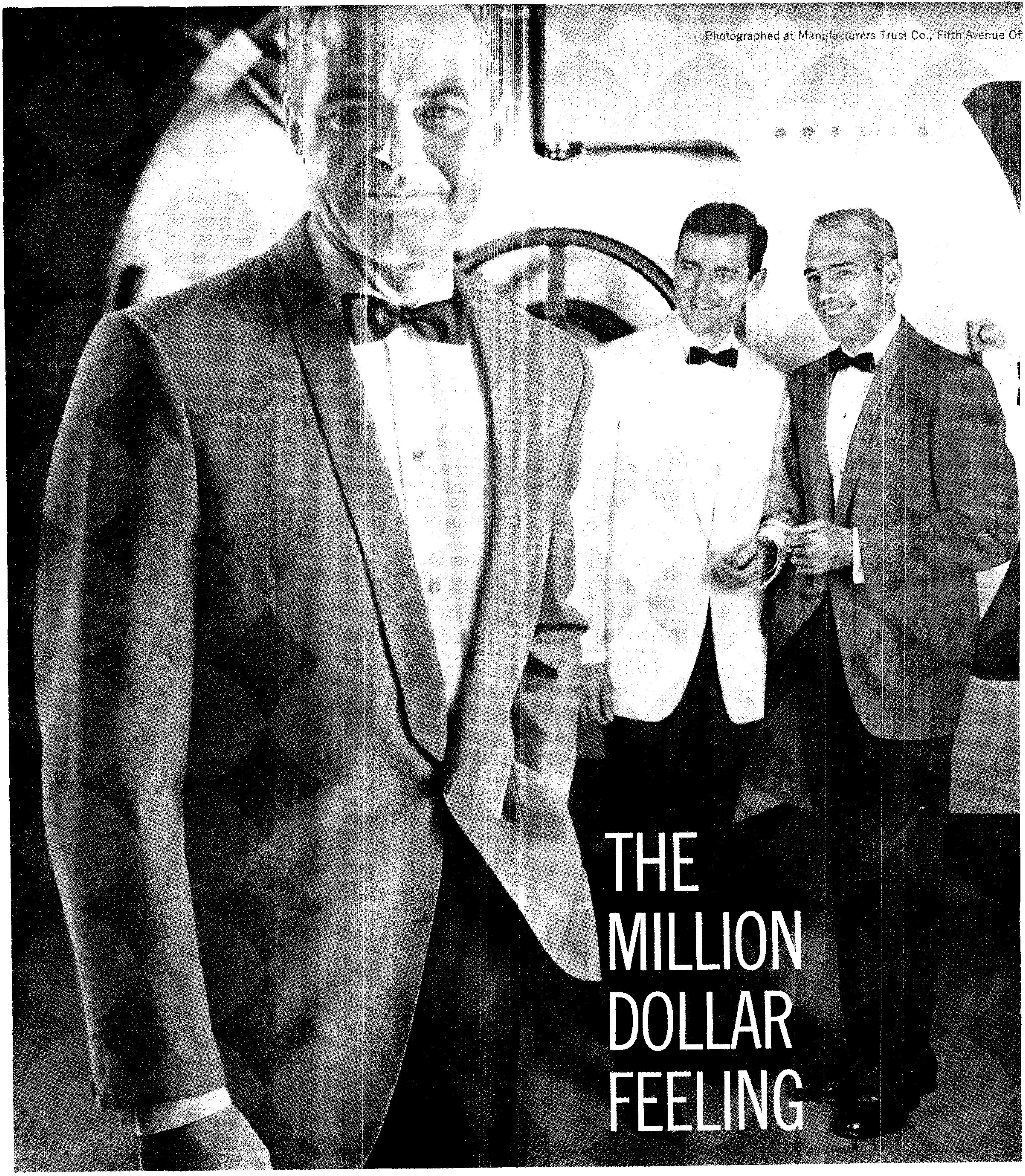
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chrome-plated teakettle with the same admirable handle action; $12. And Altman has several dozen old copper kettles from Denmark. They are properly tinned inside, have, as we say, commendably movable handles, and are very pretty; $19.95.

So few kitchens—even well-appointed kitchens—are equipped with the right knives that a present of superior kitchen cutlery has a pretty good chance of a warm welcome from any of your cooking friends. Bazar Français has selected four basic knives, by the unexcelled French firm of Sabatier, as being absolutely essential to the good life in the kitchen; these include two chef's knives, one nine inches and the other seven, a small paring knife, and the indispensable little treasure with the serrated blade known as a tomato knife. The set costs $8.85.

And now we shall speak of two really splendid pieces of kitchen furniture at La Cuisinière. One is a seventeenth-century English hanging oak cupboard, nineteen inches tall, seventeen inches wide, and eight and a half inches deep, with two shelves and hand-carved doors, for $175; and the other an oak plate rack of the same period, sixty inches long, forty inches high, and three and a half inches deep, with three shelves and a scalloped trim at the top, for $225.

WITH the shops full of lovely and familiar objets d'art that you *know* your friends and relatives are longing for, it may seem arbitrary for us to drum up enthusiasm for something that a great many people (among them, until recently, ourselves) have never even heard of. However, having seen at Elinor Merrell, 18 East 69th Street, some beguiling pictures painted on porcelain—for which, it seems, there was a great vogue in the early and middle years of the nineteenth century—we are pretty sure that householders who affect Victorian decoration (actually, the paintings date from what purists call the Adelaide period) will find them irresistible. Most of them show realistically portrayed flowers, with only an occasional miniature *paysage*, such as one of Oxford in 1825 with the Isis flowing past in the foreground, and all have elaborately carved gold frames—some round, some square, and mostly with gold mats. Prices run from $85, for a charming cluster of flowers painted on a round piece of porcelain and set in a frame nine inches square, to $250, for a view of mountains in an ornate oblong gold frame with a moss-green velvet mat. Some very different flower pic-

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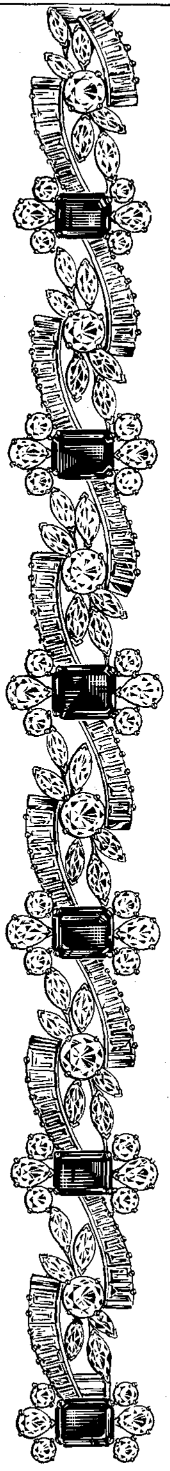

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LOS ANGELES

tures in this shop are collages of pressed Alpine blooms meticulously done by a present-day Swiss artist. The flowers (edelweiss, larkspur, Queen Anne's lace, campanula, and the like), whose colors have been miraculously preserved, are arranged on black mats (nine and three-quarters inches by twelve) to form old-fashioned and highly decorative bouquets; they cost $20 on the mats alone and $45 in narrow black-and-gold frames.

The Merrell shop also offers a large collection of eighteenth-century brass tobacco boxes from Holland, all engraved with either scenes or rather naïve figures; there is a view of Leiden with its spires, a boy and girl with a heart between them, a man and his wife (no heart), the Virgin and Child, and so on. These would make handsome cigarette boxes or would hold the odds and ends on a desk very nicely. They are about six inches long, an inch deep, and from two to three inches wide, and they range in price from $18 to $35, depending on the engraving.

IT'S a curious fact that whereas practically all solvent shoppers can tell you down to the last tiara and the last champagne cooler what's what in Tiffany's jewel and silver departments, relatively few people know anything about the store's collection of antique clocks. Most of them are mantel clocks, with all the elegance (and in some cases the frivolity) of eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century decoration. There are, however, a few specimens made to adorn the ornate desks of Louis XVI's time; one of these, in gilt bronze, is a lyre-shaped clock with the original blue porcelain numerals on the dial. It is nineteen and a half inches high, seven inches wide, and four inches deep, and costs $1,000. A number of the larger timepieces, most of them dating from the early nineteenth century, have seated female figures representing one or another of those heroic virtues that the Classical Revival made so fashionable; nearly all are in gilded cast bronze, and prices begin at $250. There are, moreover, numerous reproductions of these splendid works, beautifully done in bisque or gilded bronze, at somewhat lower prices.

Lord & Taylor doesn't claim to have anything like Tiffany's endless collection of antique clocks, but here and there on the store's eighth floor are some engaging specimens of English and French clockmaking of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, both in

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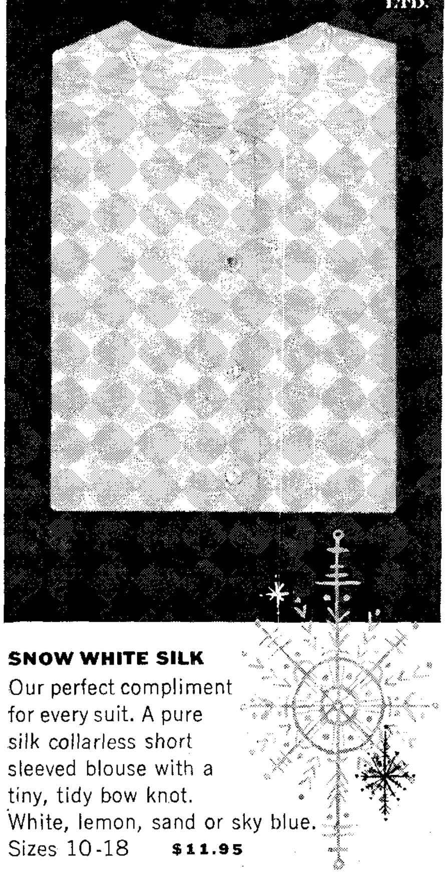

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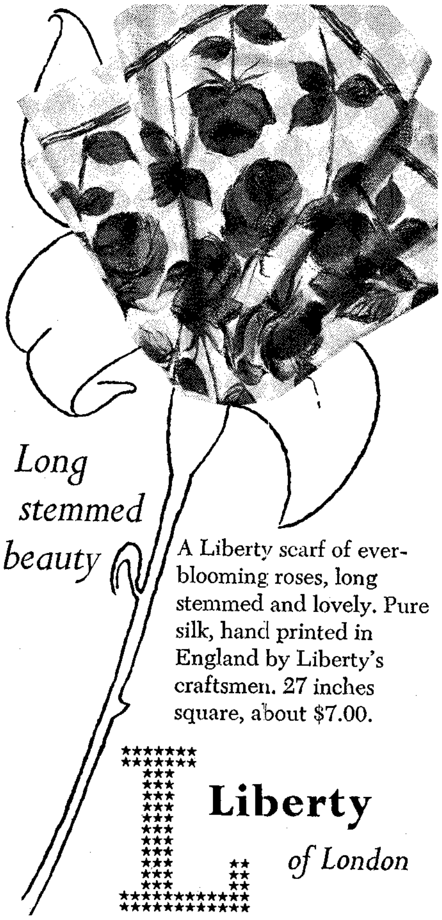

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In New York, **Lord & Taylor;** *Boston,* **R. H. Stearns Co.;** *Los Angeles,* **J. W. Robinson**
For names of other fine stores, please write to: Liberty of London Inc., 17 East 37 St., New York

the so-called grandfather style and in unusual wall models. Among some very impressive examples of the latter type that we saw were a fifty-four-inch-high Parliament timepiece made in 1800, at $295, and a fifty-inch balloon clock, shaped like Montgolfier's celebrated vehicle, in a Sheraton mahogany case, made in 1780, at $395. The grandfather clocks include several particularly fine eighteenth-century specimens, prices of which run from $279 to $349. It might interest you to know that while we were poking around among L. & T.'s antiques, we came on a dozen or so ancient Italian *prie-dieu*, in which, we were assured, there is a brisk trade; it gave us a comfortable feeling that maybe things aren't as bad as we feared if there are so many people around still saying their prayers.

BERGDORF GOODMAN's antique department is the place to go for those beautifully contrived little boxes that delight ladies today just as much as they did in the eighteenth century. Only a few years ago, we reported that Bergdorf had a collection of boxes that, it seemed to us, would take care of all the box-collecting ladies in the country, and now the shop has turned up with an even larger and more valuable group of such things. Among them are a Sheraton burled-maple sewing box of around 1810, at $125; a tortoise-shell tea caddy of the same date, at $75; a box of the very rare Pontypool work (the name given in the eighteenth century to a variety of japanned ware), at $85; and a Sheraton sewing box in the entrancing form of a piano, the ormolu-decorated case of which conceals a tiny music box that tinkles out the merest ghostly whisper of a tune, at $175.

Wall hangings being the hot item they are this year, it's great luck—since a lot of people are going to find them

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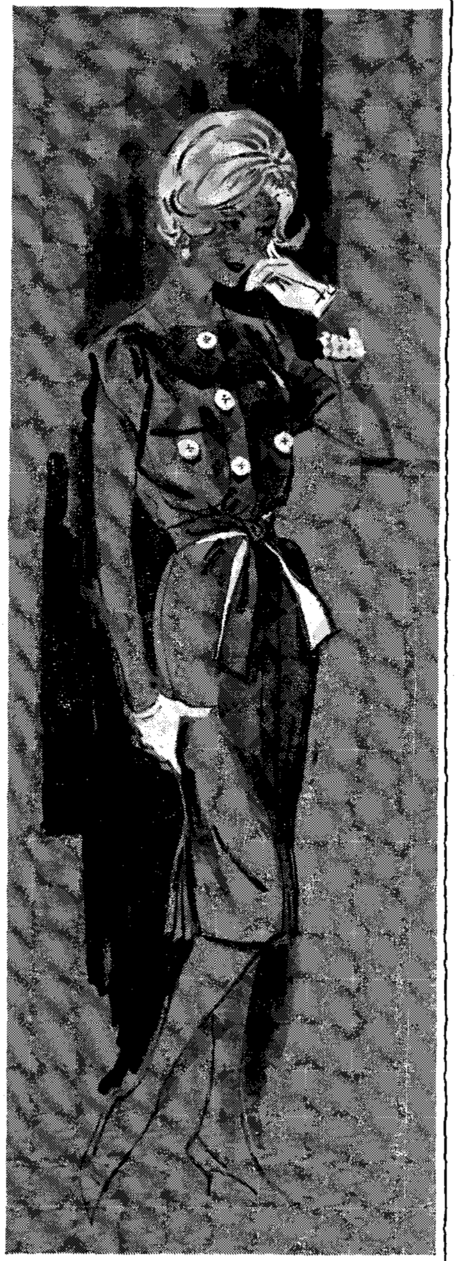

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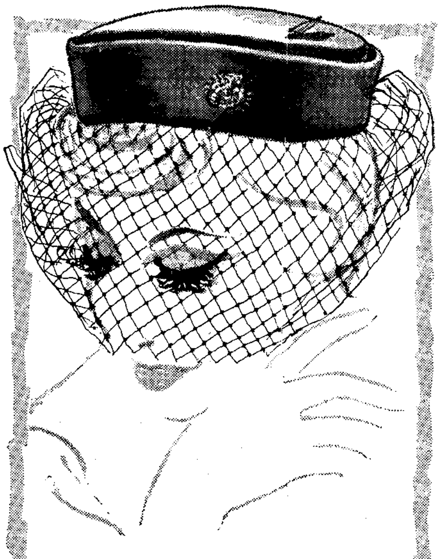
under their Christmas tree anyway—that there happen to be some extremely good-looking ones around to choose from. America House, in its beautiful new quarters at 44 West 53rd Street, has some of the best of these, including numerous very striking batiks. One such shows an almost life-size peacock, its naturally brilliant colors only a little toned down, on a six-foot panel, thirty-four inches wide, of heavy electric-blue cotton. The price is $209, but there are less ambitious hangings in this medium that are less costly. One batik (an abstraction by the designer who did the peacock) has been most successfully made into a three-panel screen, five feet high and three feet wide, set in a narrow walnut frame, and still other lovely batiks cover pure-down pillow cushions eighteen inches square; the screen costs $275 and the cushions, complete with their covers, are $25 each. Even if you come to America House only for wall hangings, you should linger long enough to examine what we think is just about the most distinguished exhibit the organization has ever got together: some quite delightful little footstools (both round and rectangular), designed by a Staten Island artist named Jere Osgood, which appear curiously Victorian in such avant-garde surroundings—or would if America House hadn't covered them with its own beautiful modern woven fabrics. The frames of the stools are of unadorned walnut, and the price is $25, covered. And among a large number of highly original ceramic works is something rare indeed—a beautiful modern wall clock. This is a thirteen-inch gold ceramic square on which gold and white angels float gracefully about inside the ring of numerals—a really splendid creation; $165. A round thirteen-inch wall clock in a ceramic that looks like porcelain has spindly, vari-colored race horses painted on the white face and making a nice little joke on the race with time; $29.70.

We hope you have plenty of wall-hangings people on your list, because we have something more to say about such things. To get on with it, at Rabun Studios, 31 East 67th Street, there is a varied assortment of hangings. Some panels of heavy linen are block-printed with nearly life-size portraits of Siamese cats in the decorative poses that only Siamese cats get themselves into. These measure eighteen inches by thirty-three, cost $10, and are held rigid at top and bottom by thin wooden rods, which give the hanging something of the look of Japanese scrolls. Other wall



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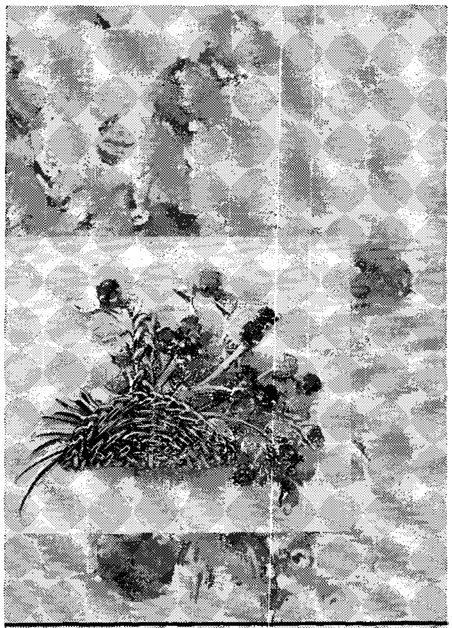

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WILMOT RIDGE, SCARSDALE, N.Y.
GEORG JENSEN INC.

decorations at the Rabun Studios are abstractions hand-woven of undyed wool in wonderfully subtle colors; they range in size from nineteen inches by thirty to thirty inches by seventy-five, and in price from $100 to $350. The Studios also have an extremely interesting collection of birds and small animals carved from Southern swamp cypress. This appealing fauna includes a graceful sleeping swan, seventeen inches high, at $40; a six-inch owl, at $14.50; and a small turtle, at $15.

WE now offer what to our mind is an utterly entrancing gift but one that, unfortunately, requires a recipient with very special qualifications. So, if you are able to provide a country dweller whose rolling acres include a pond (even a very small one) or a lake—or, for that matter, one who is willing to set up special tubs for the purpose we have in mind—we will do our part, and brilliantly, we think, by introducing to you the lotuses and tropical water lilies of William Tricker, at Saddle River, New Jersey. The lotus blossom being the bewilderingly beautiful flower it is, surely the fact that it is so rarely met with in these parts must be due to apprehensions about the difficulties of its culture. What difficulties there once were have been practically done away with, thanks to years of experimentation and hybridizing by two generations of the Tricker family, who have made the successful cultivation of both lotus and tropical water lilies possible in gardens as far north as this latitude—but no farther. You won't catch us trying to describe the beauty of these exotic blossoms, whose size, coloring, and variety are astonishing. There is nothing for it but to recommend that you get the Tricker catalogue, which will be sent on request, and choose for yourself from those listed, dozens of which—both water lilies and lotus—are clearly represented in color. To give an idea of the price, tubers of the pink Egyptian lotus (*Nelumbium speciosum*) cost $5 each, and there are some very handsome water lilies running from $1.50 to $7.50. (The magnificent Victoria, a night-blooming white lily that turns pink after opening night and has a pad big enough to support a small child, costs $12.) Planting time for New York's latitude is May or early June, and shipments to this area will be held up until that time; when they are sent along, they will be accompanied by full instructions for planting and cultivation. The householder fortunate enough to be the center of all this attention will have to be content on Christ-

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63 PROOF
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Tia Maria coffee liqueur after a superb dinner although once the tawny, insistent coffee flavor of Tia Maria liqueur from Jamaica is released to the common atmosphere, all dinners improve in the memory . . . straight, on the rocks, or with a touch of cream.

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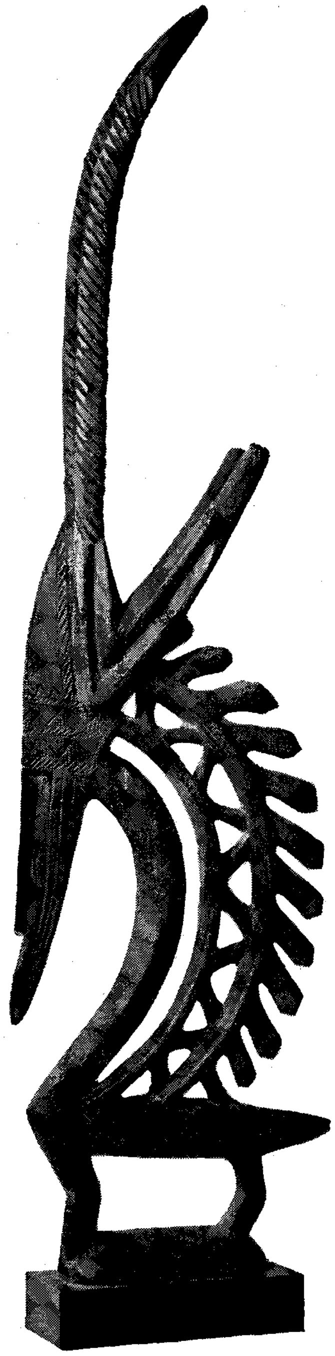

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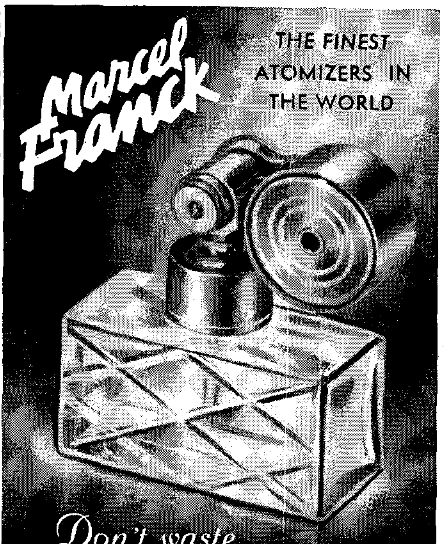
PARFUMS WEIL PARIS

mas Day with a card from the nursery announcing that the plants will arrive in due course.

WE usually take the announcements of publicity people with some skepticism, but when we were told by one of them recently that an enterprise called Monsieur K., at 1207 Lexington Avenue (82nd), was "the first shop in the whole world to specialize exclusively in furs for decoration," we were sufficiently impressed to pay a visit to the place. And we're glad we did. Actually, we didn't pay much attention to Monsieur K.'s designs for papering walls with calfskin or covering bar stools in leopard, but we admit to quite losing our head over the concern's dashing floor coverings—the floor being a place we think furs belong quite as properly as on the backs of ladies. Many of the furs at Monsieur K. we had never met with before, even in a zoo: guanaco, for example, a South American beast with deep, llama-like brown fur, four skins of which are utilized in a luxurious four-by-six-foot rug ($225); French fox, which makes an enormously decorative rug of the same dimensions ($95); white Iceland lamb, the whole skin of which constitutes a rug, roughly thirty inches by forty-six, that any sybaritic lady would be delighted to get her toes into ($29.50); Guereza monkey, whose black body and bushy white hindquarters form beautiful and intricate patterns in rugs that range upward in size from a thirty-six-inch circle, and upward in price—*far* upward—from $25. A floor covering of the softest kid, dyed a bright orange, costs $125; a zebra skin, tanned but otherwise left just as it came off the beast, is $200; and so on, through a list of both improbable and familiar wild animals. The shop's fur-covered sofa pillows, while more eccentric than the rugs, would be extremely effective in certain milieus. One that has considerable style is made of plain white kid, on which a zebra pattern has been stencilled ($28), but most of the pillows are of rabbit dyed in vivid colors; prices of these run from $16 to $30.

WE had thought that at one time or another in these columns we had said all there was to say about the East & West Shop, at 132 East 61st Street, and only on a recent visit did we discover how preposterous such a supposition was. For Christmas shoppers who are also connoisseurs (and aren't we all connoisseurs these days?), the shop offers a wonderful opportunity to pick and



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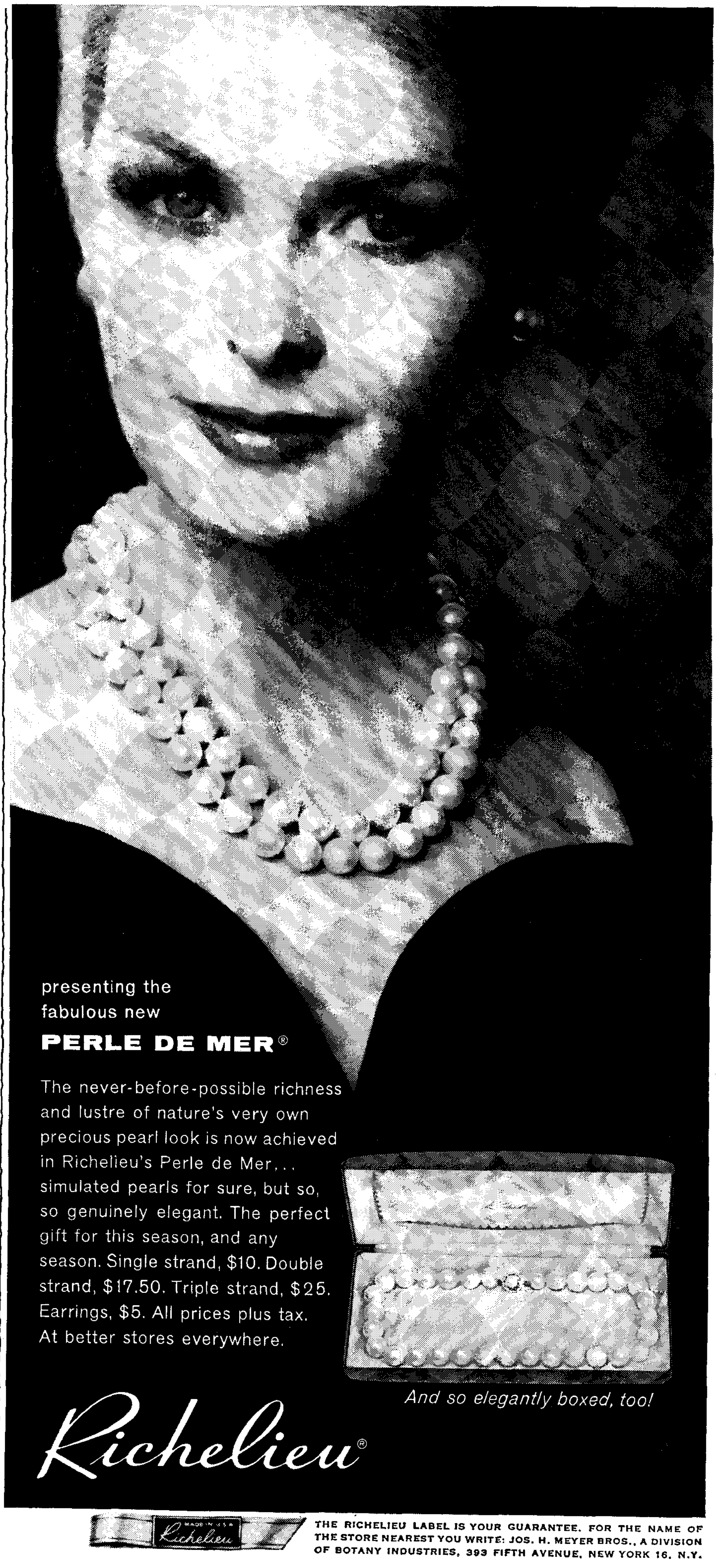
choose among rare Oriental and European paintings of both the remote and the less remote past. Some of the minor but still charming paintings are studies of Chinese musical instruments, done in infinite detail in gouache and water color. Dating from 1820, these exquisite vignettes (five and a half inches by eight) are on rice paper, each with a border of cerulean blue, and against the dead-white background the highly colored instruments—a lute, a group of trumpets, an ancient Chinese mouth organ—stand out dramatically. The pictures form a portfolio but are sold separately, at $22.50 each. Another collection is a set of eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century French water colors of flowers, done in a manner that is halfway between realism and fantasy. These enchanting studies are unsigned, and may have been made as designs for textiles; in most of them strikingly colored flowers (primulas, nasturtiums, campanulas) are shown on an intensely black gouache background that looks almost like velvet, but a few more delicate studies—of pale apple blossoms, dogwood, or white roses—are painted on a gray ground. The paintings measure seventeen inches by twenty-three and cost $32.25 each. Besides countless minor works of this kind, the shop has numerous rare and valuable books dealing with various aspects of art and decoration, any one of which would make a unique gift for some serious—and cherished—specialist in creative design. Such a book is George Baker's long-out-of-print "Calico Printing and Painting in the East Indies in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," published by Edward Arnold, of London, in 1921, which not only gives the complete history of hand-woven cottons in India



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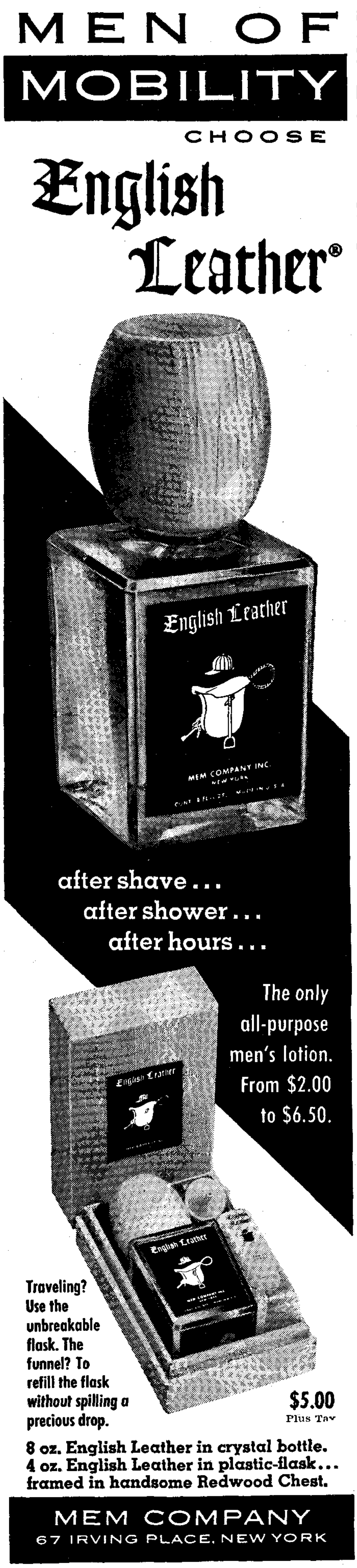
but presents remarkably handsome color plates showing the influence that these Indian patterns had on the development of European design. The volume is priced at $275.

A MOST satisfactory family present—and family presents, you may have discovered, aren't easy to come by—is something called a High-lo table, at Altman. To be sure, it is designed expressly for the benefit of small-apartment dwellers who simply can't find room for a coffee table *and* a dining table, but these are specifications that must almost certainly be filled by somebody on your list. The High-lo, which starts life (or ends it) as a seventeen-inch-high walnut occasional table, has tricky folding legs that, when the tabletop is lifted, sprout up to twenty-seven inches, a perfectly good height for dining. (All we remember having seen at the demonstration was that the man released a small catch somewhere, but we're sure that a child more observant than we are could tell you how it works.) The top, which is rectangular and decorated with a marquetry design in several shades of walnut, is sixty inches long and twenty-one inches wide, with drop leaves nine and a half inches wide on either side. The price is $249.

WE wonder how many artists (if any) know that Charles R. Gracie & Sons, at 148 East 58th Street, has blank screens that are otherwise exact duplicates of the firm's beautiful Japanese creations—the same gold, silver, or white panels (four or six of them), the same hand-woven brocade borders, the same narrow lacquer frames. All is ready for the artist to do his work. We made this discovery when we visited the Gracie showrooms to examine the much better known completed screens on view there. (The blanks are the merest sideline of the firm; we pass the news of them along as a valuable tip to artists who may have Christmas-gift problems like the rest of us.) The Gracie collection includes works of the most diverse sorts: a brushed-in mountain scene in ink on white; a few incomparably decorative fish swimming about against a gray background; a group of antelopes gracefully nibbling at gold grass; a marvellous panorama of a city painted on silk; long, drooping clusters of purple wisteria on silver; and so on and on. Although Gracie has a great number of valuable antique screens, those we examined were all modern four- or six-panel screens,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thirty-two to forty-eight inches high, at prices ranging from $120 to $320. A four-fold blank screen costs $156, and one with six folds is $240.

It is an interesting fact that whereas it was once common knowledge that the high mortality in household glass and bibelots was due to careless housemaids, now that housemaids—careless or otherwise—have practically disappeared from the face of the earth, glass and bibelots go right on getting smashed. Disheartening as this is at other times, it is a regular boon to the Christmas shopper who has seen with her own eyes how desperately at least half a dozen people on her list need highball glasses or a vase for flowers or both. With these providential needs in mind, we recently visited Bonniers' crystal department, where we found these items in profusion and beauty. (Prices of Bonniers' remarkably comprehensive collection of handsome vases begin at $3.75, and its highball glasses at $1.35.) From such practical considerations, we got sidetracked by an absorbing exhibit of etched crystal prisms of various sizes by the Swedish craftsman and artist Vicke Lindstrand. The interest of this work depends in great part on a new application of the prism principle, which results in an extraordinary sense of depth in the carvings themselves and in a fascinating series of reflections that shift with each change in the spectator's angle of vision. Among these rather abstract works, which the shopper can be sure won't be duplicated in anybody else's Christmas findings, are a triangular crystal prism, fourteen inches high and three and a quarter inches across each side, in which several bars of a Mozart sonata are incised ($125); another fourteen-inch prism in which two male figures are confronted ($175); and a twenty-five-inch prism in which an allegorical figure called Time is carved—the torso is an hourglass and the head a sunburst ($300).

In our opinion, and in the opinion of plenty of people more qualified than we are to have an opinion on the subject, Hans Wegner, of Denmark, is one of the most gifted of contemporary furniture designers, and the chair that he has recently designed for Georg Jensen is one of his happiest efforts. It is of natural oak with an oxhide seat and back, and is described by Jensen as a conference chair, which we think a rather pompous name for such a comfortable and easy-to-live-with piece of furniture, even if it does cost $325. A more informal Wegner design (it's called a wishbone chair) has a curved back and

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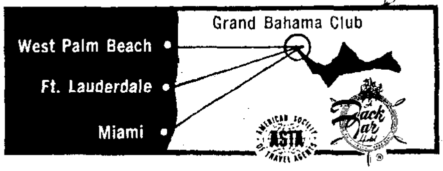

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a fibre-cord seat and is to be had in natural oak or in oak lacquered blue, red, or black, for $60. (After January, it will be carried only in black-lacquered and natural oak, but the price will stay the same.)

SOME years ago, we reported on some unusual and quite lovely wreaths of gilded magnolia leaves made by the nimble fingers of Mrs. E. W. Findly, Route 1, Letohatchee, Alabama. Now the lady has added to her decorative repertoire some effective gilded boughs of the same beautiful tree. These may sound merely gaudy, but, take our word for it, they would make a really splendid decoration, either in vases on a mantel or piled on the top of a low bookcase. The price is $3.50 per bough, and fifty cents will take care of the postage on two boughs.

FOR the benefit of people who believe, as we do, that there is no more satisfactory present for a child than a good phonograph record, we have, during the past several weeks, listened to an endless number of records aimed at the defenseless young. In going through this accumulation, which contains what we consider an unusually high percentage of trash, we have been rewarded—as we trust your young friends will be—by some items of real charm and distinction, and we herewith call these to your attention. For boys and girls interested in bird life, or in whom it is desirable to inculcate such an interest (and doesn't that just about take in the entire boy and girl population?), there could be no better gift than the recordings (on two discs) that Houghton Mifflin has brought out as an accompaniment to the firm's revised edition of Roger Tory Peterson's "Field Guide to Bird Songs." The songs and calls of over three hundred birds of Eastern and Central North America have been recorded in the field under the direction of Cornell's Laboratory of Ornithology, and to a layman (us, for instance) the collection is nothing short of staggering. Although the records are arranged to accompany, page by page, Mr. Peterson's book, the book and the record are sold separately; each, however, is understandably dependent to a large extent on the other. . . . It has been a long time since we read Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" (even in the line of duty, we think we shan't run through it right now), but it seemed to us that Caedmon's fine dramatic presentation, with Sir Ralph Richardson heading the cast, follows the

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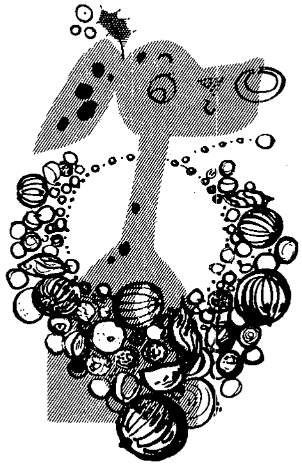

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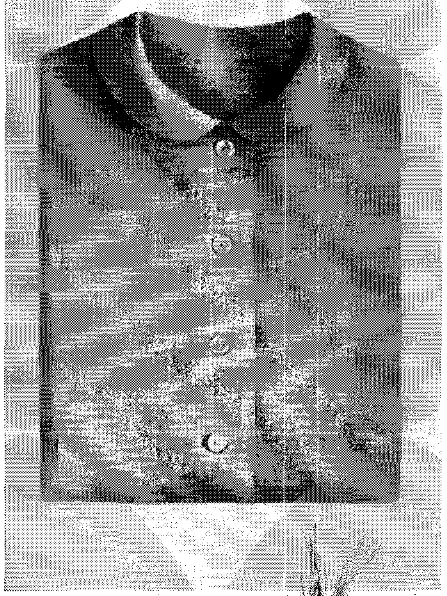

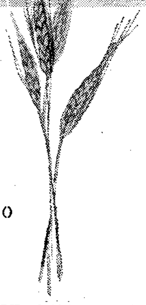

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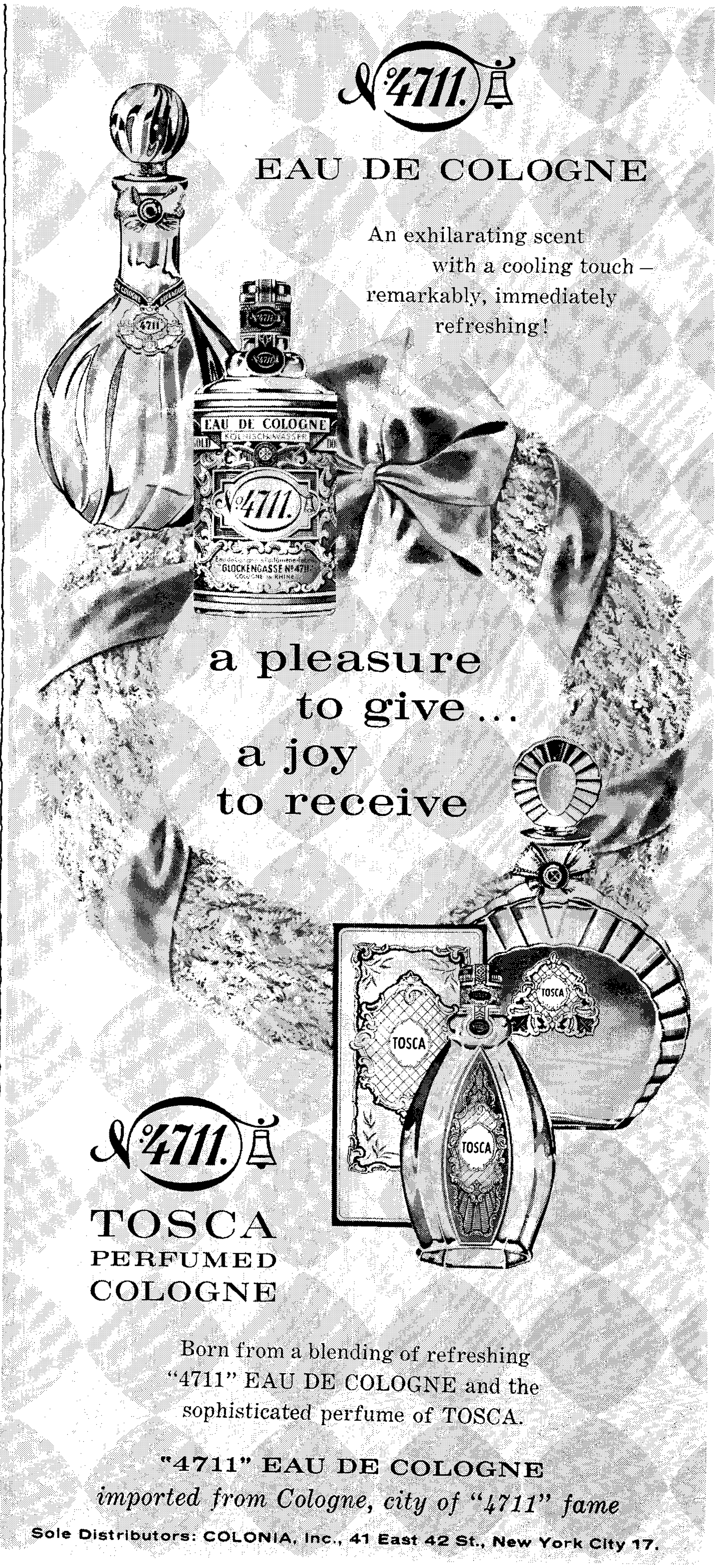
Dickens story scrupulously. We won't hazard a guess, though, as to what modern children will make of Scrooge and Tiny Tim. . . . Riverside continues its delightful excerpts from "Alice in Wonderland" with "The Mock Turtle's Story" and "Advice from a Caterpillar," impeccably read by Cyril Ritchard, and even funnier than last year's selections. . . . Caedmon chalks up three more successes for its distinguished Spoken Word series by having Walter Brennan, who is just right for the job, narrate Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" and "Blue Jay Yarn," and by having Brandon de Wilde read a chapter from "Huckleberry Finn." . . . The possessive love that most children feel for Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows" would surely make them particularly critical if anything should go wrong in the recording of the adventures of those endearing little beasts, so it is to the enduring credit of Pathways of Sound, the new company that publishes the records, and of Robert A. Brooks, who reads the selections, that everything goes exactly as it should in the two chapters recorded so far—"The Piper at the Gates of Dawn" and "Dulce Domum." (These are available only at Doubleday, Schirmer, Brentano, and the Liberty Music Shops.)

Folkways' "Story of Jazz," very simply narrated by Langston Hughes, is a brief history of that music aimed at an audience of boys and girls who already have an interest in the subject; the documentary recordings of the old-style jazz of Louis Armstrong, Leadbelly, Baby Dodds, and others vividly point up the Hughes narration. . . . Although Vanguard's second recording of "The Weavers at Carnegie Hall" is not expressly intended for children, we see no reason for boys and girls to



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miss the delight of hearing "On My Journey," "Born in East Virginia," "Bill Bailey Come Home," and many other such songs, sung by this gifted quartet in their latest Carnegie Hall appearance. . . . Capitol presents the Kingston Trio in a beautifully rendered program, one number of which—"The Last Month of the Year"—is calculated not only to charm a young person but to teach him the months of the year.

If we have reservations about "Grimm's Fairy Tales," read by Joseph Schildkraut, and Hans Christian Andersen's "The Little Match Girl and Other Andersen Fairy Tales," read by Boris Karloff, it is certainly not the fault of Caedmon's fine recordings but, rather, the fault of the Messrs. Grimm and Andersen themselves. However, infant susceptibilities being as tough as they are, the woes of the little match girl and the amoral behavior of Thumbling (who is here called "Tom Thumb," for reasons best known to Caedmon) probably won't make a young audience turn a hair. . . . United Artists has brought out "Ballads with Guitar," in which Burl Ives sings the ballads and strums the guitar with his usual incomparable charm. . . . Though we had previously noticed no particular patriotic fervor among some young listeners whom we invited to hear Golden Records' "Hoorah for the Red, White, and Blue" ("The Caissons Go Rolling Along," "Anchors Aweigh," and others), the stirring tunes seemed to put everybody into high spirits.

This is a great year for very young record audiences, who will have a chance to listen to some really first-rate performances. Since several listeners of our acquaintance, aged six or seven, laughed themselves sick over R.C.A. Camden's recording of Dr. Seuss's "Yertle the Turtle and Other Stories," we must conclude that we are wrong in thinking that it isn't the funniest thing we've ever listened to. What we and our young friends are agreed on, though, is that Jim Copp and Ed Brown (they are the whole of Playhouse Records, doing the writing and singing of the numbers, the recording, and even the decorations on the jacket of the record) have once again, in "Thimble Corner," come up with a series of tales that are deliciously fresh and funny. Perhaps we had better mention that this record is sold only in Bergdorf Goodman's children's department and at the Doubleday bookstores. . . . "Songs and Fun with the Baby Sitters" (Vanguard) is a jumble of songs charmingly

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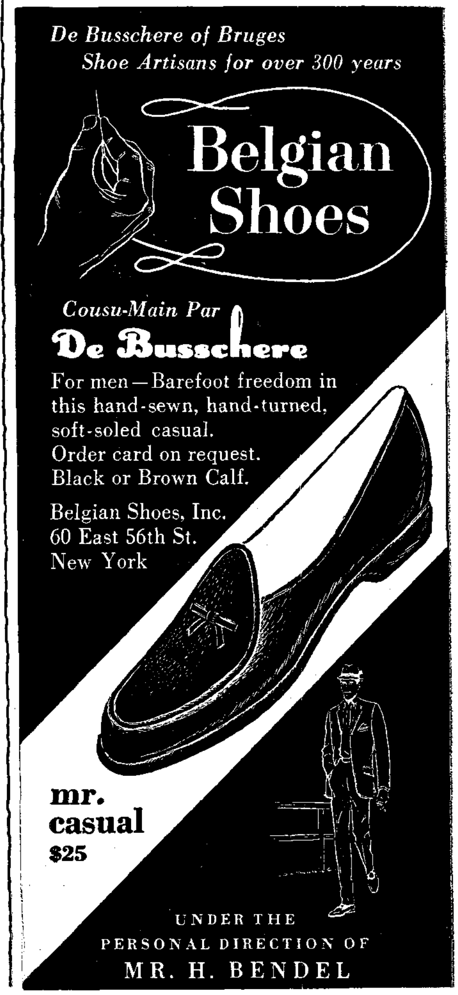

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adapted to a child's daily doings—indoors or out, by himself or with playmates. . . . In "The Elephant Alphabet," Riverside presents Stanley Holloway singing with much spirit some very funny ditties that have that slight touch of lunacy children are so at ease with. . . . Folkways' "Song and Play-Time" consists of a few old standbys ("She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain," "Captain Jinks," "This Land Is Your Land") and a number of more modern nursery compositions, all sung delightfully by Pete Seeger. . . . For Christmas carols at their moving best it would be a great pity to miss the Jack Halloran Singers in their beautiful rendering of the loveliest of the old sacred songs. The record, put out by Dot, is called "Christmas Is a'Comin'."

At this point, and before the shopper lifts an incredulous eyebrow, we had better say that we know as well as anybody else does that Truman Capote's reading of his own "A Christmas Memory" (United Artists) is an unconventional choice for young listeners. But we know, too (and a twelve-year-old listener bears us out), that, besides being very funny, it is one of the most exquisitely poignant recitals we have heard in a long time. We suspect, moreover, that its story of the pitifully threadbare Christmas of a little boy in the Deep South will make a modern child, surrounded by his mountain of toys, stop for a moment and think.

LADIES *d'un certain âge*, whose nursery shelves inevitably held the charming books of Kate Greenaway, will take a nostalgic pleasure in examining a collection of this artist's delicately appealing works at the Old Print House, 139 East 53rd Street. Most of the illustrations in the lovely first-edition picture books are, we regret to say, sold separately, at from $5 to $7.50 each, as are a large number of artist's proofs, but two of the enchanting first-edition volumes—"Little Anne" and "The Book of Games"—are for sale as complete books, at $50 each. Also at the Old Print House, you may be interested to know, is what must surely be the largest collection of Currier & Ives prints in captivity—from $10 up to $300.

NO matter how handsome or useful or merely pretty the objects we have presented for your consideration may be, they are all likely to seem fairly trivial as, lowering our voice to a fittingly awesome tone, we introduce the gift of this or any other season—the mid-century edition of the London *Times* "Atlas of the World," the fifth, and last, volume of which has just this month been published in this country by Houghton Mifflin. If you are familiar with the 1920 and 1922 volumes of this monumental work, you will know how bereft students and map users and householders everywhere became when the grand right and left of frontiers after the Second World War made that invaluable reference work out of date—and, incidentally, out of print. In spite of the immense efforts of scholarship and cartography that have gone into the new atlas, it is in no way over the head of the layman who merely wants to check on recent developments in the Russian steppes or chart the voyage of the Nautilus under the polar ice. The five volumes (priced at $25 apiece, and $125 for the set) measure twelve and three-eighths by nineteen and a half inches, and are made to last forever.

• •

WASH

For seven days it rained that June;
A storm half out to sea kept turning around like a dog trying to settle himself
on a rug;
We were the fleas that complained in his hair.

On the eighth day, before I had risen,
My neighbors' clothes had rushed into all the back yards
And lifted up their arms in praise.

From an upstairs window it seemed prehistorical:
Through the sheds and fences and vegetable gardens,
Workshirts and nightgowns, long-soaked in the cellar,

Underpants, striped towels, diapers, child's overalls,
Bibs and black bras thronging the sunshine
With hosannas of cotton and halleluiahs of wool.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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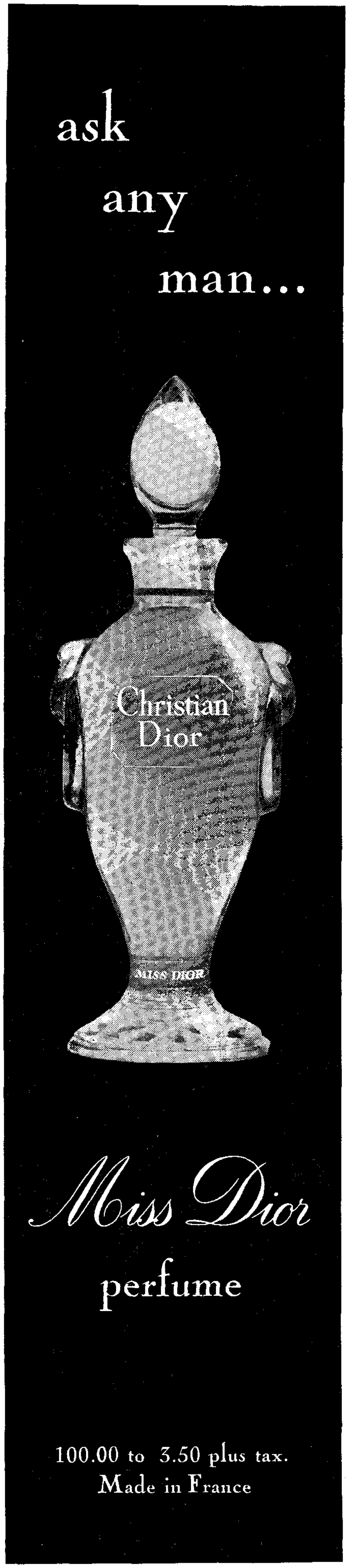
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NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XXIV—SANDUSKY, O.

ALT., 603. Pop., 29,375. In the lexicon of Sandusky, there are eight Wonders of the World—the seven old familiar wonders (Pyramids, Hanging Gardens, Colossus of Rhodes, and so on) and the Blue Hole, on the outskirts of town. "Name another town with a Blue Hole!" a Sandusky resident will suddenly command a stranger, and the stranger, even if he has travelled to the ends of the earth, must confess that he is stumped. The Blue Hole is a bottomless pool of water, about seventy-five feet across. It just goes down and down and down, nobody knows how far. People are instinctively drawn to the Blue Hole. Visitors who peer into its clear, blue, silent, forbidding depths can see down about fifty feet, but they have the uneasy feeling that if they either jumped or fell, they would land in China. China is a long way from Sandusky. Many years ago, according to local legend, a young couple drove out to the Blue Hole in their carriage on a moonless night, and, somehow or other, carriage, horse, and couple slipped into the Hole, and were never heard from again. Sandusky residents still exercise caution when viewing the Hole. Winter or summer, rain or shine, the water in the Hole has a temperature of forty-eight degrees; it is fed from an underground river of unknown origin, and from it seventy-five hundred and nineteen gallons of water a minute flow into Cold Creek. The red man danced cultural jigs around the pool, egged on by medicine men, long before the first white man caught a glimpse of it, in 1761. The red man made a point of keeping the white man from looking into the pool, going so far as to massacre early visitors, but in the end the white man conquered, and today admission is fifty cents. The water in the Blue Hole is devoid of air, and no fish can survive there. But at the edge of the pool the water is aerated by passing over some falls and water wheels, and then it flows through a series of small canals decorated with huge artificial metal flowers, and loaded with trout. As many people come to see the trout as come to see the Hole itself. There is no difficulty about seeing the trout—or what appear to be the trout. They are not the least bit shy. They come to the surface when popcorn is cast upon the waters. The trout have been found to like popcorn, and visitors are urged to buy as many bags as possible (ten cents a bag) and do all they can to appease the insatiable craving of the fish. Toss a piece of popcorn on the water, and it will barely have touched the surface before a trout—or a whole convention of trout—is right there grabbing for it. The scene along the banks of the canals on crowded days is unequalled anywhere—hundreds of people tossing popcorn into the water, the water all churned up as the tiny mouths reach for the tidbits, the people becoming more and more excited at the response of the fish, and buying more and more popcorn. Some skeptics have come to the conclusion that popcorn-eating machines, with mechanical snappers, have been installed just beneath the surface of the water. According to this theory, the popcorn thus consumed is collected at the end of the day, dried, and resold the following day. But the chances are that the trout are real, and are crazy about popcorn.

Water plays a role in downtown Sandusky, too. The city has an extensive waterfront along Lake Erie (it is the second-largest coal port on the Great Lakes), but no popcorn can bring fish to the surface here. Most of the fish seem to have swum over to the other side of the lake, with their families and their schools, and taken out Canadian papers. Something about the industrial wastes on the south side of the lake has made the water around Sandusky unattractive to most fish. Fish or no fish, though, Sandusky appeals to the boater, and marinas are abundant, and filled. In Washington Park, an attractive greensward in the center of town, a small statue of a boy (illuminated at night) stands holding in one hand a boot from which water continuously pours into a stone basin, reminding the people of Sandusky not only that the boy has a hole in his boot but that water plays a part in the life of the city. Other park attractions are strictly landlocked—a huge American flag made of red-white-and-blue herbs and flowers, and a banked planted arrangement bearing the initials FLT. Visitors often make extensive inquiries at hotel desks, bus terminals, sandwich shops, and bars adjacent to the park before learning that the letters stand for "Friendship, Love, and Truth" and represent the slogan of the Odd Fellows. In the summer, crickets can be heard on the streets of downtown Sandusky, chirping. It is a pleasant sound, if one likes crickets.

ANGLO-SAXON New Englanders settled Sandusky, but the Germans began to take over in the middle of the last century, coming up by rail from Cincinnati (the United States once had an extensive passenger rail system), building their houses close together, and filling the town with the aroma of exotic *Wurst*. Many of them subsequently moved on to Milwaukee, but quite a few stayed behind and founded family businesses. Since the Second World War, Sandusky-based family-owned businesses have become increasingly rare. The sons of the business owners simply left town, and out-of-state companies bought the businesses. Today, a genuine *Wurst* is hard to come by, but Presto Pups are plentiful. A Presto Pup is a hot dog on a stick, and represents a daring break with the tired notion of putting a hot dog on a bun. Presto Pups enjoy special popularity at Cedar Point, which is a huge recreation center on a peninsula across Sandusky Bay. Cedar Point boasts that it has the world's largest hotel (a thousand rooms) and that on its broad stretch of sandy beach Knute Rockne developed the forward pass. On the whole, though, Sandusky people have little time for nostalgia. After all, Scott Paper turns out forty-eight hundred miles of wax paper a day in Sandusky, and, also in Sandusky, Ford is making "automotive hardware;" Philco is producing stereo hi-fi equipment; the American Crayon people are manufacturing enough school chalk to cover the blackboards of the nation, and enough industrial chalk to cover the sides of any number of railroad freight cars; and General Motors is moving ahead with ball bearings for satellites and rockets designed to travel considerably longer distances than Knute Rockne's passes.

If Sandusky people feel nostalgic about anything, it is about the wine industry, which was once a thriving enterprise in the area. The Lake Erie climate may frown on people with delicate sinuses, but it smiles on grapes—especially Catawbas. Catawbas prosper around Sandusky; they like the lack of topsoil,

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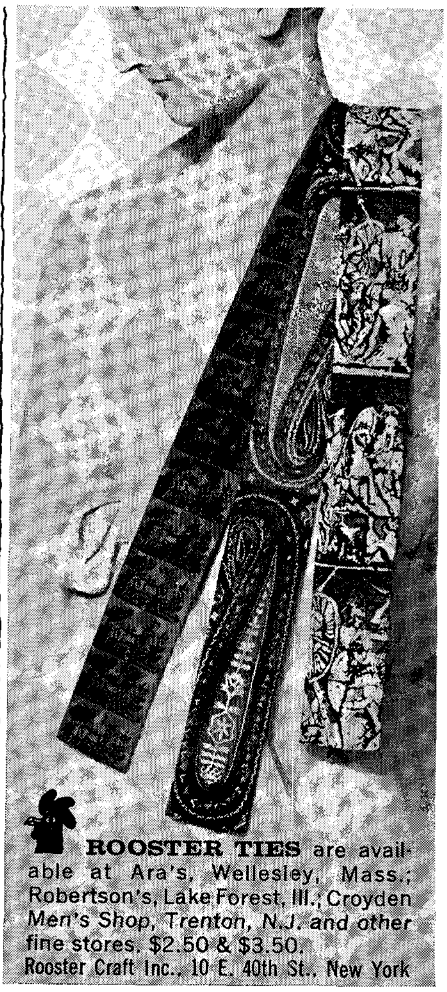
and the firm limestone base. They require a late winter with no danger of an early spring followed by a cold snap, which would nip them in the bud. Spring comes late to the lake, and when it comes it stays, and fall is rendered mild by the lake itself. Catawbas have a chance for nice, steady, placid growth. Before Prohibition, there were wineries all over the Sandusky area, and especially on the handsome islands out in Lake Erie, such as Kelleys, South Bass, and Middle Bass, but now the wine business, with a few exceptions, has died out. Some large and small producers of grape juice utilize a few of the vineyards on the islands (one of the largest squeezes a certain amount of its grapes near Sandusky and does its bottling down in Cincinnati), but the islands have become summer resorts, and for the most part cottages and metal beach chairs stand where the vineyards once flourished. Several of the islands still have ancient, castlelike wineries topped by turrets, dripping with ivy, and crawling with tourists, and signs in front of bars at Put-in-Bay, a village on South Bass Island, read, "Cold Beer, Wine, Champagne, Soft Drinks to Take Out," but Ohio and the wine industry long ago stopped keeping steady company. Prohibition put the initial quietus on the business. The sons of the wine owners lost interest and sloped off. With repeal, New York and California plunged into "aggressive marketing." Local people began to drink beer and seek solace at the Blue Hole.

Hommel's winery still functions on a quiet, tree-lined residential street in Sandusky, a few minutes from the boy with the boot. Hommel's turns out champagne, pink champagne, and Burgundy in an unimposing limestone building that looks a good deal like many of Sandusky's residences. There is a simple office on the ground floor, and behind it, in a sunny French courtyard, gold carp swim in a pool, and pin oaks, lilac bushes, and two flowering crab trees grace the surrounding area. "How charming!" visitors to Hommel's may remark. "And where is the wine?" The wine is in the cellars, and the cellars, though not bottomless, are far spookier than the Blue Hole. The cellars are damp and dark and cobwebby. They are also slightly intoxicating. One cannot taste the champagne, but one is aware of it, and it alights on one's sleeve and seeps into one's pores. Huge oak casks can be seen in the half-light, and rack upon rack of bottles—new bottles, middle-aged bottles, and senior bottles more than seventy years old. The Hommels originally came from Éper-



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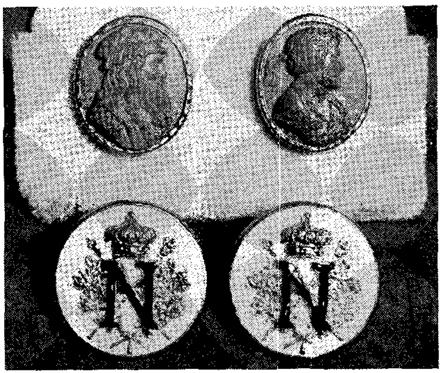

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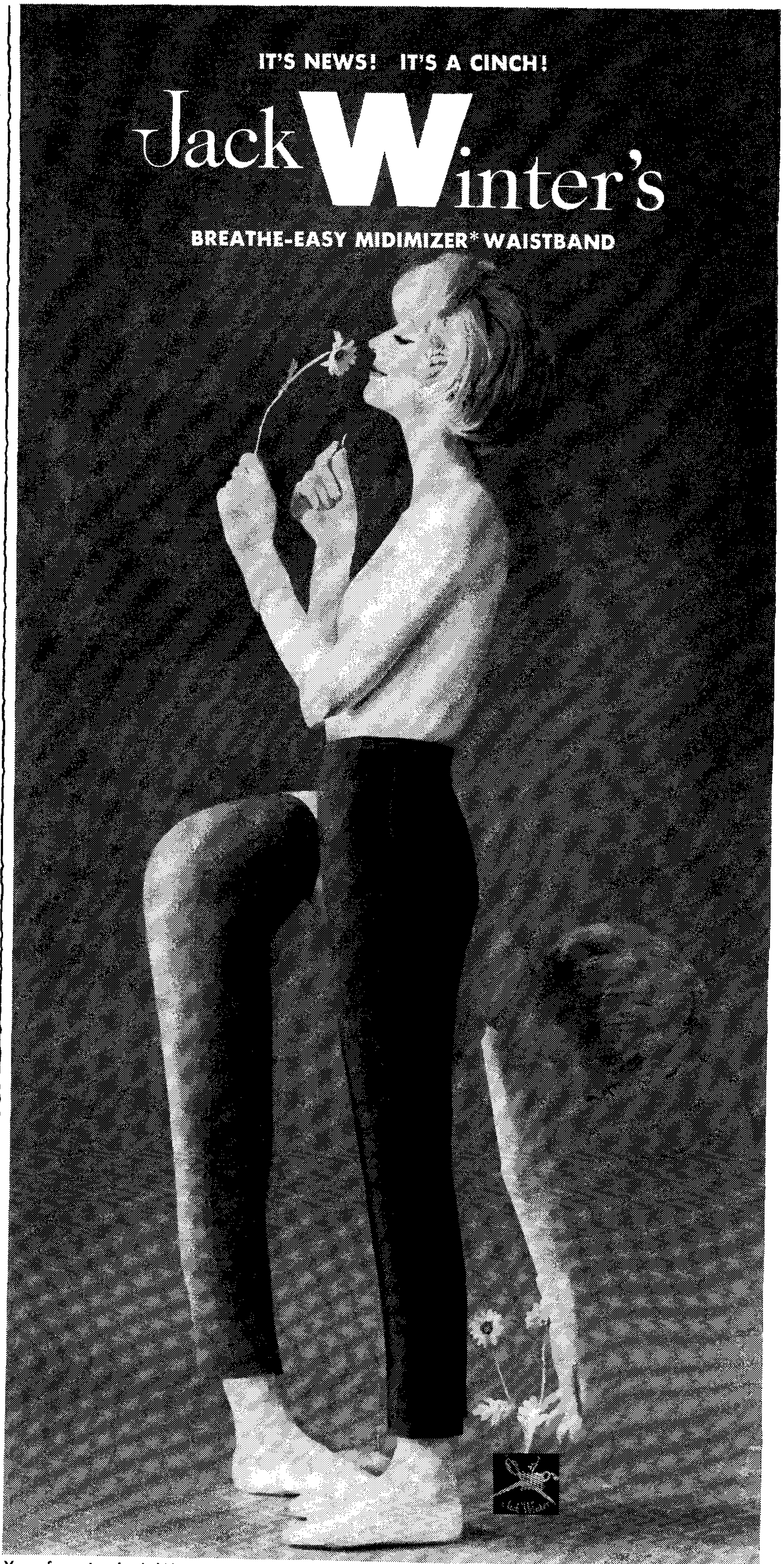
Charles of the Ri

nay, and old Mr. Hommel died in 1948. There are no Hommels in the business today. Old Mr. Hommel went to great lengths to demonstrate his pride in his champagne. Nothing pleased him more than to entertain celebrities in his cellars, and for years, in the heyday of Hommel's, a steady stream of celebrities trooped down the stairs and wandered among the bottles. Some visitors carved their names in the casks. The casks all came from Sandusky itself, but the visitors came from everywhere; among them were Fritz Crisler, Vincent Lopez, the Hilton Sisters (Daisy and Violet), Tris Speaker, and Ted Weems. Mr. Hommel memorialized many of the visits in a still more enduring manner. He hit upon the notion of commissioning a local stonecutter and tombstone-maker to engrave slabs commemorating some of the important visitations; the stonecutter bartered the slabs for champagne. Solidly anchored to the walls of the cellars, they are gray and dusty, and visitors come across them under staircases, behind racks, and in odd corners. Suddenly, in the eerie glow of occasional unshaded bulbs hanging from the ceiling, one is confronted with the glories of the past: "Johnny Kilbane, the King of the Featherweights, first visited our cellar on July 11, 1912;" "In honor of the visit of Peter Barr, England's Great Horticulturist, on November 2, 1898;" "Commemorating the first visit of Bob Fitzsimmons, the World's Greatest Gladiator, on November 7, 1906." There's a plaque to Buffalo Bill (William F. Cody), and one to Knute Rockne (Knute Rockne), who stopped throwing forward passes for an hour or two on March 5, 1924, and came over to the winery. Ken Maynard is honored, too, in a dark corner. He was with the Cole Brothers Circus at the time of his visit, and the plaque reads, "Actor, Rifle Shot, Aviator, Scientist." "It's like walking through a cemetery in the middle of a bottling works," a recent visitor remarked, wiping the sweat from his brow. —PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

> BERLIN, Nov. 8 (AP).—Three U. S. soldiers drew one-year jail sentences Tuesday for making a five-day visit to Communist East Germany—all of which they spent in prison.
>
> The three were cooks attached to a combat support company in isolated West Berlin. They pleaded guilty to absence without coffee. —*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

What's worse, it was coffee without cream.



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*REG. T.M.

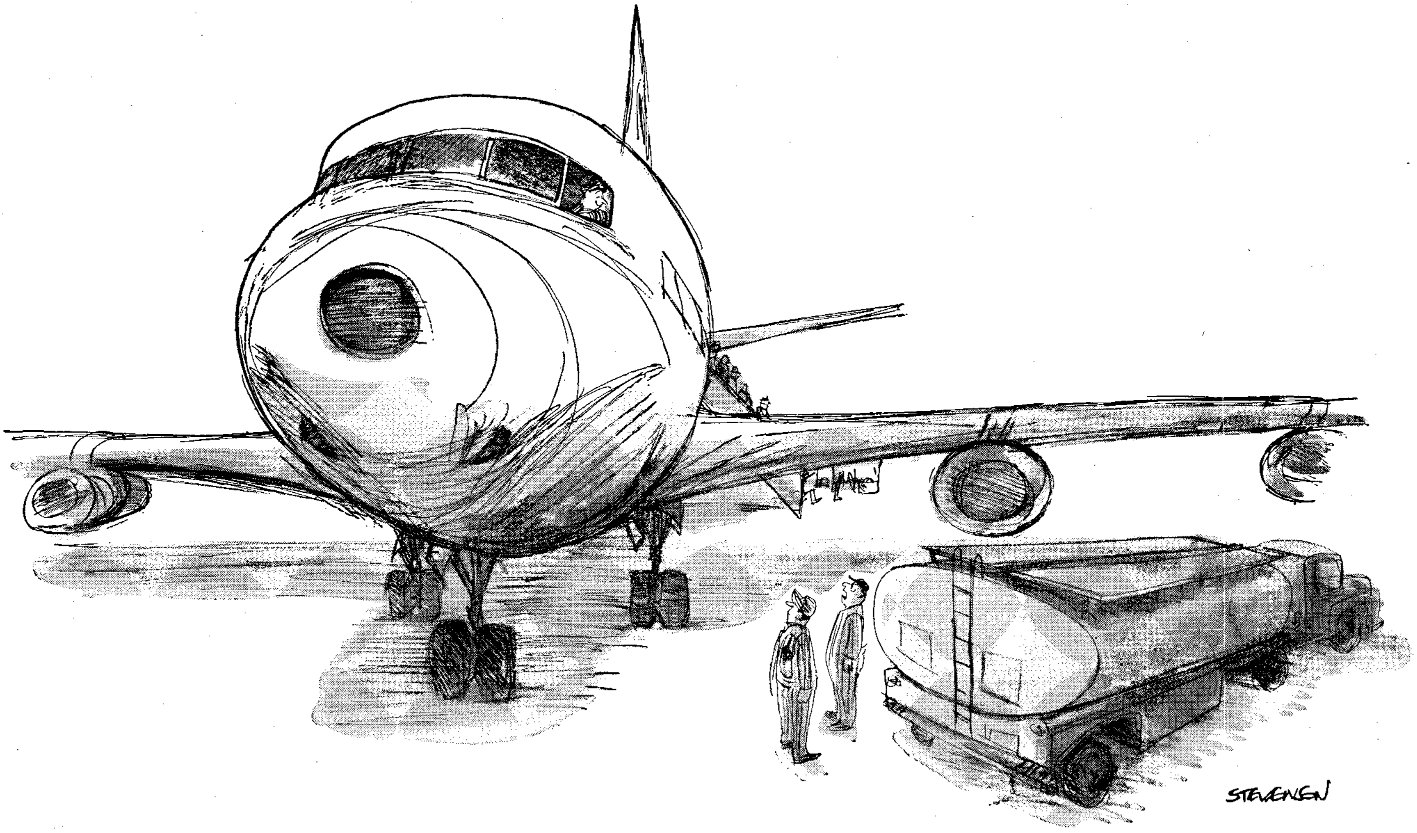
LETTER FROM WALES

THERE is a good chance that if Wales were an island the Welsh would not be the contrary people they are, but Wales is bounded by water on only three sides, in the manner of any proper peninsula, and the fourth side it shares with England. As far as government is concerned, the thirteen counties that make up the region known as Wales are no different from the English counties; in the geographies and the statute books, they are all lumped together under the common heading "England and Wales." The region was absorbed into Great Britain in much the same way that Scotland and Northern Ireland were, but it has never been granted its own Secretary of State, which Scotland has, and its feeling of separateness has never been gratified by a parliament of its own, which Northern Ireland has. Wales is governed—somewhat unwillingly, I have found—from London, and its stamps, its money, its system of measurement, its railways, and quite a few of its modern habits are British, if not English. It is characteristic of the Welsh temper, however, that people here are less annoyed by all of these massive British influences than they are by the fact that the best highway from North Wales to South Wales goes through England, and that in consequence, when purely Welsh organizations of one kind or another are looking for a central meeting place, they are likely to go to Shrewsbury, England, which is on the main highway, or to London, toward which all railways tend, rather than to Cardiff or Swansea, the largest cities in Wales.

The visitor who enters Wales by automobile—as I did, headed for Swansea—at first finds it hard to realize that he is in another country, and not just another county of Britain. The farmhouses, with smoke pouring from their chimneys, seem the same, as do, for that matter, the frosty fields and the policemen swinging their arms in the village streets. Shortly, though, the road climbs, the landscape roughens, and Wales starts to exist as a separate fact. The taller mountains wear fine wigs of snow, sheep with long tails scamper stupidly across the rutted roads, and shaggy ponies nibble hedges in the front gardens of village houses. Road signs begin to address the driver in both Welsh and English, and the pit heads of coal mines become so common that it is difficult to tell whether a rise of ground in the distance is a hill or a slag heap.

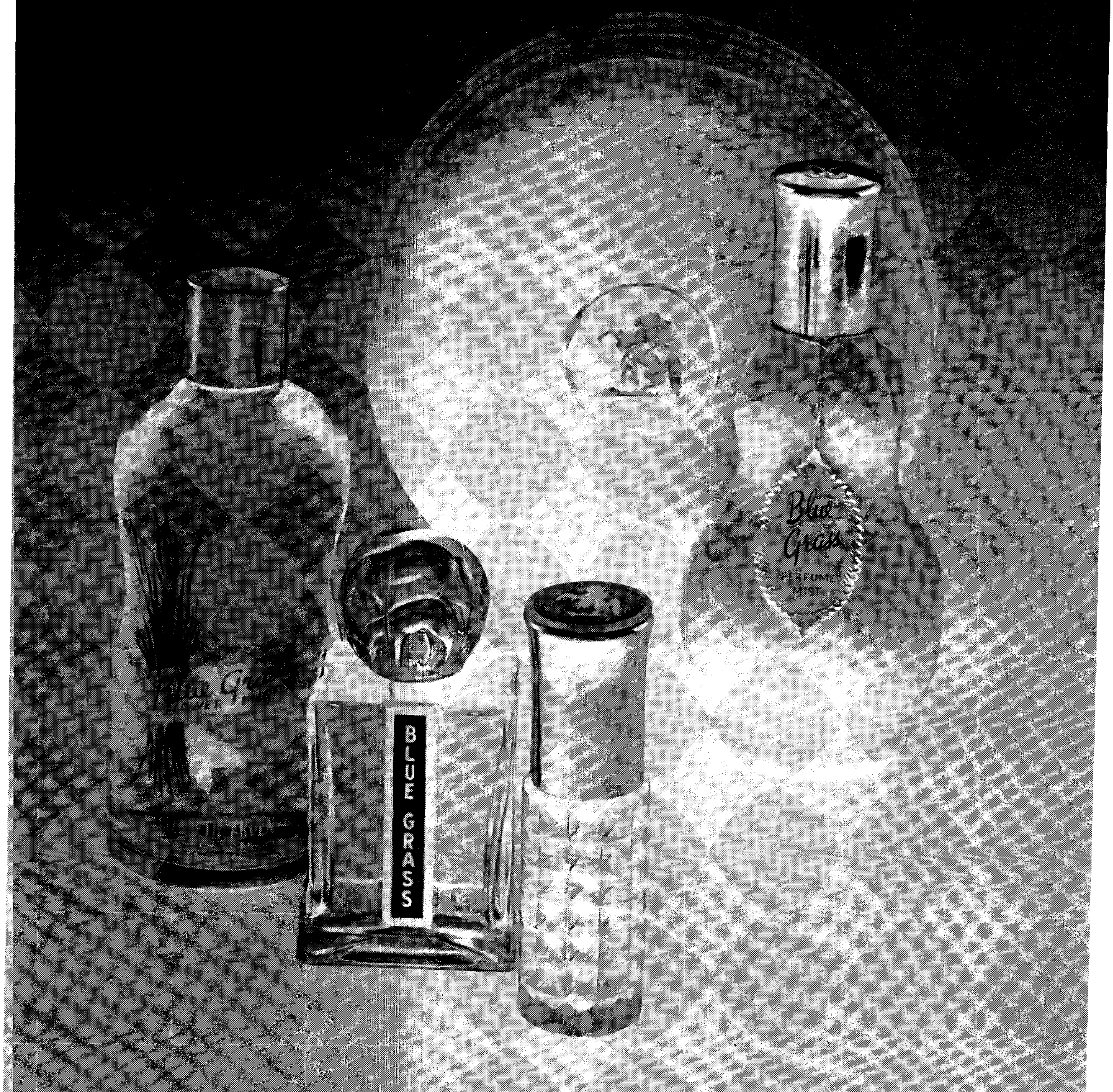
How different, how separate Wales is from England came as something of a delayed surprise to me, but even before I heard a Welshman speaking Welsh on his home turf, that difference and individuality were handsomely illustrated for me in the Welsh face. Collectively, it is a face that seems at once square and sharp, with bright, small eyes that are often gray—not the long, introspective face of the English but the countenance of a nation of singers and talkers, who, like the mine ponies that once served them, have grown used to the hard facts of reality. Wales means many different things to the Welsh themselves, but it could be safely said that Wales is a Welshman talking—about Rugby, about the Coal Board, about unemployment, about the government, or about the Welsh language itself. Certainly it is fitting that this should be so when the most surprising thing about Wales is that, after four and a half centuries of what many of its people consider to be alien rule, it continues to exist as a nation, with a language very much its own. The strong persistence of this language has helped the Welsh—and of this they are well aware—to preserve not only their individuality but the vitality to resist any encroachments on it.

"Welsh nationalism would be a good thing if the Welsh were any other nation than the Welsh," a young doctor I met in Swansea my first evening in the country told me. When I indicated that nationalism wasn't something I had expected to encounter in Wales (Swansea struck me as having little in common with Cairo or Accra), he went on,



"Yeah, yeah, we know. Fill 'er up!"

Blue Grass is a Mood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THE TEST IS IN THE TOUCH

*REG. JOSEPH BANCROFT & SONS CO.

"Some of us are rather passionate for it, and a few of us think it's damned foolish. The great Welsh habit is self-analysis, and we are very fond of paradox, so let me tell you that one reason nationalism is a different thing in Wales is that although we are supposed to be Nonconformist Protestant puritans, we are really myth-worshipping, drink-loving libertines. We owe a lot to England, but I tell you, whenever we think of that it only reminds us of our neglect of poor old Wales."

This cryptic introduction to Wales was delivered in the Raglan Bar of the Mackworth Hotel, which is the largest in Swansea, and which, since Swansea is an industrial city, is frequented largely by salesmen and company directors. The Mackworth is named after an old Swansea family, notable, among other things, for the fact that Shelley seduced one of their daughters while visiting the town; the bar also happens to be the place where, a couple of years ago, the manager was fatally stabbed while shouting "Time!" at the end of the drinking day. (A *crime passionnel,* the papers said.) The Raglan, with its Anglo-Welsh name and its slightly dated Festival of Britain décor—bright-red striped wallpaper and uncomfortable modern English chairs—perfectly reflects one aspect of the Welsh condition. "Part of the trouble," the doctor went on after downing a long draught of English ale, "is that many of us are Rugby patriots, whose feeling for Wales is almost wholly used up in cheering our men in the Wales-England match. To confuse the matter further, the Welsh workingman is probably the most intelligent and the most literate in Europe. A larger proportion of public money goes to education here than it does in England. Yet, since the sixteenth century, when our aristocrats flocked off to London en masse to join the Tudor court of their kinsman Henry VIII, we have lacked an upper class, and until this century we have lacked even a middle class. And now most of the young men in our middle class have become preachers, doctors, lawyers, journalists, and teachers. In Wales, it is still undignified to go into business. Apart from that, it is risky, and the Welsh don't like taking risks. If we *are* a nation—and we're not always sure that we are—we're a nation of Oblomovs, trapped by our past and bemused by the present."

Such analysis may be common in Wales, but such detachment and such pessimism are not. Those attitudes are confined to some young people who combine a great and not unfriendly

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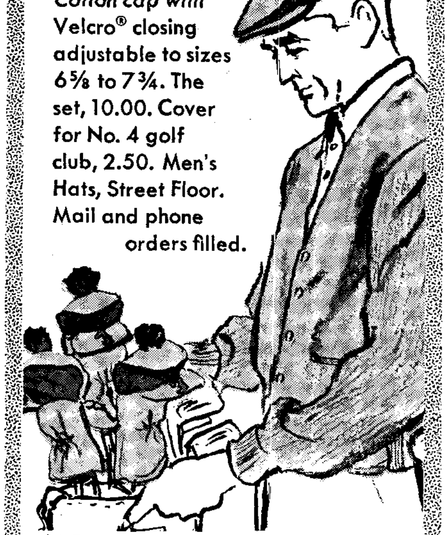

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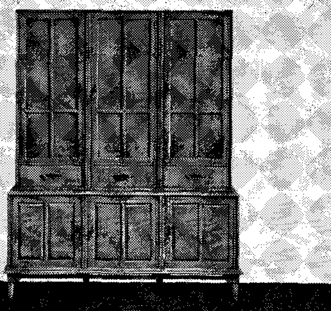

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knowledge of things English with a discerning and rather skeptical view of the vested interests that my doctor friend called the Welsh Establishment, which consists of such disparate groups as the old-guard nationalist leaders and the Nonconformist "hierarchy," together with university, broadcasting, and government officials who receive their honors and their salaries, in large measure, from London. These are regarded by my friend and his like as the Welsh power élite, and they do have a lot of influence; but even among these people, for whom the young intellectuals affect a mild contempt, there is a great deal of sentiment for a more independent Wales, and this sentiment is not always grounded in nationalism pure and simple. "The world becomes increasingly full of bigness, of centralization, of two blocs of power," a schoolmaster with whom I had lunch told me. "It might seem an anomaly that the world is therefore full of nationalism, but it is simply cause and effect. The more powerful the big blocs, the more nationalistic the small countries. The more powerful government becomes in Whitehall and Westminster, the more ardent we Welsh will be for more home rule. Of course, in this we are right, for only in this way will there still be a place for the individual on our overcrowded planet. As things get bigger, they also have to get smaller, if anything worthwhile is to survive."

As one might expect in a nation of talkers, politics is constantly and often violently discussed in Wales. So much so, on occasion, that one begins to see the point of the doctor's remark that Welsh nationalism would be all right if the Welsh were not the Welsh. Before coming here, I had been told a parable that was supposed to convey the Welsh political picture. The scene is a Welsh schoolroom, and the dialogue goes like this:

SCHOOLTEACHER: Who created the world?
LITTLE BOY: Aneurin Bevan, Miss.
SCHOOLTEACHER: No. Who created the world?
LITTLE GIRL: God did, Miss.
VOICE FROM THE BACK: Bloody Tory!

The partial truth of the story is that Wales has thirty-six of the six hundred and twenty-eight Members of Parliament, and twenty-seven of the thirty-six belong to the Labour Party. In a sense, the Labour Party is the only party in Wales, and Aneurin Bevan, up to his death last July, was the leading Welshman and the national hero. Bevan and

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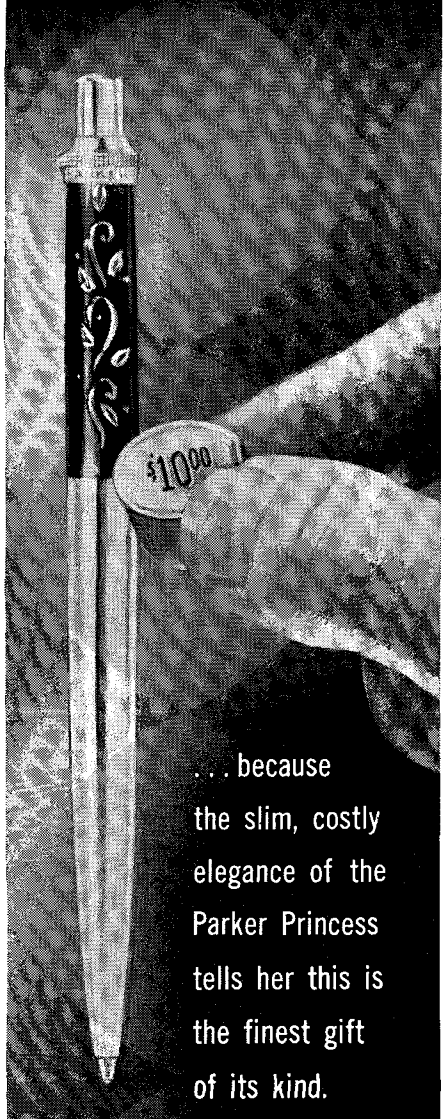
all the other Welsh Labour M.P.s have, of course, gone on record at one time or another as saying that Wales needs more self-government. In 1947, Bevan proclaimed that Welsh individuality required a special constitutional expression, but for several years before he died he kept a discreet silence on the subject. It is one of the main paradoxes of Welsh affairs that this silence—and, in the cases of other Welsh Labour Members, open recantations of earlier, similar statements—never affected the election returns. Another paradox is that the famously intelligent and articulate Welsh workingman may argue passionately for a greater freedom to run things for himself but he votes, in every election, for a party that believes in greater control, more centralization, and, in general, stronger rule from London. Only in recent decades have there been enough members of the middle class who made their homes in Wales and concerned themselves with Welsh matters to support a nationalist movement. For this reason, Welsh nationalism is stronger today than at any time since Henry VIII took the country over. And, being Welsh, it is a strange sort of thing. At the moment, it is strong without being strong in numbers. The Nationalist Party, or Plaid Cymru, which is pronounced "plied kumree" and means the "Party of Wales," is thirty-five years old and has about fifteen thousand members—less than half the paid-up membership of the Labour Party in Wales. Its task, so one of its leaders told me, is to make England see Wales as a nation, with the same right to freedom as every other nation. The Tories have granted peripheral recognition of Welshness by designating a capital for Wales (they chose Cardiff, the most English of Welsh cities) and by naming Prince Charles the Prince of Wales, which, indeed, made some Welshmen fairly happy. However, much of the country looks at Ghana, Nigeria, and the West Indies and wonders why Wales isn't as lucky.

The thought that the Welsh might not be as well off with independence as they are now, sheltered under the wing of England, is one that is quickly dismissed in Plaid Cymru pamphlets, which contain a vast number of statistics and reasons designed to prove that Wales would be a financially viable state. The Plaid, or its officialdom, is willing to gain Welsh independence gradually, and what it wants at the moment is devolution (a word you hear often in Wales) of British authority—at the least, by means of a Secretary of



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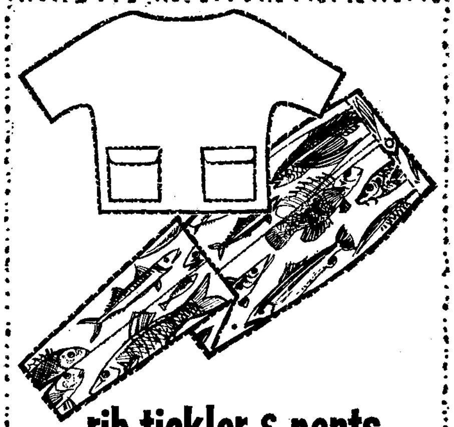

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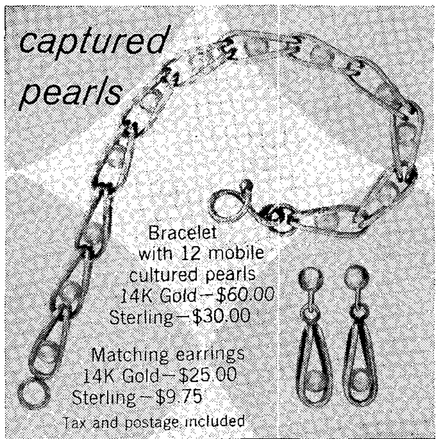

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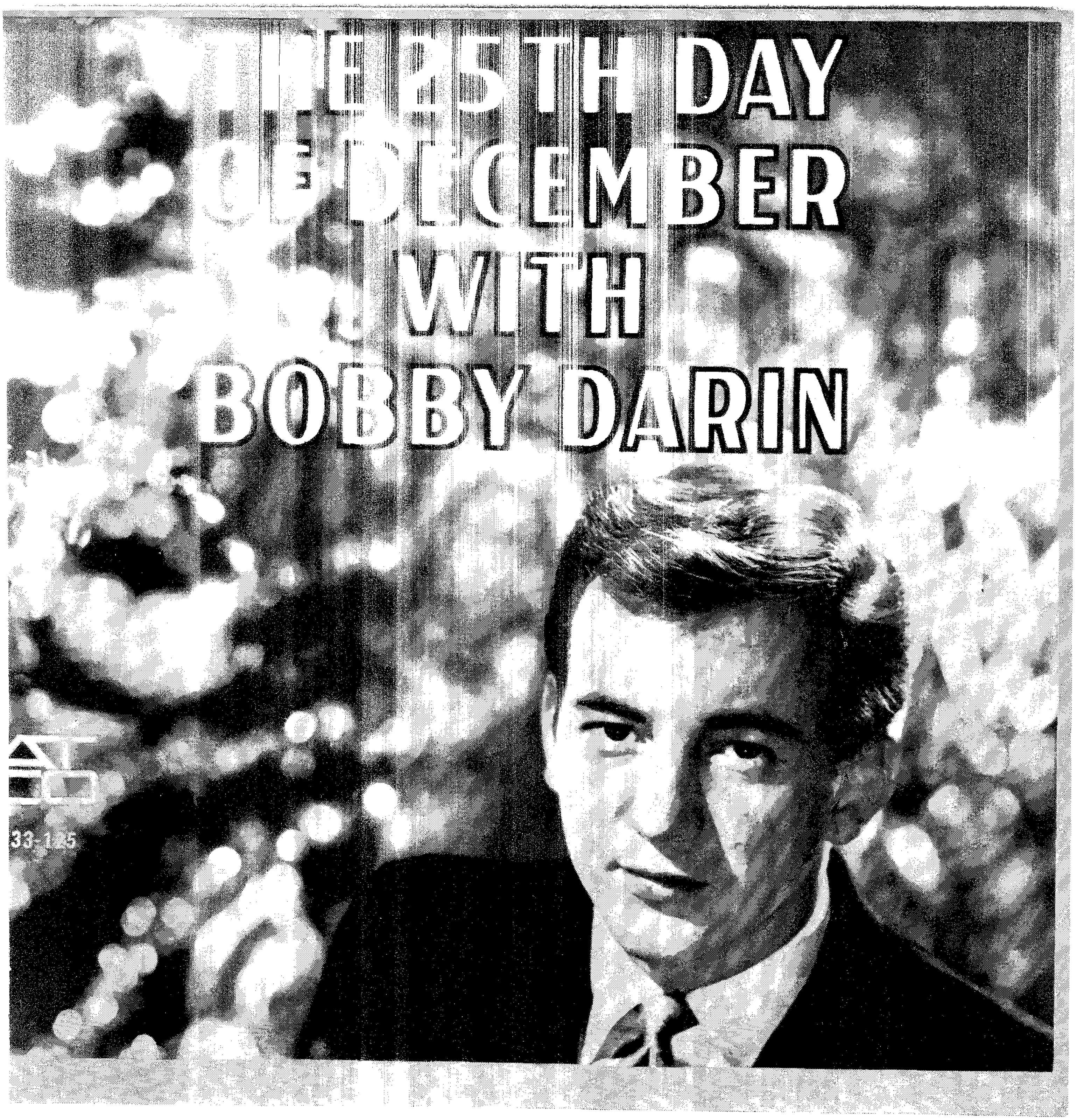

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State for Wales, in the same way that there is one for Scotland. (There are a Minister for Wales and a Minister for Welsh Affairs, but these offices do not carry enough rank to suit the Welsh.) To this end, the Nationalists contested twenty or so seats in the last general election, but they failed to win a single one, to no one's great surprise. (Labour polled eight hundred thousand votes in Wales, and the Plaid seventy-seven thousand.) Beyond devolution of government, the Plaid wants devolution of industry; it believes that Welsh miners are capable of running their own pits, in coöperative groups, as some Belgian and Dutch miners run theirs. The Plaid believes that if the Welsh achieved dominion status within the Commonwealth, with all the institutions that their freedom would require, secondary industries could be started to make use of the primary industries that Wales has plenty of—not only coal but steel and tin—and that currently depend on English manufacturers to take up their output. The Nationalists are convinced that England takes more out of Wales than she puts back in, and that as long as London directs Welsh affairs this situation will continue. "We export electricity," a prosperous Welsh farmer told me, "but mine is one of the few farms in this valley that have it laid on. Our valleys are flooded to furnish water for the industry in English cities. Look at Tryweryn."

Tryweryn is a name that has been on many lips—not all of them ardently nationalist lips—in Wales in the past few years, and it is likely to be on them for some time to come. Briefly, the story is this: Several years ago, the city of Liverpool sent surveyors, incognito, to look at the Tryweryn, a river in North Wales. Then, before anyone had fully understood what they were up to, the Liverpool people sneaked a bill through Parliament allowing them to have the river dammed, its valley, including the village of Capel Celyn, flooded, and the water made available both for local use and for piping to Liverpool, where it would be used for industry. In the final stages of the bill's passage, the Welsh M.P.s made a poor show of resisting it, and Mr. Henry Brooke, who is Minister of Housing and Local Government as well as Minister for Welsh Affairs, ultimately, after a short-lived attempt to mollify Welsh public opinion, threw his weight behind Liverpool. At that moment, Welsh feeling reached a pitch of anger that went beyond practical argument—beyond the thought that new industry would not come to North Wales if there was not enough water left, be-

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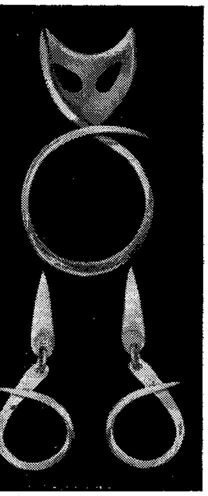
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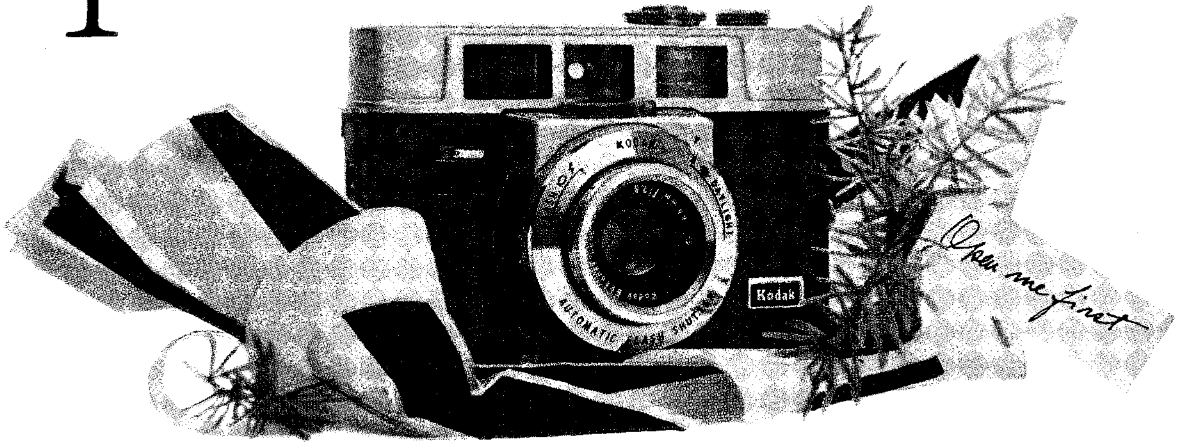

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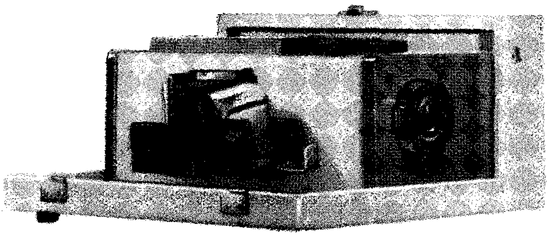

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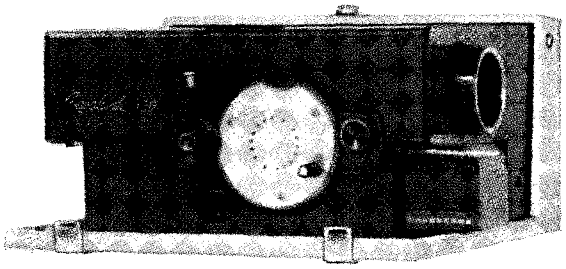

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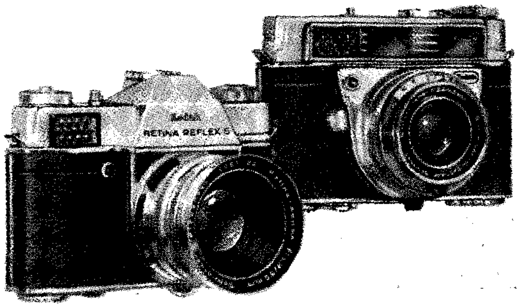

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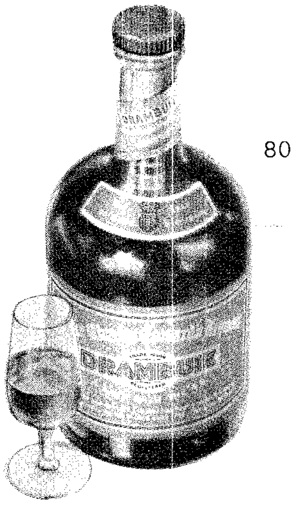

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yond the fact that in the Welsh counties of Breconshire and Radnorshire there are forty-six parishes without a public water supply, and beyond the plight of the Steel Company of Wales, at Margam, which is short of water. On Tryweryn, Welsh opinion was united and remains so, and the members of the Plaid, as one man has put it, have at last been feeling the hot, sweet breath of public support on their necks. One Welsh M.P. called Mr. Brooke "the Minister for Liverpool Affairs," and the Nationalists, with rare humor, asked, "Why should a little Brooke drown Tryweryn?" So far, no work has been started on the dam.

Although the Plaid Cymru's methods are avowedly constitutional, they may become less so before the Tryweryn matter is settled. Up till now, the Party has been dominated by a strong pacifist faction, based on its middle-class, schoolteacherly elements and its dissenting religious character, but it also possesses a Right Wing that is inclined more to violence; in the colleges at Bangor, Aberystwyth, Swansea, and Cardiff, which make up the University of Wales, there are many young people who would rather fight than debate. At the moment, the Party's leadership is keeping them well in hand, but government officials in Cardiff are afraid that passive resistance may become active resistance when construction of the Tryweryn dam actually begins. As one of the activists said to me, "The English government has never really been worried by people lying down in the streets. They do get panicky, though, when the bombs start bursting. Perhaps even the Plaid will realize this."

WHEN the Welsh are not talking, the chances are that they are singing. Their country is poor and they are unable to afford professional orchestras, so music in Wales almost necessarily means song, and one hears it everywhere. Walking through Cardiff, I heard two choirs practicing in second-story rooms hardly a block apart. On one night or another during the week, every pub in Wales breaks out into impromptu concerts, the men—miners, steelworkers, farmers, or whatever—all with beer in hand, singing Welsh songs and hymns. In a pub I happened upon not long ago, some of the customers marked closing time with "God Save the Queen," in English, but I am told that this was something of an exception.

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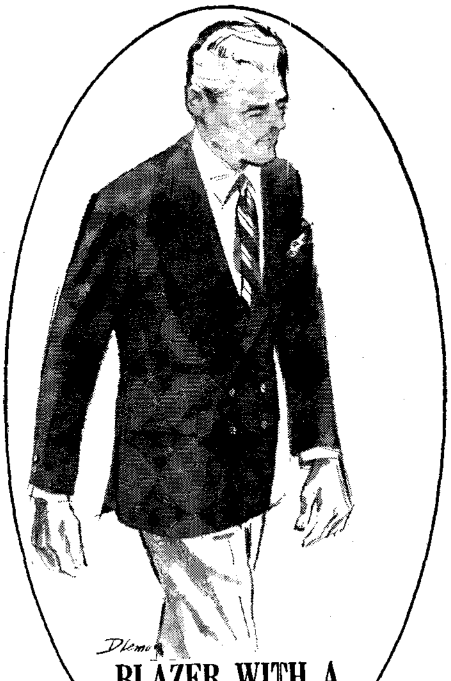
dance also illuminate the dilemma facing the present-day Welshman in the matter of his language and his country. The word "eisteddfod" means "session," and almost every village has its session of music and drama sometime during the summer. Since 1947, moreover, an annual International Eisteddfod has been held at Llangollen, on the River Dee, in North Wales, to which folk-dance and choral troupes come from all over the world, bringing with them an influx of tourists. This affair, if one is to believe the cynics, resembles nothing so much as a Boy Scout jamboree. The most famous eisteddfod is the Royal National, and each year a different village is given the honor—and the consequent hard work, which includes organization and fund-raising—of holding it. Eisteddfods have, in a sense, been held since early-medieval times, when bards performed in the halls of Welsh princes, and no Welshman would deny that the eisteddfods of today serve a purpose in getting people together who are interested in the Welsh language and Welsh customs. As such, they are fervently supported by the Plaid Cymru and by members of what my Swansea friend calls the Welsh Establishment. However, the first modern eisteddfod ("modern" denoting one in which there is a lot of ritual) took place on Primrose Hill, in London, in 1817, during the European craze for Freemasonry, secret societies, and cabalistic hocus-pocus, and the man behind it was Iolo Morgannwyg, a literary forger who "resurrected" a number of "old druidic documents." These have, embarrassingly, remained the basis of the rituals observed in the gorsedd, or bardic circle, at Royal National Eisteddfods. As for the "druidic" robes worn at the Nationals, they were designed by a German in the late eighteen-twenties, while the horns, the crosiers, and the rest of the druidic regalia in the National Museum in Cardiff look very much like props for a Wagnerian opera. Most serious-minded Welshmen, in fact, are quite ready to concede that the gorsedd business is a fake. A Welsh writer I discussed the matter with told me angrily, "The National Eisteddfod is the greatest debaser of literary standards in Wales. Prizes and acclaim may be given for poems and dramas that a man has worked on for a whole year, but the real premium is on amateurism. The glamour of all this gorsedd ballyhoo makes the contestants forget the real responsibilities of their craft." One Welshman, now living in London, has written an epic poem on the eisteddfods that has



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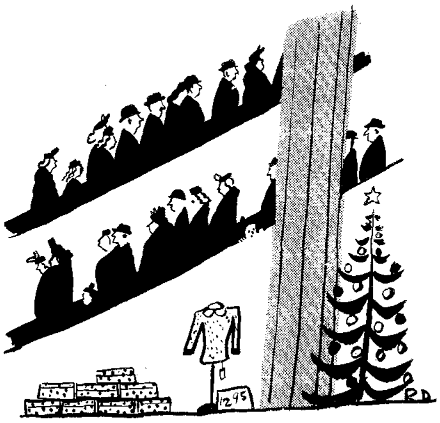
circulated privately in Wales for many years now, and numerous Welshmen can recite whole cantos of it. Two lines invoke the Muse of the Eisteddfod as "Sacred alike to boxing and to art/ For who in Wales can tell the two apart?"

Some people have made the comment, even more pertinent in Nonconformist Wales, that although the dissenting Welsh would go into fits of rage if a cassock were worn in chapel, they blandly accept, in the eisteddfod, rituals that incorporate an unmistakable element of sun worship—all of this, moreover, under the direction of an "archdruid" who is usually a staunch Nonconformist minister.

Nonconformism may appear to be wearing thin right now, but it has had a stern part in the molding of Wales. Not long after the Reformation, even the Protestantism of the Church of England began to seem too ceremonial for the Welsh. Quakers, Baptists, and Independents found early support in Wales, and in the eighteenth century Methodism surged in. Poverty and puritanism often go hand in hand, and they are particularly noticeable in the Welsh chapels; even in a country where rural architecture is quite undistinguished, these strike one as possibly the ugliest buildings that could be raised for the worship of God. Poverty and puritanism helped throw out folk dancing and the harp—which are now slowly returning—and they seem, in their day, to have dismissed any claim the Welsh might have had to a sense of visual beauty (although a substantial modern claim for this hitherto neglected branch of Welsh expression has lately been made by such artists as Augustus John, Wyndham Lewis, David Jones, John Elwyn, and Ceri Richards). Where the chapels are not old and poorly endowed, they are often ostentatious—the stones larger than those of the houses, and a grimmer gray; the corners decorated with red brick; and the woodwork, if there is any, of an intricate, railway-station



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kind. Of course, puritanism is only one face of Wales, and nowadays there may be little behind it. Indeed, as far as organized religion is concerned, Wales is not much better off than any other Christian country. The chapels are rarely full, and the congregations of the Church in Wales (which was part of the Church of England until 1920, when it severed itself from that body) have fallen on hard times for lack of clergy. Religious news, however, still occupies a great deal of space in Welsh newspapers, and not very long ago the Welsh liking for a thumping good argument was thoroughly satisfied by a clerical controversy over the election of Dr. Alfred Edwin Morris, the Bishop of Monmouth, as Archbishop of Wales. As it happens, Dr. Morris speaks no Welsh. At once, the press was jammed with letters denouncing the election, praising the election, denouncing the preservation of Welsh, and, naturally, supporting the preservation of Welsh. Laymen, bishops, patriots, and dissenters threw themselves into the battle with great energy and scarcely less theological inexactitude. Both the Bishop of St. Davids and the Chancellor of Brecon Cathedral made preachments attributing infallibility to the electoral college, and, in pointing out this rather un-Protestant claim, a pamphleteer calling himself Theomemphus touched on the fact that the Roman Catholic Church encourages its priests in Wales to be Welsh-speaking. The Catholic Archbishop of Cardiff, an Irishman, went on the air to explain his church's teaching on infallibility, and did so in Welsh—a ploy that greatly impressed the Welsh. Theomemphus also got in an acute and scholarly dig at the non-Welsh-speaking clerics of the Church in Wales by quoting St. Augustine's words to a man named Nebridius, who had a sophisticated contempt for the Saint's native tongue: "If you disapprove of Punic as a language, then you must refuse to admit that any wise things have been recorded in Punic books, as is declared by learned men; you must even feel shame that you were born in a country in which the cradle of that language is still warm."

MANY of the controversies and passions of Wales can be explained by the small size of the country. As in a village, everyone has a definite opinion about what everyone else is doing. But, as is also true of many villages, the Welsh have the time and the interest in strangers to be truly friendly—so friendly, in fact, that travelling

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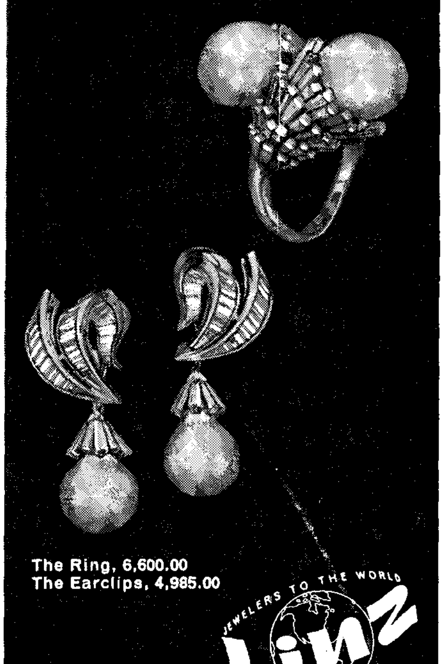

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around Wales can be hard work. A nod of greeting as one enters a pub can easily produce several glasses of beer and several conversations that one is expected to take part in. There are exceptions to this, of course, and I am inclined to think that most of them would occur in North Wales. At least, it was near Penrhyndeudraeth, in the north, that I was walking down a mountainside with an English friend who lives near there when out of the mist there appeared an antique tractor, driven at great speed across the sloping ground by a fierce old man. He had a shotgun laid across the steering wheel, aimed at us. When he got within range, he halted his machine, swivelled the wheel to adjust his aim, and, motioning to us to clear off, shouted "Devils!" and "English!" The words were quite probably his entire vocabulary in that foreign tongue, and almost certainly they were, to his mind, synonymous. Neither of us had believed when we crossed a wall farther up the mountain that we were trespassing on private land, and, indeed, when we told our tale that night in the local pub, we were assured that the farmer had merely adopted some of the mountain, which belonged to the Crown, as his own. The very telling of the tale earned us a number of free pints—partly, I think, as compensation for a Welshman's unfriendly act, but mostly, as will happen in Wales, because an entertaining story had been told that involved someone the listeners all knew.

Wales is a country of small farms—most of them are under fifty acres—and although they are to some extent in trouble, because they can support no more than a farmer and his immediate family, and in consequence are driving young manpower to the cities, the rural life and family life are strong. Even in urban Swansea, I was impressed by the prevalent lack of any sense of urgency. People there have time, at any hour of the day, to sit down and chat. Like all the other Welshmen I have encountered, they are notably fond of their gardens and their homes. After the war, public-housing developments were built in which, in keeping with modern architectural ideas, each family had one large living room and no separate front parlor. The tenants quickly corrected this situation by curtaining off or partitioning a section of the room for a parlor, for every home in Wales must have one, even if it is used but once in a lifetime, for a funeral.

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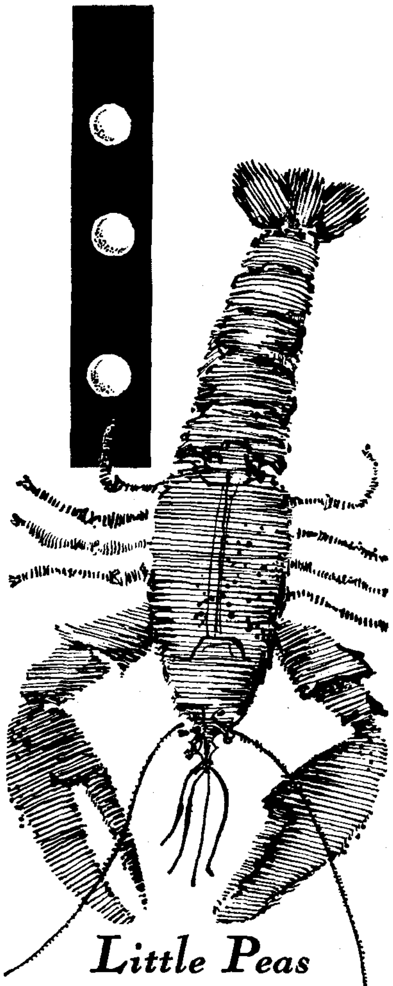

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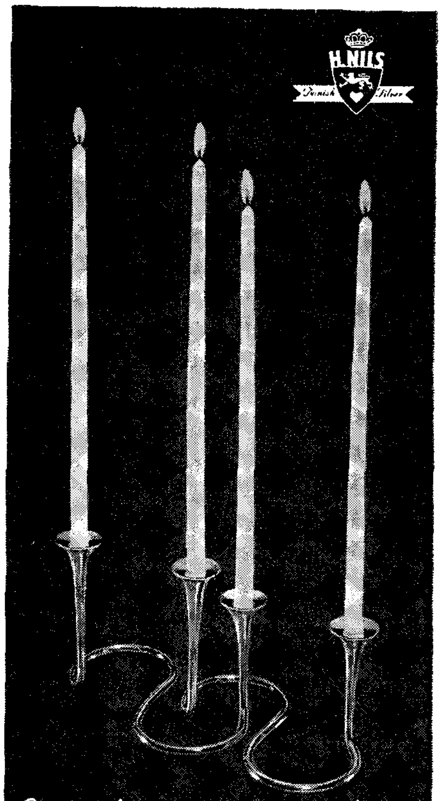
of coal mining, many of the mining villages are still basically farming communities, which is what most of them were before coal began to be taken out on a large scale, and what many of them may become again before long unless the economic situation improves. Right now, the unemployment rate in Wales is the highest in Britain, part of the reason being the closing of a large tin-plate works near Swansea, and part being that a number of mines in South Wales have been shut down. The most interesting thing about this situation is that the miners are demanding and getting most of the attention, although Welsh sympathies are not unanimously on their side. Despite the slag heaps and the abundant literature on the subject, mining employs less than a fifth of the male labor force in Wales, and it is no longer an underpaid and degrading profession, but since the miners have lost their status as underprivileged workers they seem to have become more articulate and more self-pitying about their lot. At least, this applies to those who have in recent years paraded in Swansea and London, singing hymns and carrying banners of protest about the closing of the pits.

I visited a mining village ten miles north of Swansea, in an area known for its fine anthracite, a few days before the colliery there was closed down. (It had been losing twelve and a half dollars on every ton of coal it produced.) The place is inhabited by three thousand proud and independent people, only a few hundred of whom actually worked in the local mine. Many of them commute by bus to jobs in Swansea or Margam. The village consists of gray stone houses scattered along a main street, together with a few chapels, a few workingmen's clubs, a cinema, and a pub. There is not a great deal to make one think there is coal underground, and in the pub, the Mountain Hare, no one wanted to talk about mining. The walls of the public bar were crowded with dark-framed group and individual photographs of Rugby players; in a glass case, as in a tabernacle, rested the ball that a Welsh team had brought back from a triumph in New Zealand. Two men I met in the pub, dressed in suit jackets, unmatching trousers, and rolled-down rubber Wellington boots, pointed out some of the teams for me and called my attention to a large photograph of a local man who played for Wales. They also talked about the Plaid Cymru ("a good opposition, but no power"); the village school, which they said was



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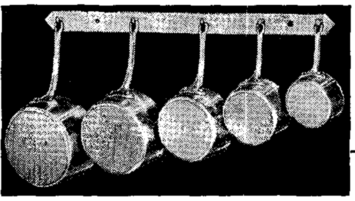

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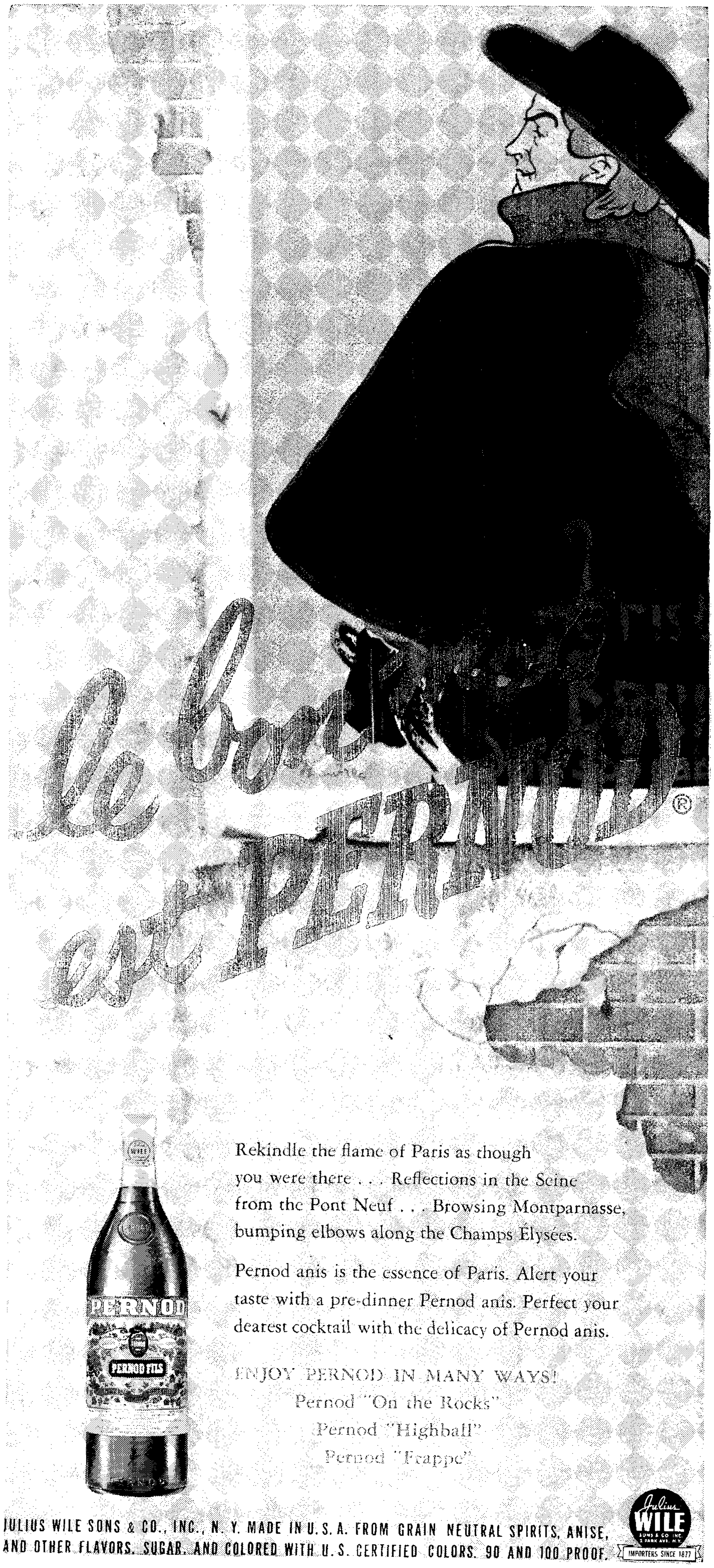
very good; the boxer Tommy Farr ("the best man we've ever sent to America"); and the town's operatic company, which had just done "The Belle of New York." One of the men had been on the dole for four and a half years, and the other had been out of the mines for ten years with pneumoconiosis. They seemed unworried. They got by, they told me, on their unemployment money and what they grew in their gardens.

The only thing that really disturbed most of the miners, said one who joined our conversation, was the plight of those who owned their own homes. "Most of us are over fifty, you see. We will find it hard to get jobs in Margam and Swansea, and even so, look you, our homes are here, and in this outlandish place who would want to buy them if we left for elsewhere?" He downed his ale and took his leave, saying, "Must be off now. Mustn't miss a shift—there are only thirteen more to go." One of the men left at the bar gave the matter a passing comment—"We're not doing badly"—and then, with the sophistication of a veteran of the dole, turned back to the real matter at hand—Rugby. "You should try to see the England-Wales match," he said. "We don't care whether Scotland or Ireland beats us, but we have to beat England."

Outside the Mountain Hare, as I left, a flock of geese was parading across the road in the direction of a cabbage patch. It seemed likely that despite ritual protest marches, the main change when the wheel at the pit head stopped turning would be an increase in the flocks of geese, cabbage patches more carefully tilled, and less coal dust and more mud on the boots of the miner and his colleagues.

TRAVELLING around Wales and seeing the old feudal castles in the country towns like Haverfordwest and Monmouth and Brecon and Caernarvon, which are stubbornly English outposts in a thoroughly Welsh countryside, I have been struck forcibly by the double consciousness that an educated Welshman has to bear. So much of his inheritance is Welsh and so many of the circumstances in his daily life are English. He prizes his Welshness but often wonders if it isn't foolishness to do so. As with Henry James's confused American, Strether, there is detachment in his zeal (for example, the pacifist revolutionaries of the Plaid) and passion in his indifference (he may not belong to the Plaid, but he will staunchly up-



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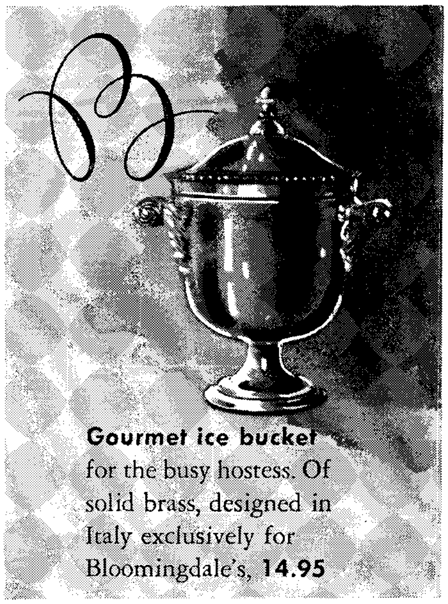

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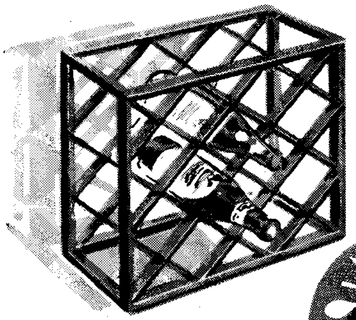

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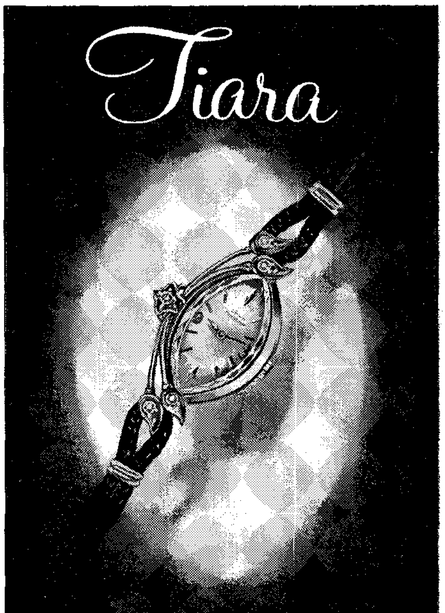
hold the idea of Wales as a separate, living entity). He is part of Britain, the *United* Kingdom, yet he knows himself to be essentially apart from it. He doesn't like taking risks, yet he would ultimately like to see Wales standing alone, on its own feet. It is little wonder that the Welsh find action difficult, and that they seek to discover their identity and their impetus in the Welsh language, which was all but outlawed more than four hundred years ago, but which they still have for their own. Undeniably, Welsh, an ancient Celtic dialect that some claim is the oldest language spoken in Europe today, is hanging on strongly. By the Act of Union of 1536, which brought England and Wales under one government and one Tudor king, the use of Welsh was prohibited in law, business, and administration. In its own brusque words, the Act intended "utterly to extirp all and singular the sinister Usages and Customs . . . which are . . . far discrepant from the Laws and Customs of this Realm, and also because . . . the People of the Same Dominion [Wales] have . . . a Speech nothing like, nor consonant to the natural Mother Tongue used within this Realm." And it nearly did so. The immediate effect of the Act of Union and the departure of the entire Welsh aristocracy to the Tudor court was that Wales and Welsh itself were left to the peasants. By all natural laws, the Welsh language should have died out four hundred years ago, and with it, of course, national consciousness.

In Cardiff, a B.B.C. official told me, "Ireland was saved by Rome. Scotland was partly saved by the Stuart kings, since she at least preserved her own laws. Wales has been kept alive for potential salvation by two things—Bishop William Morgan and Nonconformism." Bishop Morgan brought out his translation of the Bible into Welsh in 1588, the year of the Armada, and many Welshmen feel that, just as Drake and his gallant men saved England from Spain on that occasion, Bishop Morgan's book saved Wales from being swallowed completely by England. For one thing, the book made Welsh the language of religion, and so paved the way for a religion the Welsh could call their own. The peasantry, through the Bible, became literate. When Nonconformism came, it was quickly taken up; the chapels became the centers of community life, and in them schools were set up that made Welsh the medium of instruction. Thus, the Welsh began to find their identity in their language.

Right now, more people, including



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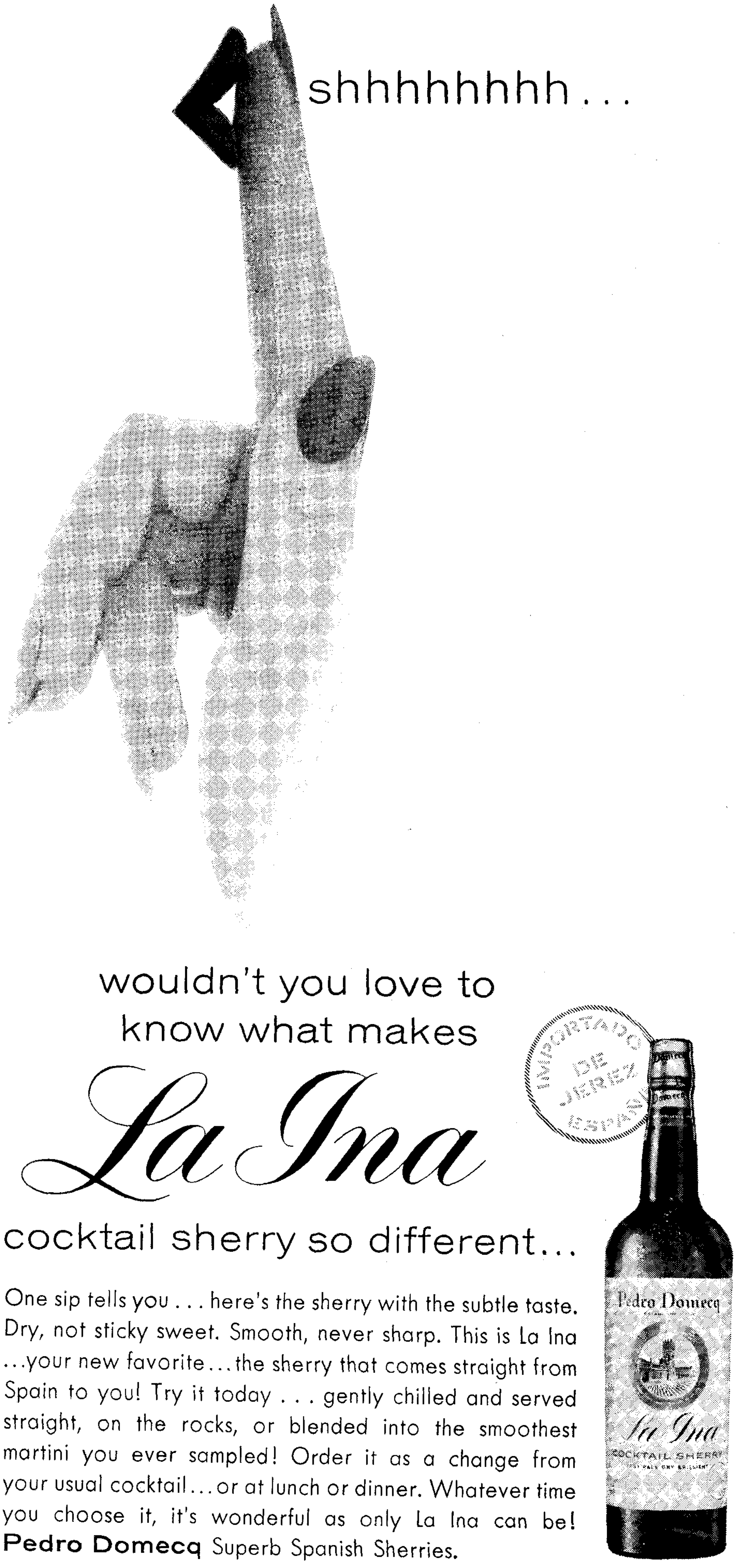
many in the chapels speak Welsh than ever before, but the percentage of the entire population that does so is low—some thirty per cent. Still—to the outsider, at any rate—three-quarters of a million people, out of two and a half million, does not seem a small number. In the homes of working- and middle-class families that I have happened to visit, Welsh was the language generally spoken, particularly in the rural areas, and in shops, pubs, and hotels I have often had the feeling that English was spoken simply because I was there, and that if I stayed much longer I would be expected to prove my good intentions by coming out with a few phrases in the native tongue now and again. Despite the growth of communications, there seems a good chance that Welsh will not only survive but prosper. The trend for a long time has been the other way; sections, like the Rhondda Valley, that were entirely Welsh-speaking at the turn of the century are largely English-speaking today. But a drive is on to increase the teaching of Welsh in schools. At present, many of the children in primary schools, particularly in country areas, are taught in Welsh; in secondary schools, English is the working tongue; and it is only when young people get to the University that they again have a chance to study in Welsh. By that time, however—so the proponents of more secondary-school Welsh argue—the students may have forgotten their native language.

Some English technical and theological words have been assimilated into Welsh, but a Welshman can, without difficulty, write a scientific thesis in his own tongue. Although the vocabulary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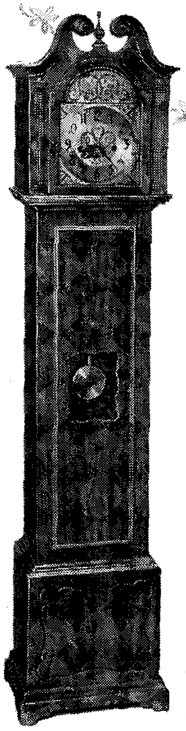
is not quite as large as that of English, many words have several layers of meaning, which a Welshman, with his verbal subtlety, is equipped to use and to comprehend. Moreover, Welsh is a language with historical resources. When, during World War II, Welsh announcers were stuck for a translation of "air raid," they simply went back half a dozen centuries and found "*cyrch*," which originally meant a tribal attack but served a modern purpose quite nicely. A Welsh teacher can recite a sixth-century poem to a class of bright eleven-year-olds and they will understand it. One teacher asked me, "Could you find a class of American or English children who would understand 'Beowulf?'"

What statistics there are on the subject show that today only a fifth of the children between five and fifteen have Welsh for their first language. But figures can be wrong. While waiting to use a public telephone in Swansea one day, I overheard two nicely dressed little girls in the booth carrying on a joint conversation in English with somebody at the other end of the wire. The moment their call was over, they burst out of the booth chattering to each other in Welsh. It certainly appears that the middle-class vogue, which began about twenty years ago, for teaching one's children Welsh is still very much the thing, even in modern Swansea. Yet the fight to keep Welsh alive can be an inhibiting factor in Welsh life. For one thing, many Welsh writers feel bound not only to write in Welsh but to serve on committees and peddle propaganda for the cause. For another, one notes a tendency, common in other small nations, to inflate minor figures into major figures because they champion the native tongue. And though one can remove the Welsh language—as in Radnorshire, where there are hardly half a dozen Welsh-speaking people—and be left with a county that is, from half a dozen points of view, culturally moribund, the prevalence of Welsh alone doesn't guarantee culture; in fact, Welsh lends itself to soap operas and gossip columns quite as readily as English does.

Newspapers and other mediums have had to take into account the Welsh regard for their language. The South Wales *Echo*, a Swansea daily, runs several Welsh columns every day; there are a number of country journals printed entirely in Welsh; and half of the B.B.C.'s Welsh regional radio programs, as well as many of both its own and the commercial companies' regional television programs, are in the Welsh



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language. The Plaid Cymru, not to be outdone in this field, has a clandestine radio station, operated from a mobile transmitter, that comes on when the B.B.C. closes down for the night. The transmitter has to be mobile because Radio Wales—as the station is called—preëmpts the B.B.C.'s television sound wave length, and the police are usually close on its trail. The B.B.C itself has a status in Wales that it has never acquired in England. In a country with no real government of its own, the B.B.C. tends to be the altar on which many young and intelligent Welshmen would like to offer themselves. All B.B.C. officials in Wales have to speak Welsh, and the only complaint I have so far heard directed against this august institution is that eighty per cent of its Welsh employees are sons of preachers. However, the B.B.C meets Welsh demands in ways other than speaking the Welsh language. Song programs are extremely popular, naturally, and I am assured that a Welshman alone in a room will join in heartily with a singer on the television screen. A radio official told me, tongue not altogether in cheek, that the B.B.C. got seventy per cent of its possible audience for an ordinary singing recital, eighty per cent when two hymns were included in the program, and a hundred per cent when four or more hymns were sung. The popularity of religious broadcasts is backed up by another statistic—but one that must complicate the job of any rating organization. A Welsh radio program called "The Affairs of the Manse," dealing with a preacher and his family, has been running for years now at the peak listening time (in Wales) of 7:30 to 8 P.M. Although it may satisfy the Welsh liking for religion *and* gossip—the desire to know all about what goes on in a preacher's house—its success has mystified the producers, because it contains no singing at all.

How much the Welsh language means to the Welsh has been demonstrated to me over and over. In Cardiff bookshops, the literature on sale is little different from what one would find in any large English city, but in the county towns, like Cardigan and Carmarthen, about half the books in the local shops are in Welsh. Some Welsh authors have found that their books, written in English, sell better in Welsh translation than they did in their original language, and, partly because of this, some are now writing in Welsh to begin with. One Welsh publisher, who seems to be doing a good business, has brought out a scholarly Welsh-English dictionary,

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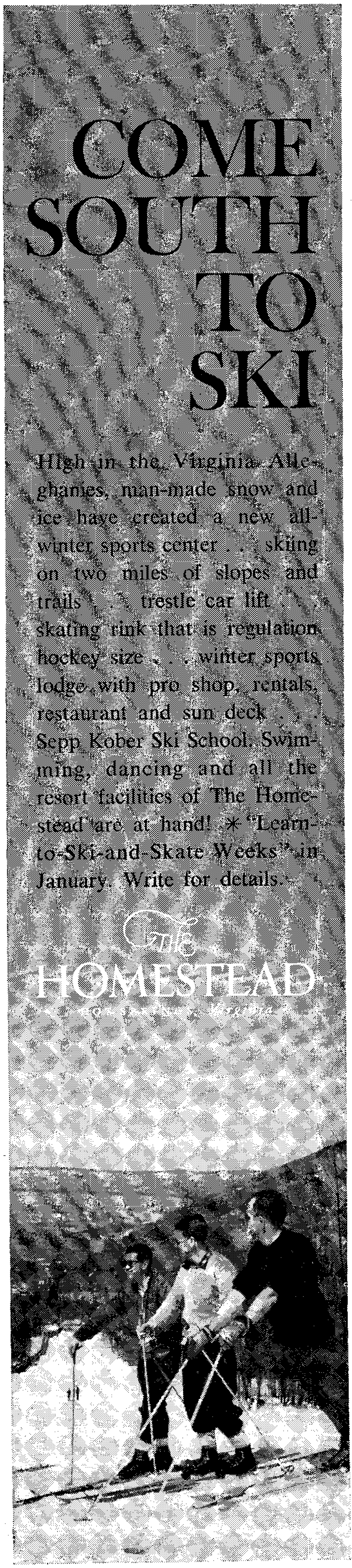

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several books in Welsh on world affairs and literary matters (one of them is a critique of the work of James Joyce), and a number of Welsh-language pamphlets on Welsh problems. The Welsh penchant for spoken argument seems to carry over into print, and the average Welsh bookshop has as many pamphlets available as an American Episcopal church.

The bookshop in Cardigan happily disproved a suspicion of mine that Dylan Thomas, having achieved great (if largely posthumous) fame in England and America, might be almost unknown in Wales. The fact is that all the poet's works were in the window of the Cardigan store, alongside "Return to Peyton Place," a Welsh Bible, and several books in Welsh whose titles were unintelligible to me. In Swansea, the town where Thomas was born, he was well known and, indeed, loved, and his writings were thought "very comic," although I have been told that many people feel he didn't lead a particularly moral life. But in this, it seems, he reflected the Welsh idea of themselves—he was very shocking and a lovely man.

Dylan Thomas may be much enjoyed in Wales, but to Welsh-speaking Welshmen the great man of letters is Saunders Lewis, the playwright. He is well into his sixties now, and though it would not be exact to call him popular, no name in Wales is mentioned with more respect. His plays have seldom been translated from the Welsh, but they are performed constantly in Wales. His recent works have not been explicitly on Welsh themes. In fact, one of them deals with the German generals' conspiracy to kill Hitler. It is called "Brad," which means "treason," and one man who had seen it several times said to me, "It wasn't openly about Wales. I doubt if the audiences ever saw the message that was there for them—the message that if the Welsh are to get rid of England they will have to band together, and that sacrifice is inherent in a military code. Military because the Welsh will have to be militant to succeed."

There is, in fact, nothing of the pacifist about Saunders Lewis. He is a small man with a hawklike head, shrivelled skin, and a long, resolute nose. For many years before the Second World War, he was president of the Welsh Nationalist Party, and in 1936 he was sentenced to prison for nine months (a sentence that was ultimately remitted to seven and a half months for good behavior) for setting fire to build-

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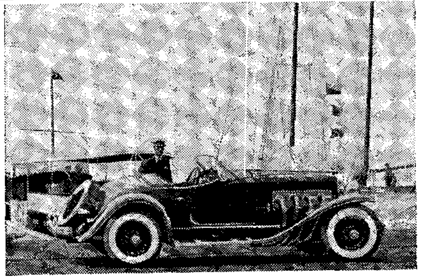

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ings on an R.A.F. base in Pembrokeshire. He became a Roman Catholic a number of years ago, and thereupon resigned from the Plaid, because he felt he was no longer in touch with the Nonconformist pacifism that had begun to inform it. As he and I sat over a couple of brandies in a Cardiff hotel, I felt inclined to believe that if anyone was in touch with Wales it was Mr. Lewis. In reply to a question about what should be done for Wales right now, he said, without hesitation, "The talk is of bringing bigger industry into Wales. That is the quickest way to destroy her. We have enough of the gray proletariat in the making as it is. You see, we have become incapable of helping ourselves. The local authorities have roughly a hundred million pounds to spend every year, and part of that sum they could use to foster local trade, build up markets, and start small local industries, but, thanks to the trades-union officials, who have a British rather than a Welsh outlook, all our orders for small products go to the English Midlands and to Yorkshire. The Welsh worker has always been security-minded, and his vitality has been further sapped by the unions and by Socialist dogma. But now that we are beginning to get a second- and third-generation middle class, there may be a hope that a few Welshmen will take a gamble, open businesses, start a small industry or two, and stop being so passive and helpless. As things stand, it's impossible for Wales to achieve self-government by constitutional means, but this doesn't mean that our nationalism shouldn't have a proper outlet. In England, nationalism goes into the Conservative Party. In Wales, support for the Labour Party is a perversion of suppressed nationalism. If you put Caligula's horse up as a Labour candidate for Parliament in a Welsh constituency, he'd get in. The Welsh have forgotten how to stand up for themselves. I violently object to Welsh miners' parading their sad lot by singing in bloody London streets. It's a humiliation for every Welshman."

I asked if he thought Wales would really be better off with self-government.

Mr. Lewis looked fierce for an instant, then said, so gently that it was a rebuke, "No Welshman with any self-respect would ask that question. He would be denying his ancestry if he considered his standard of living. It is a matter, you know, of integrity instead of television sets, and finally, of course, it isn't a political issue. For us, it is a

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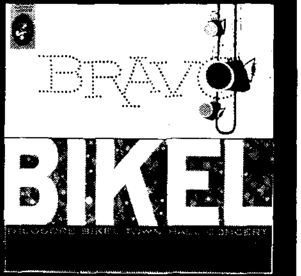

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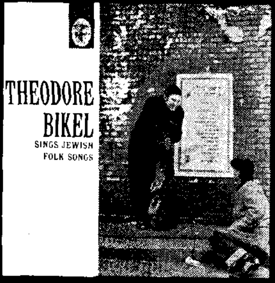

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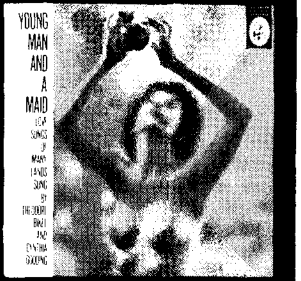

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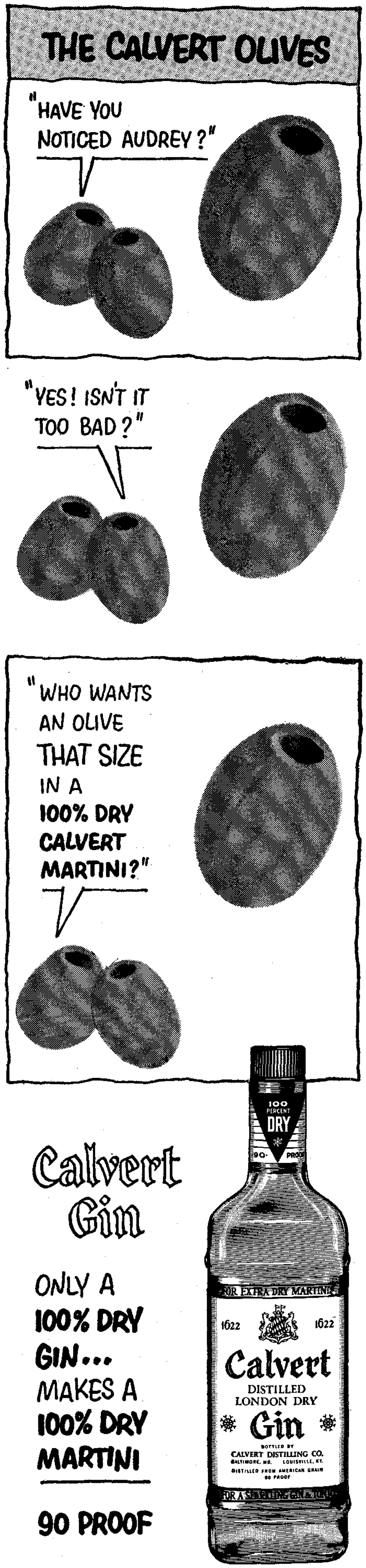
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moral issue, and then it has to be translated into political terms. That, I admit, is difficult. It's perfectly possible that Wales is a hopeless cause. But that is no reason for giving it up."

The truth of Mr. Lewis's last remark, at least, is something that no Welshman would disagree with, whether he came from the gaunt, often mysterious mountains, the lonely headlands of the Irish Sea, or the sometimes green and sometimes satanic valleys. The Welsh may leave Wales, but they do not give it up. In London and in Utica, they have their societies and their chapels, and in London they also have their Rugby team, called simply the London Welsh. Wales has exported a definite school of Welsh actors—Richard Burton, Emlyn Williams, Stanley Baker, Glynis Johns, and Hugh Griffiths, among others. A fellow in Aberystwyth suggested that if you took a good look at the governments of the world, you would be sure to find a Welshman in every one of them. Lloyd George was one name I at once recalled; William Hughes was Prime Minister of Australia during the Second World War; there was, of course, Mr. Bevan; Wales also claims Thomas Jefferson, who admitted to Welsh ancestors. There is a Welsh legend to the effect that one Madoc, a follower of Henry II's old Welsh enemy Owain Gwynedd, discovered America three centuries before Columbus did. In a motoring guide I picked up, though, the only place that was characterized as "of special interest to Americans" was Wrexham, the burial place of Elihu Yale. The Welsh themselves take an interest not only in people who leave Wales but in people who come back a few generations later, looking for Welsh ancestors. In the town of Bala there has grown up a whole industry of finding suitable ancestors for Americans. It is said that one Bala woman, who has connections with a good many travel agencies, has trained a covey of rustics to locate for tourists the right ancestral houses and the right gravestones, and that she will not balk at anyone's request—Stein, Duchamps, or Higginbotham though he be. The other side of the question was touched on by an Englishman I met in a pub in Cardiff. He had lived in Wales for twenty-three years, and though his mannerisms and his very speech were Welsh, down to such phrases as "oh, aye" and "look you," he was not especially fond of the Welsh. "They're not a bad lot," he said, "but they're a bit foreign." However well he represented the classic

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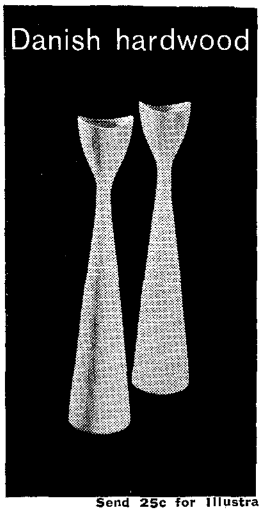

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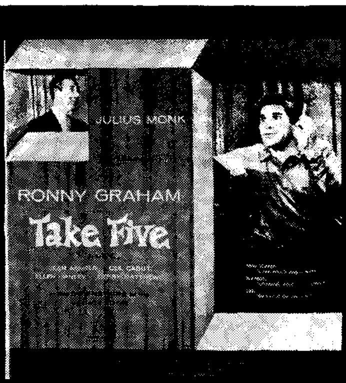
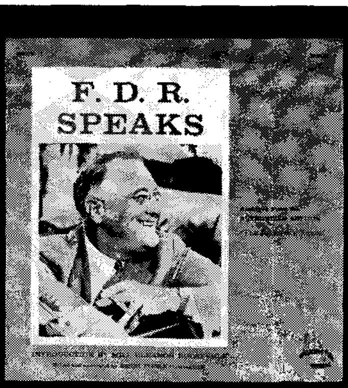
English view of the Welsh, immaculately preserved for so many years, he was actually not typical of the Englishman in Wales. There are many who find it both a colorful place and a haven of sanity. Bertrand Russell lives in Wales, and so do many artists and poets. A very popular novel in Wales recently was "The Rape of the Fair Country," a piece of historical fiction about South Wales in the last century, which was written by an English civil servant in Wales.

A FEW weeks before the Wales-South Africa Rugby match at Cardiff in 1951, when the demand for seats was such that the holder of a fifteen-shilling ticket could sell it for fifteen pounds, an advertisement appeared in the *Irish Press* in Dublin reading, "Advertiser will exchange Rolls-Royce for two tickets, Wales-Springbok match." Whether he got his tickets I don't know, but word went around that he had received from one Welshman the query "What year Rolls-Royce?"

I was unable to attend the annual England-Wales match, but I was able to get a ticket for a game between Cardiff and Cambridge University, which assumed some of the color of an English-Welsh struggle. It was perhaps as well, for Cardiff, I was told, is a chaotic city on the day of the England-Wales game; the pubs stay open all day, and people come in from all over the country, a few thousand arriving at the last minute, long after all tickets have been legally sold, to bargain with everyone in sight in the hope of getting in. Even so, as I made my way to Cardiff Arms Park, the street was jammed with men in raincoats, talking excitedly. Cambridge was an old enemy and had won its last four games with Cardiff. The stadium itself was jammed almost entirely with men, and it struck me that Wales is a man's country; one hardly notices the women, even though the young girls are often pretty, dressed as they are in clothes that are old-fashioned if not especially picturesque. In any case, it was no tailgate-picnic game. Where I stood, in a crowded enclosure, it was necessary to be at least six feet tall to get a clear view of what was going on, but what one did see was stimulating. Cambridge had the ball much of the time, but didn't seem to know what to do with it. The two tries it scored were, as one paper later put it, "fortuitous in origin." On the slippery ground, the Cardiff forwards were splendid. Steam came from their nostrils





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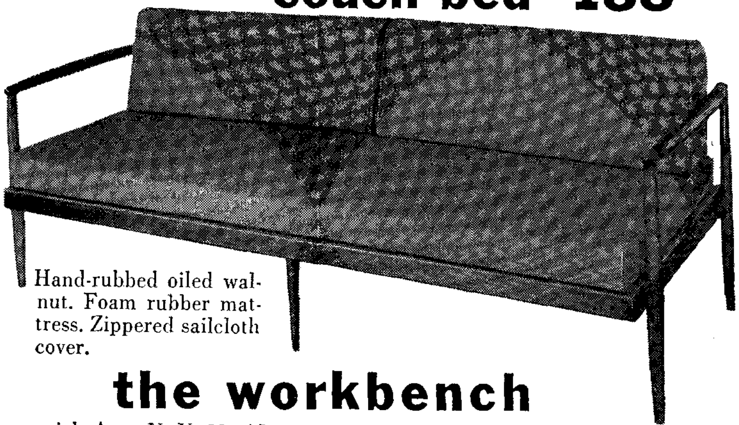

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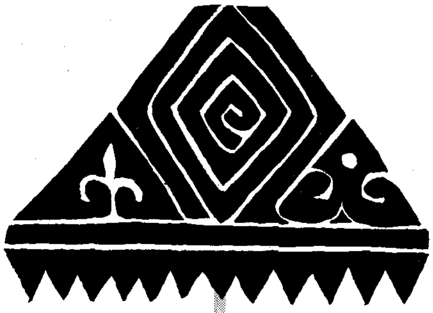

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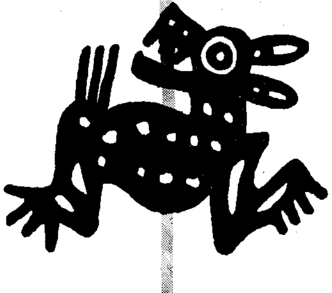

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as from the noses of bulls on a cold day, and they charged with concerted fury. The score was 6–6 with eight minutes left; in a deep, resounding voice, the crowd cheered on the Welsh team, and I heard one or two singing the Welsh anthem, "Land of My Fathers." They were still singing as Cardiff won. The score was 12–9, a near thing, but a win nevertheless, and as the crowd poured out through the gates, everyone beaming with delight, I was tempted to think that it may be by just such a narrow margin that the Welsh finally get what they are after. —ANTHONY BAILEY

•

If rebellious action and the compulsive gesture, by pure imitation of indecipherable cosmic forces rather than by Romantic or Classical cryptography, are to completely replace the old and patient abridgement of nature and intention, then both artists and public are required to perform a leap into what might be called Space Faith.

The difficulty, as usual, arises only when actual performance falls far short of ingenious theory.

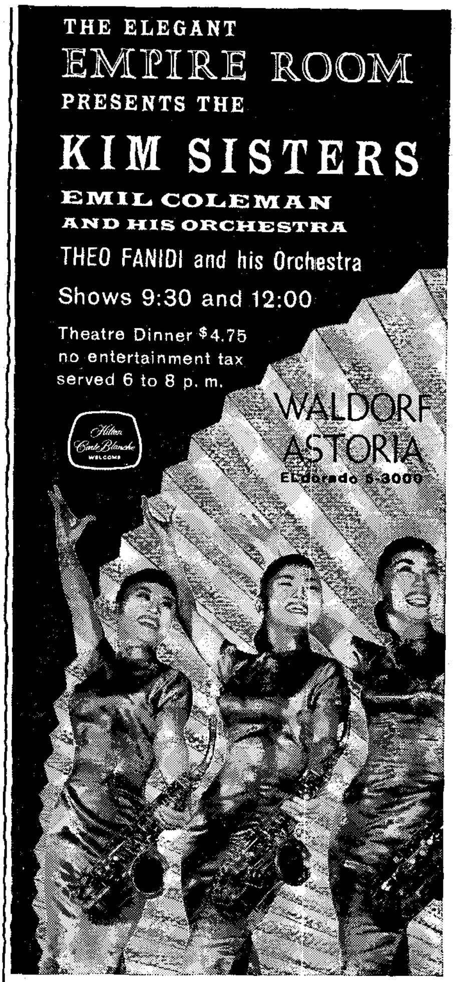
If it is lack of necessity that makes so much action faintly absurd, it may also be true that even the most desperate necessity is the mother of convention. For those of us who can take Space Faith or leave it alone, there is at least one earthy consolation in the present picture; a daring spearhead from the blasted bridges and lonely foxholes of existential Absurd Man has penetrated and reclaimed the broader, more democratic terrain of plain old Ridiculous Man.

At any rate, the crushing, anti-human sublimity of the high Andes reduces the migrant painter to such dumb and holy barrenness. Confronted by those rocks on the one hand, and on the other by the sudden swirling transitions from violent sunlight to blinding snowstorm, he feels the whole insubstantial pageant of human dream and human reason (which together and separately have produced such monsters), slipping away into the thin air he breathes with such difficulty. Exhausted, even before, by the pull of gravity towards nihilism in such Cities of Man as Hiroshima, Calcutta, Johannesburg and Lima, no longer willing to be jerked about, puppetlike, by the horizontals of pity, admiration, outrage and horror, and comically unable to sustain such a vast apology (or accusation), he would rather be a stone. It's more a matter of altitude than attitude or choice.

Anyway, relieved at last, by the mountain, of all strength, physical or spiritual, except the final one—of laughter, he agrees to be extinguished in order to begin to comprehend.

Is it at this station of the contemporary journey, ironically, that the iconography of the underground shelters (cave painting, in fact), of Western civilization begins in earnest?—*Announcement of an exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington.*

Do we have to answer?



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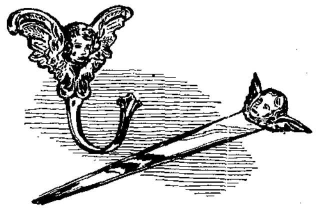

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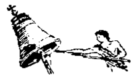

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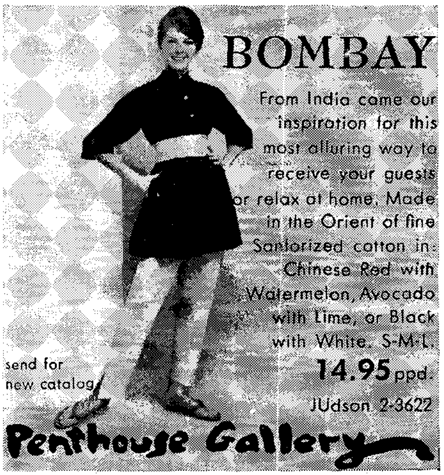

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"Arabella" Triumphant

ON the occasion of the revival of Richard Strauss's opera "Arabella" at the Metropolitan a few years ago, I had a number of rather harsh things to say about it, among them that its libretto was pretty silly and that its music was the music of a composer who had long since passed the peak of his eloquence and vigor. I shall now proceed to eat my words, or, at any rate, to eat enough of them to provide a modest banquet. It is perhaps some comfort that the scholarly and justly revered British music critic Ernest Newman went through exactly the same process several years ago, but his prior conversion should have served as a warning to me. The work, as I now see quite clearly, is a masterpiece. It is true that its plot strains one's credulity in two places. It is not altogether apparent why a down-at-the-heels Viennese family, having only enough money to launch one of its two daughters on a marital career, should decide that the economical thing to do would be to bring the other one up as a boy. And I remain somewhat puzzled by the psychological switch, in the last act, in which Hero X, having been madly in love with Heroine A and having gone to bed with Heroine B under the mistaken impression that she was Heroine A, should suddenly, and without batting an eyelash, find himself in love with Heroine B. But strange things of this sort may, for all I know, have happened in Hapsburg Vienna, and still stranger things, of course, sometimes happen in opera librettos.

At any rate, these small absurdities are almost irrelevant when one considers the frothy joyousness of the drama as a whole, while the music, as I learned from listening more carefully to the Metropolitan's current production of the opera, is of the subtlest and most engaging sort. Its subtlety is evidently the thing that put me off the first time I heard it, for I approached it on that occasion with ears accustomed to the broader lines of "Der Rosenkavalier," "Salome," and "Elektra," and missed the boisterous *élan* that I had found in

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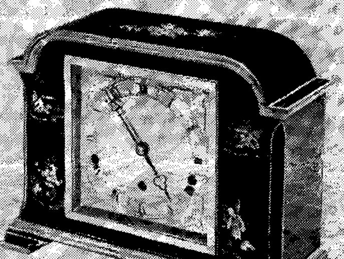

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those operas and had regarded as the hallmark of Strauss's genius. But, as I have recently come to realize, the later Strauss style differs in many respects from the earlier, and the difference is by no means indicative of a decline in the composer's creative powers. These powers have simply assumed a more contemplative and less aggressive tone. The emphasis has shifted from the achievement of rambunctious theatrical effects to the delineation of intricate psychological states in terms of song. Considered from the dramatic standpoint, "Arabella" is little more than a series of dialogues and monologues, but the evocative nature of Strauss's complex score turns every moment of dialogue or monologue into an astonishing revelation of personality, conveyed with detached humor and touching humanity. The opera undoubtedly requires several hearings before all its subtleties become manifest to the listener, but it is well worth the trouble.

The cast of the current production is close to ideal, and the staging—created several years ago by Herbert Graf, who has, unfortunately, since left the Metropolitan—is adroit and tasteful. The sets and costumes, by Rolf Gérard, are magnificent, and John Gutman's English version of the text is quite skillful, though one could not always understand the words without recourse to the printed libretto. A newcomer—a petite German lyric soprano named Anneliese Rothenberger—sings the role of Zdenka with lovely, free upper notes, and looks as cute as a ladybug in her masculine attire. Lisa Della Casa fits the role of Arabella as if she were made for it; George London brings the virtues of a practiced and elegant operatic actor to the part of Mandryka; Barry Morell, as Matteo, sings soulfully enough; and Laurel Hurley does acceptably by the brilliant role of Fiakermilli. Erich Leinsdorf, who conducts, shows what he can accomplish with a freshly rehearsed orchestra and cast, and under his baton the music emerges with a rare transparency. Altogether, the production makes an enchanting evening, and I recommend it highly.

THE revival of Gaetano Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore" at the Metropolitan last week was the first production the tuneful old *opera buffa* has had there in eleven years. It remains a wholly innocent bit of horseplay, with just enough lilting melody to keep it in a state of propulsion, and its production nowadays demands a lot of ingenuity and taste, which, I am glad to say, it got

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the other night. Accepting its status as an ancient period piece, Robert O'Hearn, the production's designer, and Nathaniel Merrill, its director, provided some nostalgic sets, reminiscent here and there of Watteau, and some spirited action, the most arresting moment being the arrival onstage of Dr. Dulcamara in the gondola of a nineteenth-century hot-air balloon, which descended majestically from the skies. This was good fun, and so was much of the rest of the evening, which was enlivened by, among other things, several nicely conceived ballet sequences, by Todd Bolender, that fitted into the surrounding action with a naturalness not always found in operatic ballet. From the strictly vocal point of view, the performance was merely pleasing, rather than brilliant. A new Italian tenor, Dino Formichini, replaced the indisposed Cesare Valletti in the role of Nemorino, and won himself an ovation with the famous aria "Una furtiva lagrima." To me he seemed a slightly unsophisticated singer from the standpoint of style, though I thought his voice an agreeably fresh one. Elisabeth Soederstroem was an engaging Adina, attractive to the eye, if not exactly scintillating in her coloratura passages. Mildred Allen sang her bit as Giannetta beautifully; Frank Guarrera made a spirited, though vocally limited, Sergeant Belcore; and the dependable Fernando Corena carried on quite effectively as the elixir-peddling Doctor.

LAST week, too, I attended the concert performance, at Carnegie Hall, of Béla Bartók's rarely performed one-act opera "Duke Bluebeard's Castle," which was done with supreme virtuosity by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy, with Rosalind Elias and Jerome Hines as the protagonists. I found it a rather fascinating work, full of astoundingly original touches of harmony and orchestration, and Miss Elias, in particular, was a joy to listen to. As is true of many

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Bartók works, however, its fascination was of the sort that appeals to the mind, leaving the emotions virtually unruffled, and though I tried to get into the spirit of the allegory it sets forth about the differing approaches of man and woman to love, I remained an unmoved spectator, merely admiring the composer's ingenuity and daring.

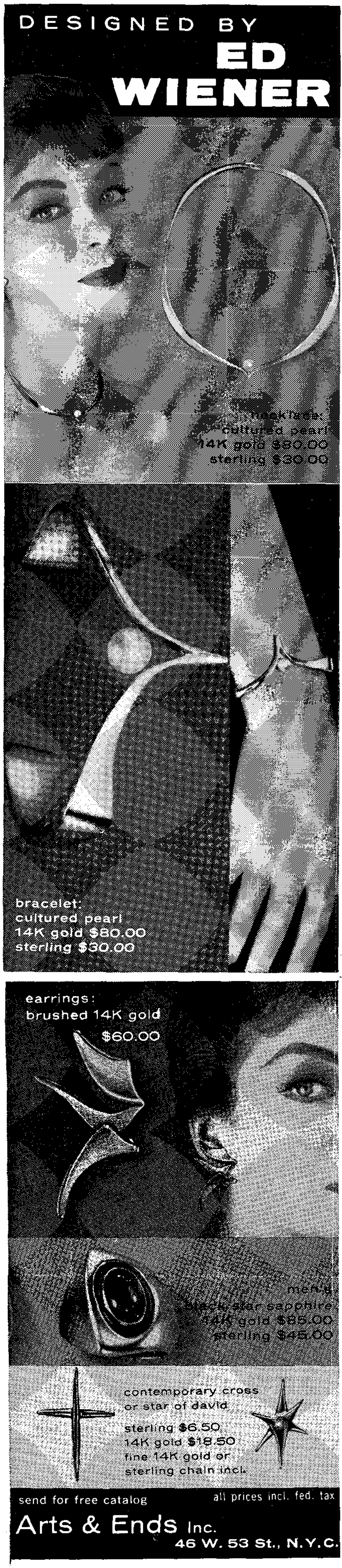
—Winthrop Sargeant

CONCERT RECORDS

A Pair of Dons

VICTOR and Angel have lately brought out two new recordings of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," an opera already available under five other labels. For sheer vocal opulence, the Victor set is probably the best of the whole seven; in addition to Cesare Siepi and Fernando Corena, as Don Giovanni and Leporello, respectively—roles they previously essayed in a London recording—the singers include Birgit Nilsson as Donna Anna, Leontyne Price as Donna Elvira, and Cesare Valletti as Don Ottavio. All of them are vocalists of superior skills, and the Don himself, in Siepi's dark, rich, and expressive tones, is every inch the grandee. Resourceful, self-assured, commanding, courtly, indifferent to danger, enigmatic, and, on top of it all, magnificently detached from the concerns of everyday life, he resembles a general who, for want of a legion to deploy in combat, idles away his time with toy soldiers. There is perhaps a slight lack of dash in Siepi's characterization, an occasional something bordering on solemnity, but it is a masterly job all the same. And Fernando Corena's Leporello, in keeping with the special quality of his lord, has a certain distinction, too. Singing in a voice almost suave enough for the title role, Corena passes up the many opportunities that the opera presents to make of the servant a low-comedy figure. He and Siepi are really quite a team.

Donna Anna and her fiancé, Don Ottavio, though essential parts of the plot machinery, are pretty thankless roles dramatically; like a couple of enterprising undertakers following a good prospect about, the one spends most of the evening demanding revenge for the slaying of her father and the other keeps promising to do something about it—a task that, as it happens, is eventually taken out of his hands. Mozart, however, lavished at least one stunning aria on each of them. Valletti sings "Il mio tesoro" in the exquisitely handled velvety tenor that has made him the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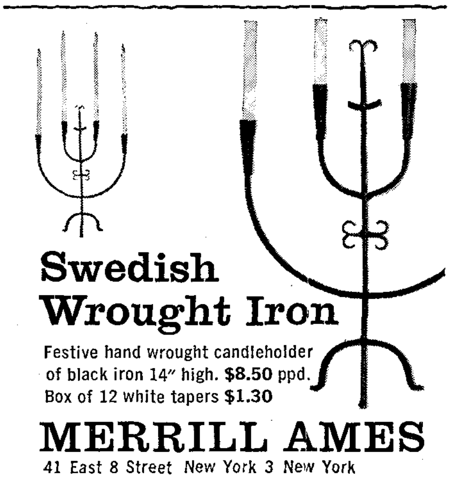
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Metropolitan Opera, singing Don Ottavio. Miss Nilsson gets off the greater part of Donna Anna's long aria "Non mi dir, bell' idol mio" ably enough and with some beautiful, thrusting top tones, but, like most other interpreters of the part today, she is not entirely at ease in the florid developments of the closing section.

Aside from Donna Anna's father, the Commendatore, who, having once set the story in motion by getting himself killed at the beginning, has only a spectral importance in the opera, there is just one character in "Don Giovanni" who comes even close to matching the Don in fascination and complexity. In this strange and luridly lighted bit of seventeenth-century Sevillian landscape, peopled largely by minor chess figures, there are but two imponderables, two figures moving always in the foreground—the Don and Donna Elvira. Rejected, bitter, and yet powerfully drawn to her traducer, Donna Elvira compels our interest throughout as the only successful restraining influence on the bold philanderer until fate ultimately takes over. She alone prevents Don Giovanni from adding to his conquests—already in the thousands, if we can credit Leporello's calculations—during these, his last days on earth. Leontyne Price brings to the part a lovely and vibrantly healthy soprano voice, but unfortunately she has not given sufficient thought to the dramatic aspects of her role. Miss Price is almost exclusively concerned with her vocal production, and as a result the character slips away. Among the lesser parts, Eugenia Ratti makes a charming Zerlina, whose enchanting duet with Don Giovanni, "La ci darem la mano," is exquisitely done, and Heinz Blankenburg and Arnold van Mill give thoroughly professional accounts of the roles of Masetto and the Commendatore, respectively. The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and Vienna State Opera Chorus, under Erich Leinsdorf, perform admirably.

The Victor recording, incidentally, includes everything Mozart wrote for "Don Giovanni." Since the practice today is to include both "Il mio tesoro," which was dropped from the first Vienna performance because of the tenor's vocal limitations, and Donna Elvira's "In quali eccessi," which was inserted on that occasion, the only notable additions here are those falling between the two arias and consisting of the following: a five-minute comedy scene between Zerlina and Leporello, at the end of which she ties him to a chair; a min-

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ute-long monologue by Leporello, in the course of which he frees himself; and a half-minute episode that allows Zerlina to bring Donna Elvira back on for her aria. I might also note that the recording, which takes up eight sides, contains what appear to be dubbed-in sound effects—the tinkle and clatter of silverware and dishes as the feast is spread in Don Giovanni's palace, in the final scene, and, when Leporello eventually extricates himself from Zerlina's knots, a crash that sounds as if he had fallen through one side of the Lever Building.

THE Angel recording, also on eight sides, has an extremely intimate quality about it a good deal of the time—almost as though "Don Giovanni" were a radio opera. This quality is due largely to the presence in the title role of Eberhard Wächter, who has a rather light baritone that frequently takes on a crooning texture. Sometimes this approach is pleasant, as in his duet with Zerlina (though Graziella Sciutti lacks personality as the latter), but in my opinion it has the over-all effect of diminishing the main character. Wächter's Don Giovanni is both a more human and a more commonplace rascal than the magnetic villain he was meant to be. And since Giuseppe Taddei, as Leporello, emphasizes the servant's comic side, the two together often give the impression of being a pair of minor conspirators, rather than a powerful master and a thoroughly exploited servant. However, the Angel recording contains one gem of a performance—Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's portrayal of Donna Elvira. Although Miss Schwarzkopf's soprano is no longer able to negotiate this sort of music with complete aplomb, she is such a remarkable artist and possesses so commanding a grasp of the role that her performance becomes a model for all would-be Donna Elviras. As Donna Anna, Joan Sutherland employs her well-trained lyric-soprano voice to good effect. Luigi Alva is adequate as Don Ottavio, and Piero Cappuccilli and Gottlob Frick carry off the parts of Masetto and the Commendatore, in that order, competently enough. The Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus lend skillful support under the guidance of Carlo Maria Giulini.

—DOUGLAS WATT

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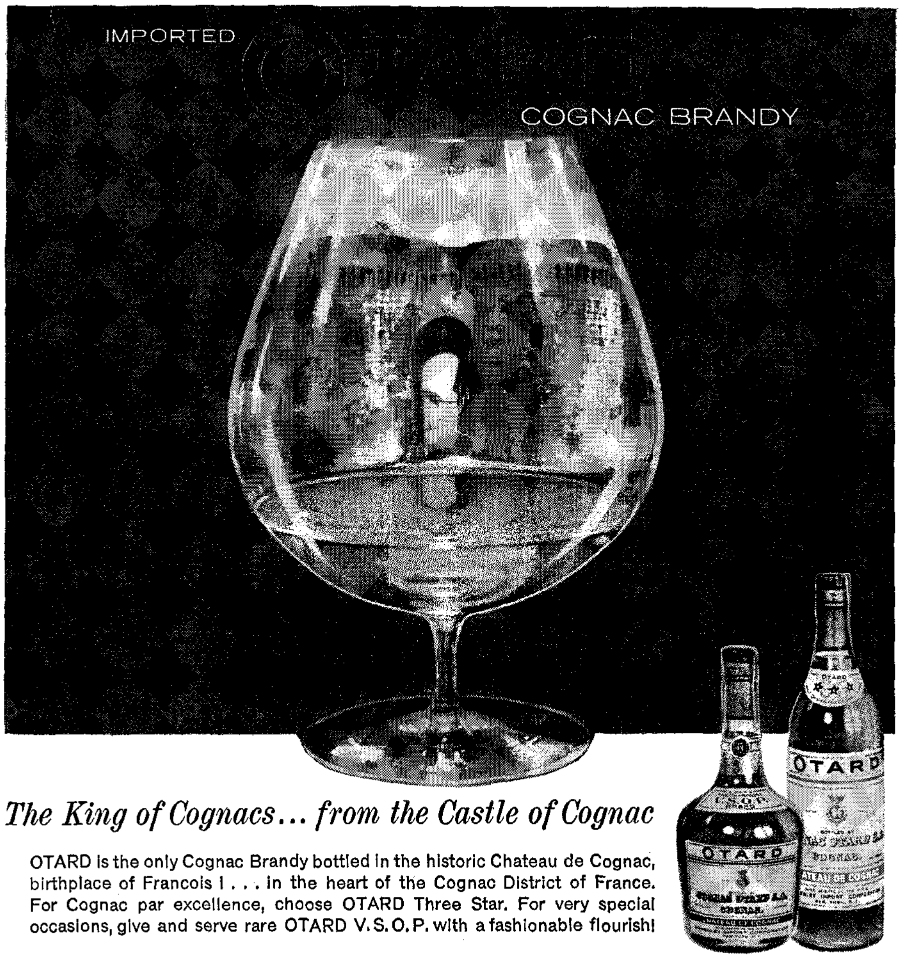

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THE EDSEL

II—EPITOME

THE most striking physical characteristic of the Edsel—the catastrophically unsuccessful medium-priced car that the Ford Motor Company introduced to the market on September 4, 1957, after having spent a quarter of a billion dollars on it, and stopped producing about two years later—was its radiator grille. This, in contrast to the wide and horizontal grilles of all nineteen other American makes of the time, was slender and vertical. Of chromium-plated steel, and shaped something like an egg, it sat in the middle of the car's front end, and was embellished by the word "EDSEL" in aluminum letters running down its length. It was intended to suggest the front end of practically any car of twenty or thirty years ago and of most contemporary European cars, and thus to look at once seasoned and sophisticated. The trouble was that whereas the front ends of the antiques and the European cars were themselves high and narrow—consisting, indeed, of little more than the radiator grilles—the front end of the Edsel was broad and low, just like the front ends of all its American competitors. Consequently, there were wide areas on either side of the grille that had to be filled in with something, and filled in they were—with twin panels of entirely conventional horizontal chrome grillwork. The effect was that of an Oldsmobile with the prow of a Pierce-Arrow implanted in its front end, or of a teen-age girl trying on her mother's party gown; the attempt at the seasoned and sophisticated was so transparent as to be endearing.

The rear end of the Edsel was another matter, though here, too, there was a marked departure from the conventional design of the day. Instead of the notorious tail fin, the car had what looked to its fanciers like wings and to others, less ethereal-minded, like eyebrows. The lines of the trunk lid and the rear fenders, swooping upward and outward, did somewhat resemble the wings of a gull in flight, but the resemblance was marred by two long, narrow taillights, set partly in the trunk lid and partly in the fenders, which followed those lines and created the startling illusion, especially at night, of a slant-eyed grin. From the front, the Edsel seemed, above all, anxious to please, even at the cost of being clownish; from the rear it looked crafty, Oriental, smug, one-up—maybe a little cynical and contemptuous, too.

In other respects, the exterior styling (Detroitese for "design") of the Edsel was not far out of the ordinary. Its sides were festooned with a bit less than the average amount of chrome, and distinguished by a gouged-out bullet-shaped groove extending forward from the rear fender for about half the length of the car. Midway along this groove, the word "EDSEL" was displayed in chrome letters, and just below the rear window was a small grille-like decoration, on which was spelled out—of all things—"EDSEL." ("Our goal is to create a vehicle that will be readily recognizable," Roy A. Brown, the Edsel's chief stylist, has said.) In its interior, the Edsel strove mightily to live up to the prediction of Richard Krafve, general manager of the Ford company's Edsel Division, who said early in the game that the car would be "the epitome of the push-button era." The push-button era in medium-priced cars being what it was, Krafve's was a rash prophecy indeed, but the Edsel rose to it with a devilish assemblage of gadgets such as had seldom, if ever, been seen before. On or near the Edsel's dashboard were a push button that popped the trunk lid open; a lever that popped the hood open; a lever that released the parking brake; a speedometer that glowed red when the driver exceeded his chosen maximum speed; a single-dial control for both heating and cooling; a tachometer, in the best racing-car style; buttons to

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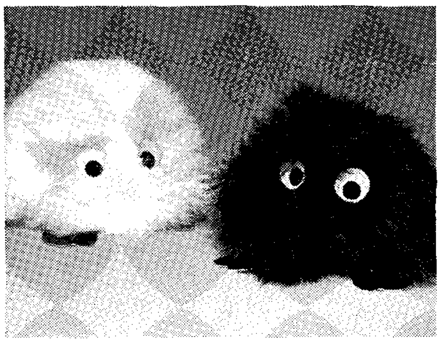

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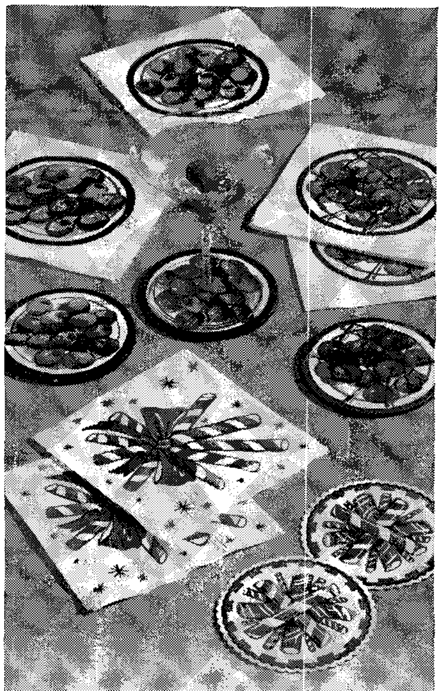
There were four lines of Edsels, and both of the two larger and more expensive ones—the Corsair and the Citation—were two hundred and nineteen inches long, or two inches longer than the biggest of the Oldsmobiles, one of the makes the Edsel was chiefly intended to compete with; both were eighty inches wide, or about as wide as passenger cars ever get; and the height of both was only fifty-seven inches, as low as any other medium-priced car. The Ranger and the Pacer, the smaller Edsels, were six inches shorter, an inch narrower, and an inch lower than the Corsair and the Citation. The Corsair and the Citation were equipped with three-hundred-and-forty-five-horsepower engines, making them more powerful than any other American car at the time of their début, and the Ranger and the Pacer were good for three hundred and three horsepower, near the top in their class. At the touch of a toothpick to the "Drive" button, an idling Corsair or Citation sedan (more than two tons of car, in either case) could, if properly skippered, take off with such abruptness that in ten and three-tenths seconds it would be doing a mile a minute, and in seventeen and a half seconds it would be a quarter of a mile down the road. If anything or anybody happened to be in the way when the toothpick touched the push button, so much the worse.

When the wraps were taken off the Edsel, it received what is known in the theatrical business as a mixed press. The automotive editors of the daily newspapers stuck mostly to straight descriptions of the car, with only here and there a phrase or two of appraisal, some of it ambiguous ("The difference in



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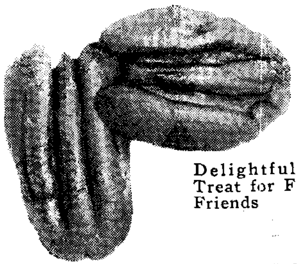

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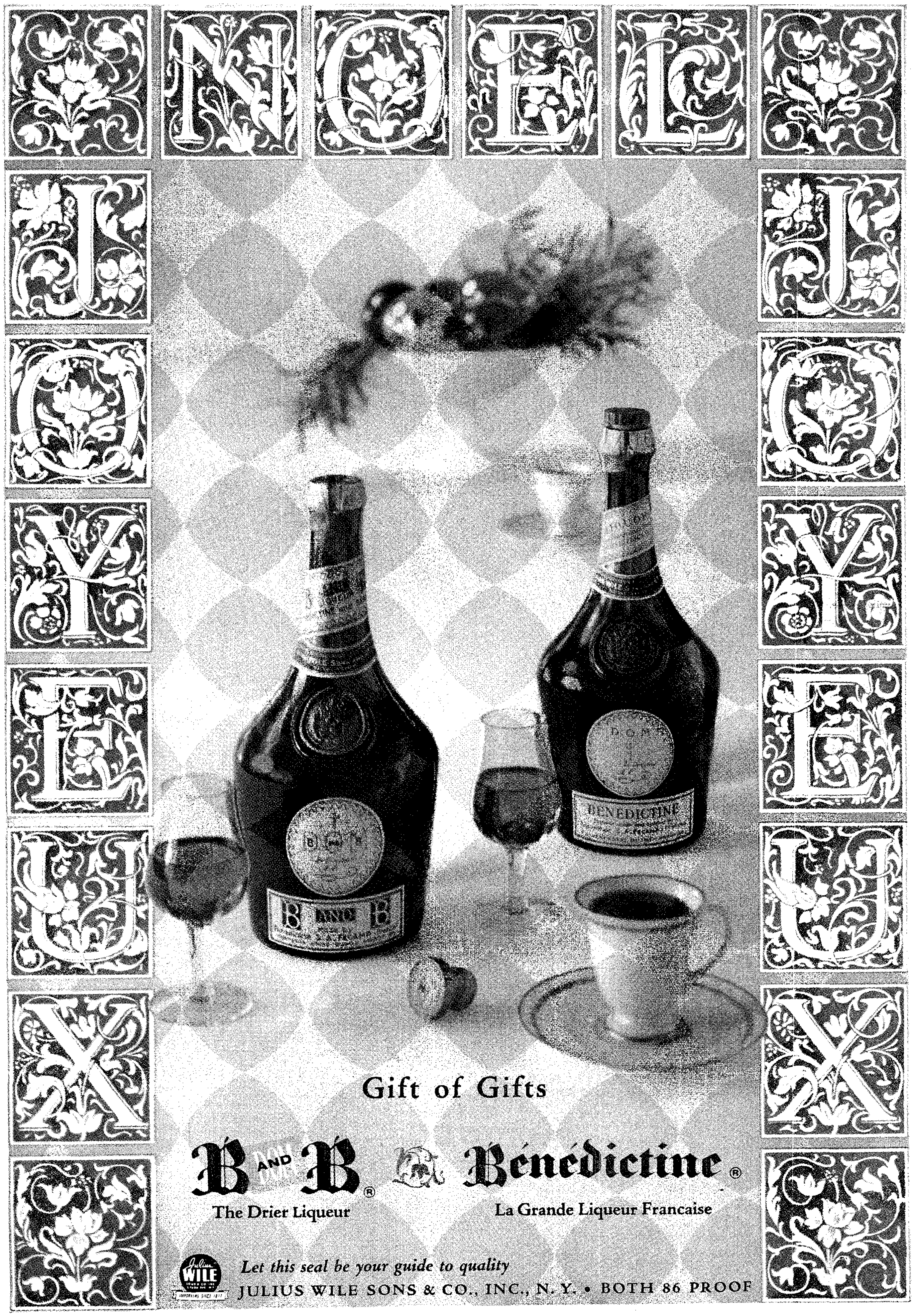
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style is spectacular," noted Joseph C. Ingraham in the New York *Times*) and some of it openly favorable ("A handsome and hard-punching newcomer," said Fred Olmstead, in the Detroit *Free Press*). Magazine criticism was generally more exhaustive and occasionally more severe. *Motor Trend*, the largest monthly devoted to ordinary automobiles, as distinct from hot rods, devoted eight pages of its October, 1957, issue to an analysis and critique of the Edsel by Joe H. Wherry, its Detroit editor. Wherry liked the car's appearance, its interior comfort, and its gadgets, although he did not always make it clear just why; in paying his respects to the transmission buttons on the steering post, he wrote, "You need not take your eyes off the road for an instant." He conceded that there were "untold opportunities for more . . . unique approaches," but he summed up his opinion in a sentence that fairly peppered the Edsel with honorific adverbs: "The Edsel performs fine, rides well, and handles good." Tom McCahill, of *Mechanix Illustrated*, generally admired the "bolt bag," as he affectionately called the Edsel, but he had some reservations, which, incidentally, throw some interesting light on an automobile critic's equivalent of an aisle seat. "On ribbed concrete," he reported, "every time I shot the throttle to the floor quickly, the wheels spun like a gone-wild Waring Blendor. . . . At high speeds, especially through rough corners, I found the suspension a little too horsebacky. . . . I couldn't help but wonder what this salami would really do if it had enough road adhesion."

By far the most downright—and very likely the most damaging—panning that the Edsel got during its first months appeared in the January, 1958, issue of the Consumers Union monthly, *Consumer Reports*, whose eight hundred thousand subscribers probably included more potential Edsel buyers than have ever turned the pages of *Motor Trend* or *Mechanix Illustrated*. After having put a Corsair through a series of road tests, *Consumer Reports* declared:

> The Edsel has no important basic advantages over other brands. The car is almost entirely conventional in construction. . . . The amount of shake present in this Corsair body on rough roads—which wasn't long in making itself heard as squeaks and rattles—went well beyond any acceptable limit. . . . The Corsair's handling qualities—sluggish, over-slow steering, sway and lean on turns, and a general detached-from-the-road feel—are, to put it mildly, without distinction. As a matter of simple fact, combined with the car's

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is a
precious metal

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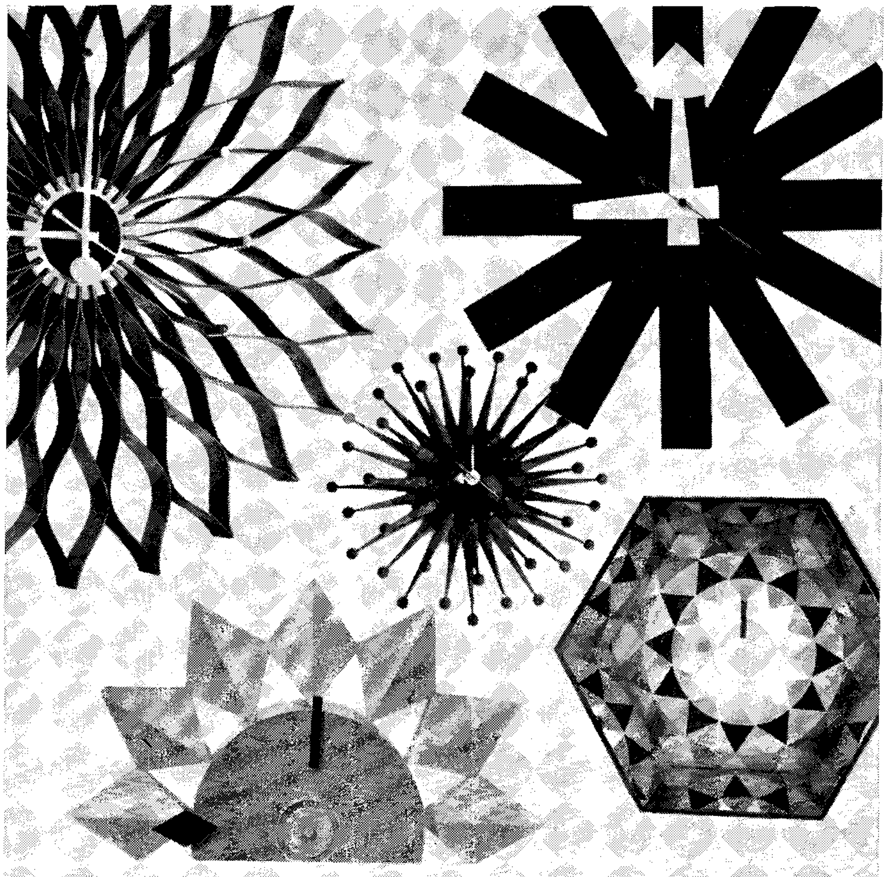

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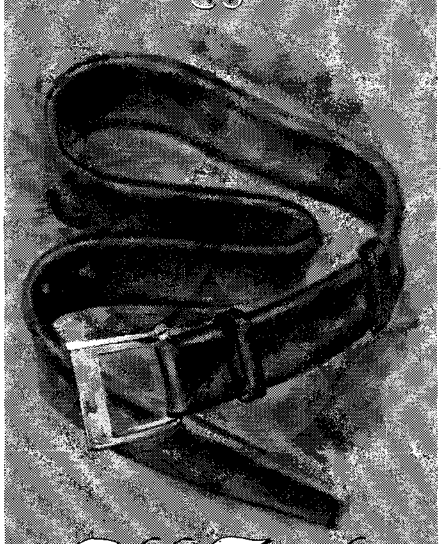

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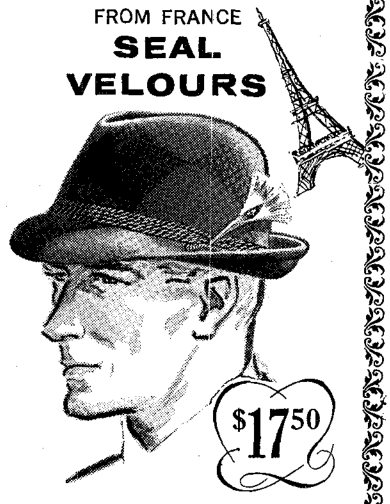
tendency to shake like jelly, Edsel handling represents retrogression rather than progress. . . . Stepping on the gas in traffic, or in passing cars, or just to feel the pleasurable surge of power, will cause those big cylinders really to lap up fuel. . . . The center of the steering wheel is not, in CU's opinion, a good pushbutton location. . . . To look at the Edsel buttons pulls the driver's eyes clear down off the road. [*Pace* Mr. Wherry.] The "luxury-loaded" Edsel—as one magazine cover described it—will certainly please anyone who confuses gadgetry with true luxury.

Three months later, in a roundup of all the 1958-model cars, *Consumer Reports* went at the Edsel again, calling it "more uselessly overpowered . . . more gadget bedecked, more hung with expensive accessories than any car in its price class," and giving the Corsair and the Citation the bottom position in its competitive ratings. Like Krafve, *Consumer Reports* considered the Edsel an epitome; unlike Krafve, the magazine concluded that the car seemed to "epitomize the many excesses" with which Detroit manufacturers were "repulsing more and more potential car buyers."

AND yet, in a way, the Edsel wasn't so bad. It embodied much of the spirit of its time—or at least of the time when it was designed, early in 1955. It was clumsy, powerful, dowdy, gauche, well-meaning—a de Kooning woman. Few people, apart from employees of the advertising agency Foote, Cone & Belding, who were paid to do so, have adequately hymned its ability, at its best, to coax and jolly the harried owner into a sense of well-being. Furthermore, the designers of several rival makes, including Chevrolet, Buick, and Ford, Edsel's own stablemate, have since flattered Roy Brown's styling by imitating at least one feature of the car's much reviled lines—the rear-end wing theme. The Edsel was obviously jinxed, but to say that it was jinxed by its design alone would be an oversimplification, as it would be to say that it was jinxed by an excess of motivational research, though the Ford people went in for that heavily, in their efforts to find the right "image" or "personality" of the car to present to the public. The fact is that in the short, unhappy life of the Edsel a number of other factors contributed to its commercial downfall. One of these was the scarcely believable circumstance that many of the very first Edsels—those obviously destined for the most glaring public limelight—were dramatically imperfect. By a preliminary program of promotion and advertising, the Ford company had built up an overwhelming head of public in-

FROM FRANCE
SEAL VELOURS



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Lunch from 11, Dinner 5-10, Supper till 1 A.M.
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terest in the Edsel, causing its arrival to be anticipated and the car itself to be gawked at with more eagerness than had ever greeted any automobile before it. After all that, it seemed, the car didn't quite work. Within a few weeks after the Edsel was introduced, its pratfalls were the talk of the land. Edsels were delivered with oil leaks, sticking hoods, trunks that wouldn't open, and push buttons that, far from yielding to a toothpick, couldn't be budged with a hammer. *Automotive News* reported that in general the earliest Edsels suffered from poor paint, inferior sheet metal, and faulty accessories, and quoted the lament of a dealer about one of the first Edsel convertibles he received: "The top was badly set, doors cockeyed, the header bar trimmed at the wrong angle, and the front springs sagged." The Ford company had the particular bad luck to sell to Consumers Union—which buys its test cars in the open market, as a precaution against being favored with specially doctored samples—an Edsel in which the axle ratio was wrong, an expansion plug in the cooling system blew out, the power-steering pump leaked, the rear-axle gears were noisy, and the heater emitted blasts of hot air when it was turned off. A former executive of the Edsel Division has estimated that only about half of the first Edsels really performed properly.

A layman cannot help wondering how the Ford company, in all its power and glory, could have been guilty of such a Mack Sennett routine of build-up and anticlimax. Krafve, the wan, hard-working boss of the Edsel operation, explains gamely that when a company brings out a new model of any make—even an old and tested one—the first cars often have bugs in them. A more startling theory—though only a theory—is that there may have been sabotage in some of the four plants that assembled the Edsel, all but one of

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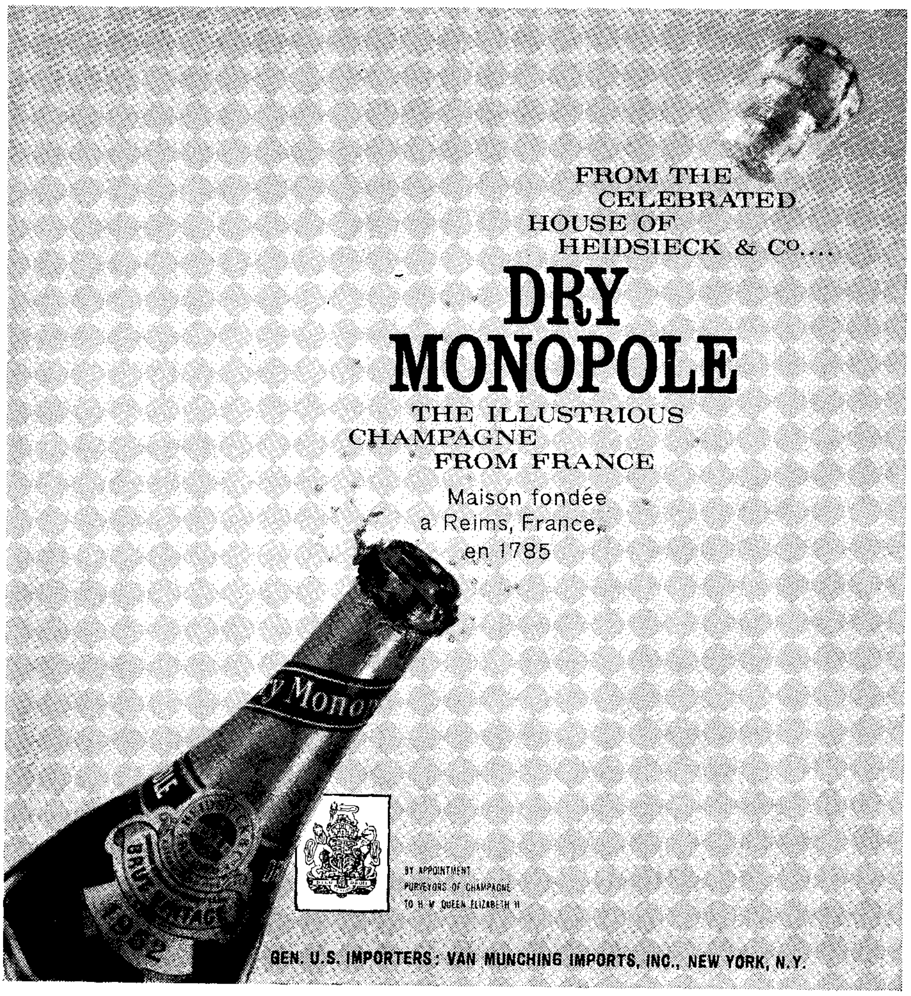

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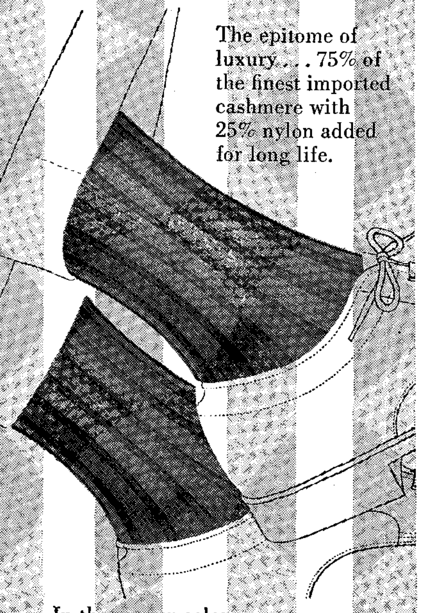

The epitome of luxury . . . 75% of the finest imported cashmere with 25% nylon added for long life.

In the proper colors.
Slack length $3.50, *half hose* $4.50
Available at: Pittsburgh—Kaufmann's
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which had previously been, and currently also were, assembling Fords or Mercurys. In marketing the Edsel, the Ford company took a leaf out of the book of General Motors, which for years had successfully been permitting, and even encouraging, the makers and sellers of its Oldsmobiles, Buicks, Pontiacs, and the higher-priced models of its Chevrolet to fight for customers with no quarter given; faced with the same sort of intramural competition, some members of the Ford and Lincoln-Mercury Divisions of the Ford company openly hoped from the start for the Edsel's downfall. (Krafve, realizing what might happen, asked that the Edsel be assembled in plants of its own, but his superiors turned him down.) However, J. C. Doyle, a forty-two-year veteran of the automobile business who was Krafve's second-in-command, pooh-poohs the notion that the Edsel was the victim of dirty work at the plants. "Of course the Ford and Lincoln-Mercury Divisions didn't want to see another Ford-company car in the field," he says, "but as far as I know, anything they did at the executive and plant levels was in competitive good taste. On the other hand, at the distribution and dealer level, you got some rough infighting in terms of whispering and propaganda. If I'd been in one of the other divisions, I'd have done the same thing." No proud defeated general of the old school ever spoke more nobly.

It is a tribute of sorts to the men who gave the Edsel its big buildup that although cars tending to rattle, balk, and fall apart into shiny heaps of junk kept coming off the assembly lines, things didn't go badly at first. On Edsel Day, the day the car was unveiled and put on sale, two million eight hundred and fifty thousand people are said to have seen it in dealers' showrooms, having been lured there by a blizzard of newspaper, magazine, radio, and television publicity and by Foote, Cone & Belding's advertising campaign—a campaign that reached its climax on Edsel Day itself with an ad, published in newspapers all over the country, in which the Edsel shared the spotlight with the Ford company's two leading executives, President Henry Ford II and Chairman of the Board Ernest R. Breech. In the ad, Ford looked like a dignified young father, Breech like a dignified gentleman holding a full house against a possible straight, and the Edsel like an Edsel. The accompanying text declared that the decision to produce the car had been "based on what we knew, guessed, felt, believed, suspect-

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Our famous "slip on that stays on" has a new dressy version: soft, smooth calf; plain toe. Especially handsome in Olive-Verdi—equally good in black or dark brown, all with leather-covered elasticized goring for absolute "give-but-stay-on" fit. Premium leather sole, pre-flexed for extra comfort . . . and the craftsmanship is typically Nettleton! $29.95. Add $1.00 for postage and handling. Specify color, size and width. Write for FREE STYLE FOLDER.

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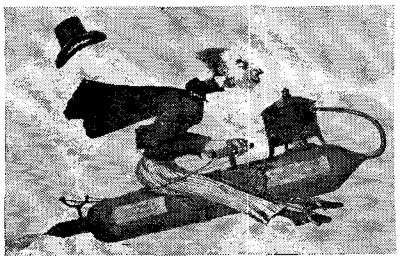

offers countless Christmas ideas among hundreds of Old Colored Prints, one of a kind, in great variety. Send 25c for December issue PORTFOLIO picturing, pricing, describing 47 such remarkable prints and paintings.

The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
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Tel. MUrray Hill 3-3950 ~ Established 1898

ed—about you," and added, "YOU are the reason behind the Edsel." Doyle says that on Edsel Day more than sixty-five hundred Edsels were either ordered by or actually delivered to customers. That was a good showing, but there were isolated signs of resistance. For instance, a New England dealer selling Edsels in one showroom and Buicks in another reported that two prospects walked into the Edsel showroom, took a look at the Edsel, and placed orders for Buicks on the spot.

In the next few days, sales dropped sharply, but that was to be expected once the bloom was off. Automobile deliveries to dealers—one of the important indicators in the trade—are customarily measured in ten-day periods, and during the first ten days of September, on only six of which the Edsel was on sale, it racked up 4,095; this was lower than Doyle's first-day figure because many of the initial purchases were of models and color combinations not in stock, which had to be factory-assembled to order. The delivery total for the second ten-day period was off slightly, and that for the third was down to just under thirty-six hundred. For the first ten days of October, nine of which were business days, there were only 2,751 deliveries—an average of just over three hundred cars a day. The Ford company had calculated that in order to make the Edsel operation profitable, it would have to sell about two hundred thousand cars a year, or between six and seven hundred each business day. On the night of Sunday, October 13th, Ford put on a mammoth television spectacular for Edsel, preëmpting the time ordinarily allotted to the Ed Sullivan show, but though the program cost four hundred thousand dollars and starred Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra, it failed to cause any sharp spurt in sales. Now it was obvious that things were not going at all well.

Among the former executives of the Edsel Division, opinions differ as to the exact moment when the portents of doom became unmistakable. Krafve feels that the moment did not arrive until sometime late in October. David Wallace, Edsel's pipe-smoking, professorial director of planning for market research, who concentrated his attention on the vagaries of sociology and mass psychology, conducted the Edsel's motivational-research program, and frequently referred to his department as a "semi-Brain Trust," goes a step further by pinning the start of the disaster to a specific date—October 4th, the day the first Soviet sputnik went

The Cocktail Golf Rug

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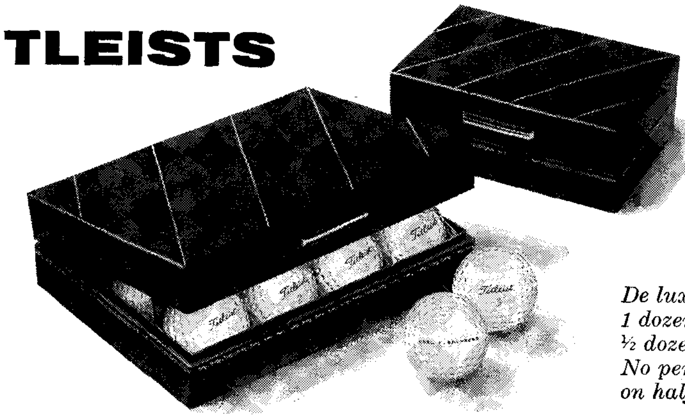

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GIVE NEW TITLEISTS, PERSONALIZED* with owner's name at *no extra charge.* Just print name (no more than 18 letters and spaces) and send it to us with check or money order.

**Please remember, for personalizing, at least one dozen must be ordered for each name.*

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Please be sure to include your golf professional's name so we can credit him with the sale as Acushnet's policy is to sell through golf course pro shops only.

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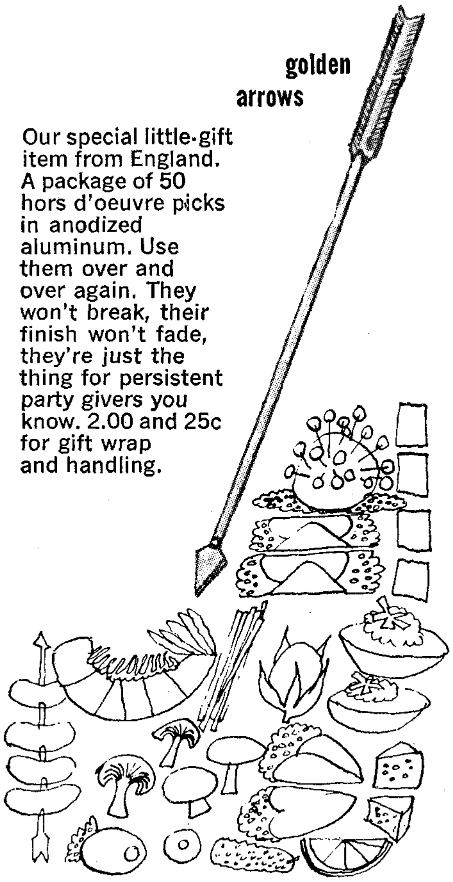

Our special little-gift item from England. A package of 50 hors d'oeuvre picks in anodized aluminum. Use them over and over again. They won't break, their finish won't fade, they're just the thing for persistent party givers you know. 2.00 and 25c for gift wrap and handling.

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FINEST IN PORCELAIN SINCE 1735

This is Ginori! Cachepot, collector's cup and saucer, covered utility box . . . from the extensive giftware collection by the Italian master of porcelain exquisites.
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See Ginori china dinnerware, giftware and renowned Capodimonte® at America's finest stores or write:

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into orbit, shattering the myth of American technical preëminence and precipitating a public revulsion against Detroit's fancier baubles. C. Gayle Warnock, the Edsel public-relations director, maintains that his barometric sensitivity to the public temper enabled him to call the turn as early as mid-September; contrariwise, Doyle says he maintained his optimism until mid-November, by which time he was about the only man in the division who had not concluded it would take a miracle to save the Edsel. "In November," says Wallace, sociologically, "there was panic, and its concomitant—mob action." The mob action took the form of a concerted tendency to blame the design of the car for the whole debacle; Edsel men who had previously had nothing but lavish praise for the radiator grille and rear end now went around muttering that any fool could see they were ludicrous. The obvious sacrificial victim was Brown, whose stock had gone through the roof in August, 1955, when his tentative design of the new car, upon first being shown to the Ford executives, impelled them to burst into precedent-breaking spontaneous applause. Now, without having done anything further, for either better or worse, the poor fellow became the company scapegoat. "Beginning in November, nobody talked to Roy," Wallace says. On November 27th, as if things weren't bad enough, Charles Kreisler, the only Edsel dealer in Manhattan and probably the most important one anywhere, announced that he was turning in his franchise because of poor sales, and it was rumored that he added, "The Ford Motor Company has laid an egg." He thereupon signed up with American Motors to sell its Rambler, which, as the only domestic small car then on the market, was already the possessor of a zooming sales curve. Doyle grimly commented that the Edsel Division was "not concerned" about Kreisler's defection.

By December, the panic at Edsel had abated to the point where its sponsors could pull themselves together and begin casting about for ways to get sales moving again. Henry Ford II, manifesting himself to Edsel dealers on closed-circuit television, urged them to remain calm, promised that the company would back them to the limit, and said flatly, "The Edsel is here to stay." A million and a half letters went out over Krafve's signature to owners of medium-priced cars, asking them to drop around at their local dealers and test-ride the Edsel; everyone doing so,

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Enjoy this superb tea . . . Finest obtainable . . . smoky Lapsang Souchong from Taiwan. Delicious, deeply satisfying.

At leading fine food shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and address so we may supply him directly.

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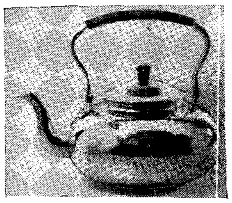
SILVER BRIGHT, POLISHED PURE ALUMINUM THAT WILL NEVER DARKEN OR STAIN.



a Pretty Kettle

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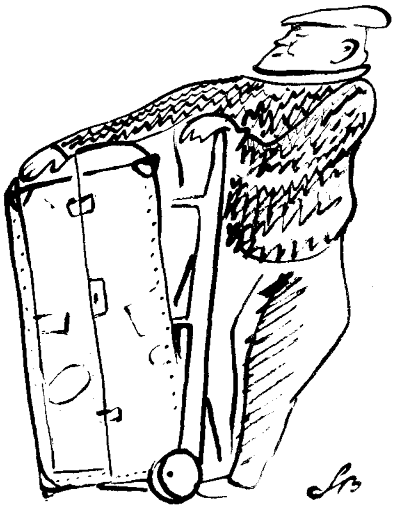
Krafve promised, would be given an eight-inch plastic scale model of the car, whether he bought a full-size one or not. The Edsel Division picked up the check for the scale models—a symptom of desperation indeed, for under normal circumstances no automobile manufacturer would make even a move to outfumble its dealers for such a tab. (Up to that time, the dealers had paid for everything, including their display signs.) The division also began offering its dealers what it called "sales bonuses," which meant that the dealers could knock anything from one hundred to three hundred dollars off the price of each car without reducing their profit margin. Krafve told a reporter that sales up to then were about what he had expected them to be, although not what he had hoped they would be; in his zeal not to seem unpleasantly surprised, he appeared to be saying that he had expected the Edsel to fail. The Edsel's advertising campaign, which had started with studied dignity, began to sound a note of stridency. "Everyone who has seen it knows—with us—that the Edsel is a success," a magazine ad declared, and in a later ad this phrase was twice repeated, like an incantation: "The Edsel is a success. It is a new idea—a YOU idea—on the American Road. . . . The Edsel is a success." Soon the even less high-toned but more dependable advertising themes of price and social status began to intrude, in such sentences as "They'll know you've *arrived* when you drive up in an Edsel" and "The one that's really new is the lowest-priced, too!" In the more rarefied sectors of Madison Avenue, a resort to rhymed slogans is usually regarded as an indication of artistic depravity induced by commercial necessity.

From the frantic and costly measures the Edsel Division took in December, it garnered one tiny crumb: for the first



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Holiday cheer glows warm and bright with table settings highlighted by W/B Candles. Style-right, color-perfect, they lend a gracious note of welcome that every hostess desires.

Choose from such quality brands as: Twistolite, Vassar, Marble, Taperlite or Tavern Candles plus a complete selection of holiday and special use candles. At most retail stores. Ask for them by name.

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This is the present that can't go wrong, because we won't let it. Here's the way you send Fraises des Bois as Christmas gifts. Give us the names of those whom you wish to remember. We send gift cards now, then ship the plants early next spring (Florida and California orders shipped for Christmas). One dozen Charles V $8.95. Larger quantities to one address: 25 for $14.95; 50 for $27.50. Delivery free. Be sure to enclose gift cards, addresses and other instructions. And please do it now, for there isn't much time left before Christmas.—**Amos Pettingill.**

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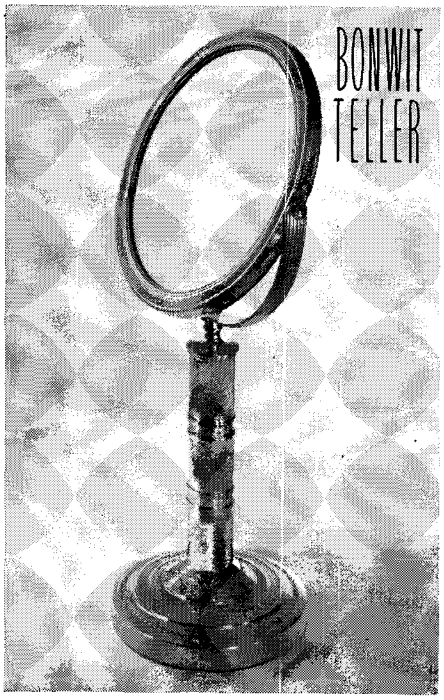
Rare Plantsmen
Litchfield 3, Connecticut

ten-day period of 1958, it was able to report, sales were up 18.6 per cent over those of the last ten days of 1957. The catch, as the *Wall Street Journal* alertly noted, was that the latter period embraced one more selling day than the earlier one, so, for practical purposes, there had scarcely been a gain at all. In any case, that early-January word of meretricious cheer turned out to be the Edsel Division's last gesture. On January 14, 1958, the Ford Motor Company announced that it was consolidating the Edsel Division with the Lincoln-Mercury Division to form a Mercury-Edsel-Lincoln Division, under the management of James J. Nance, who had been running Lincoln-Mercury. It was the first time that one of the major automobile companies had lumped three divisions into one since General Motors' merger of Buick, Oldsmobile, and Pontiac back in the depression, and to the people of the expunged Edsel Division the meaning of the administrative move was all too clear. "With that much competition in a division, the Edsel wasn't going anywhere," Doyle says. "It became a stepchild."

FOR the last year and ten months of its existence, the Edsel was very much a stepchild—generally neglected, little advertised, and kept alive only to avoid publicizing a boner any more than necessary and in the forlorn hope that it *might* go somewhere after all. What advertising it did get strove quixotically to assure the automobile trade that everything was dandy; in mid-February an ad in *Automotive News* had Nance saying, "Since the formation of the new M-E-L Division at Ford Motor Company, we have analyzed with keen interest the sales progress of the Edsel. We think it is quite significant that during the five months since the Edsel was introduced, Edsel sales have been greater than the first five months' sales for any other new make of car ever introduced on the American Road. . . . Edsel's steady progress can be a source of satisfaction and a great incentive to all of us." Nance's comparison, however, was almost meaningless, no new make ever having been introduced anything like so grandiosely, and the note of confidence could not help ringing hollow.

It is quite possible that Nance's attention was never called to an article by S. I. Hayakawa, the semanticist, that was published in the spring of 1958 in *ETC: A Review of General Semantics*, a quarterly magazine, under the title



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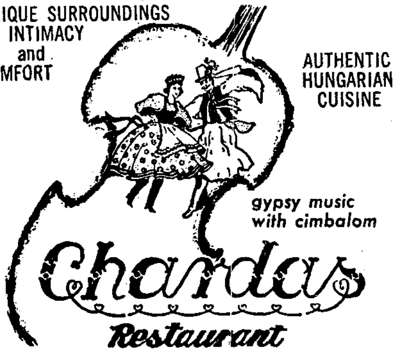

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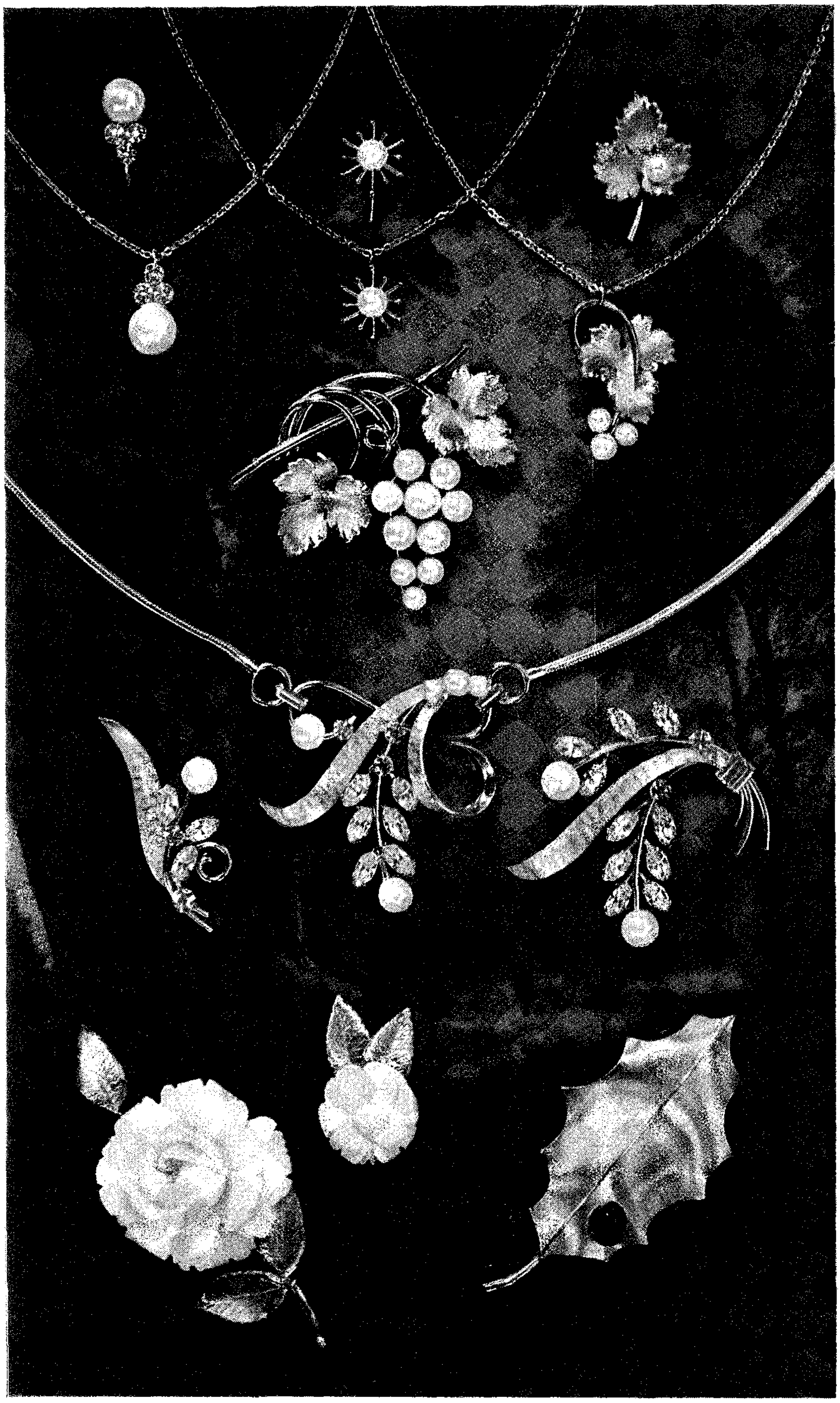

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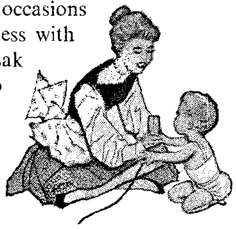

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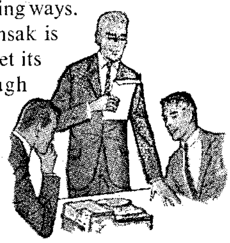

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"Why the Edsel Laid an Egg." Hayakawa, who is both the founder and the editor of *ETC*, explained in an introductory note that he considered the subject within the purview of general semantics because automobiles, like words, are "important . . . symbols in American culture," and went on to argue that the Edsel's flop could be attributed to Ford-company executives who had been "listening too long to the motivation-research people" and who, in their efforts to turn out a car that would satisfy customers' sexual fantasies and the like, had failed to supply reasonable and practical transportation, thereby neglecting "the reality principle." "What the motivation researchers failed to tell their clients . . . is that *only* the psychotic and the gravely neurotic *act out* their irrationalities and their compensatory fantasies," Hayakawa admonished Detroit briskly, and added, "The trouble with selling symbolic gratification via such expensive items as . . . the Edsel Hermaphrodite . . . is the competition offered by much cheaper forms of symbolic gratification, such as *Playboy* (fifty cents a copy), *Astounding Science Fiction* (thirty-five cents a copy), and television (free)."

Notwithstanding the competition from *Playboy*, or possibly because the symbol-motivated public included people who could afford both, the Edsel kept rolling—some. The car moved, as salesmen say, though hardly at the touch of a toothpick. In fact, as a stepchild it sold about as well as it had sold as a favorite son, suggesting that all the hoopla, whether about symbolic gratification or mere horsepower, had had little effect one way or the other. The new Edsels that were registered with the motor-vehicle bureaus of the various states during 1958 numbered 34,481—considerably fewer than new cars of any competing make, and less than one-fifth of the two hundred thousand a year necessary if the Edsel was to show a profit, but still representing an investment by motorists of over a hundred million dollars. The picture actually brightened in November, 1958, with the advent of the Edsel's second-year models. Shorter by up to eight inches, lighter by up to five hundred pounds, and with engines less potent by as much as a hundred and fifty-eight horsepower, they had a price range running from five hundred to eight hundred dollars less than that of their predecessors. The vertical grille and the slant-eyed rear end were still there, but the modest power and proportions persuaded *Consumer Reports* to relent and

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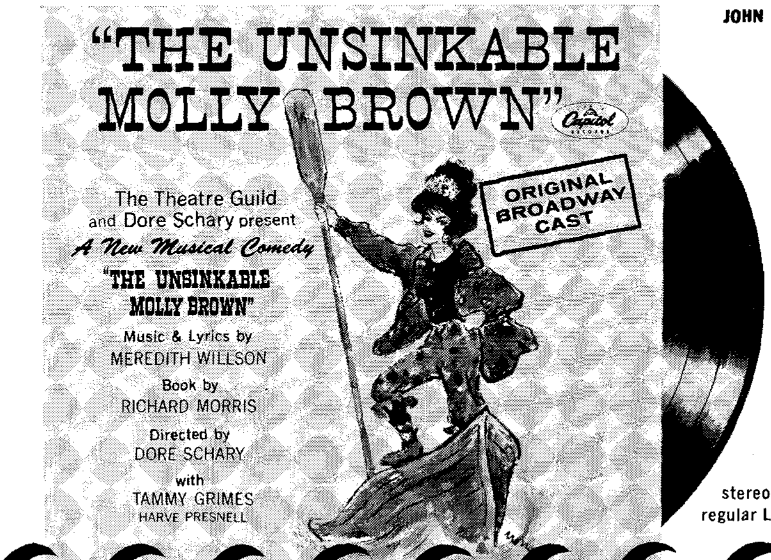
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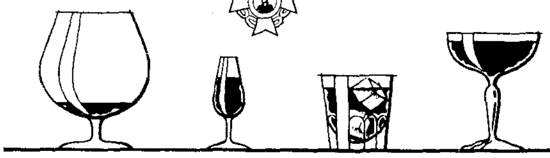

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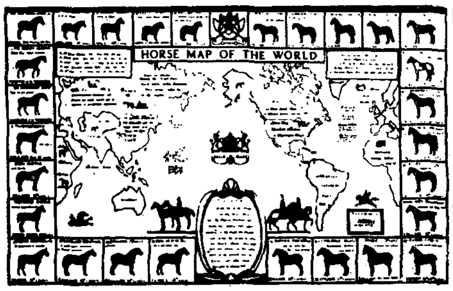
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say, "The Ford Motor Company, after giving last year's initial Edsel model a black eye, has made a respectable and even likable automobile of it." Quite a number of motorists seemed to agree; about two thousand more Edsels were sold in the first half of 1959 than had been sold in the first half of 1958, and by the early summer of 1959 the car was moving at the rate of around four thousand a month. Here, at last, was progress; sales were at almost a quarter of the minimum profitable rate, instead of a mere fifth.

On July 1, 1959, there were 83,849 Edsels on the country's roads. The largest number (8,344) were in California, which is beset with far and away the largest number of cars of practically all makes, and the smallest number were in Alaska, Vermont, and Hawaii (122, 119, and 110, respectively). All in all, the Edsel seemed to have found a niche for itself as an amusingly eccentric curiosity. Although the Ford company, with its stockholders' money still disappearing week after week into the Edsel, and with small cars now clearly the order of the day, could scarcely affect a sentimental approach to the subject, it nonetheless took an outside chance and, in mid-October of 1959, brought out a third series of annual models. The 1960 Edsel appeared a little more than a month after the Falcon, Ford's first—and instantly successful—venture into the small-car field, and was scarcely an Edsel at all; gone were both the vertical grille and the horizontal rear end, and what remained looked like a cross between a Ford Fairlane and a Pontiac. Its initial sales were abysmal; by the middle of November only one plant—in Louisville, Kentucky—was still turning out Edsels, and it was turning out only about twenty a day. On November 19th, the Ford Foundation, which was planning to sell a block of its vast holdings of stock in the Ford Motor Company, issued the prospectus that is required by law under such circumstances, and stated therein, in a footnote to a section describing the company's products, that the Edsel had been "introduced in September 1957 and discontinued in November 1959." The same day, this mumbled admission was confirmed and amplified by a Ford-company spokesman, who did some mumbling of his own. "If we knew the reason people aren't buying the Edsel, we'd probably have done something about it," he said.

The final quantitative box score shows that from the beginning right up to November 19th, 110,810 Edsels

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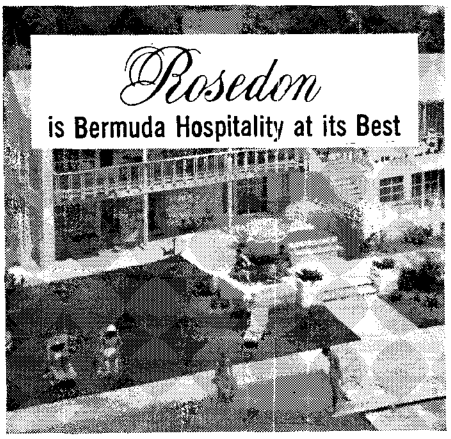

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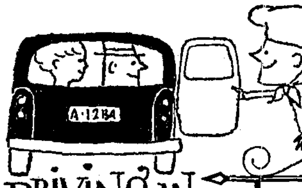

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were produced and 109,466 were sold. (The remaining 1,344, almost all of them 1960 models, were disposed of in short order with the help of drastic price cuts.) All told, only 2,846 of the 1960 Edsels were ever produced, making models of that year a potential collector's item. To be sure, 1960 Edsels are not as scarce as the Type 41 Bugatti, of which no more than eleven specimens were made, to be sold only to bona-fide kings, and the 1960 Edsel's reasons for being a rarity are not exactly as acceptable, socially or commercially, as the Type 41 Bugatti's. Still, a 1960-Edsel Owners' Club may yet appear. The final fiscal box score on the Edsel fiasco will probably never be known, because the Ford Motor Company's public reports do not include breakdowns of gains and losses within the individual divisions. Financial buffs estimate, however, that the company lost something like two hundred million dollars on the Edsel after it appeared; add to this the officially announced expenditure of two hundred and fifty million before it appeared, subtract about a hundred million invested in plant and equipment that were salvageable for other uses, and the net loss is three hundred and fifty million. If these estimates are right, every Edsel the company manufactured cost it in lost money about thirty-two hundred dollars, or about the price of another one. In other, harsher words, the company would have saved itself money if, back in 1955, it had decided not to produce the Edsel at all but simply to give away 110,810 specimens of its comparably priced car, the Mercury.

THE end of the Edsel set off an orgy of gloating hindsight in the press. *Time* declared, "The Edsel was a classic case of the wrong car for the wrong market at the wrong time. It was also a prime example of the limitations of market research, with its 'depth interviews' and 'motivational' mumbo-jumbo." If *Time* had previously had

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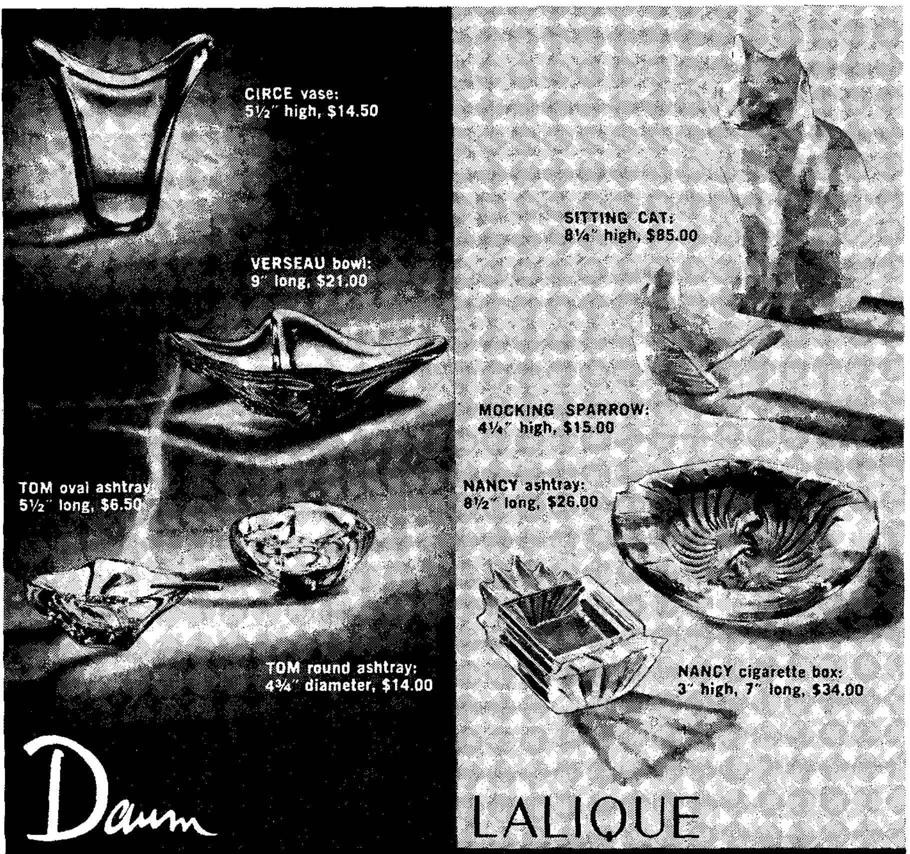
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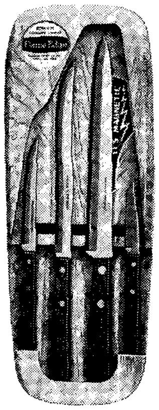

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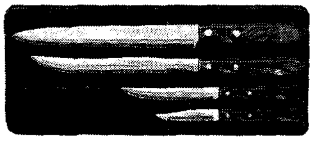

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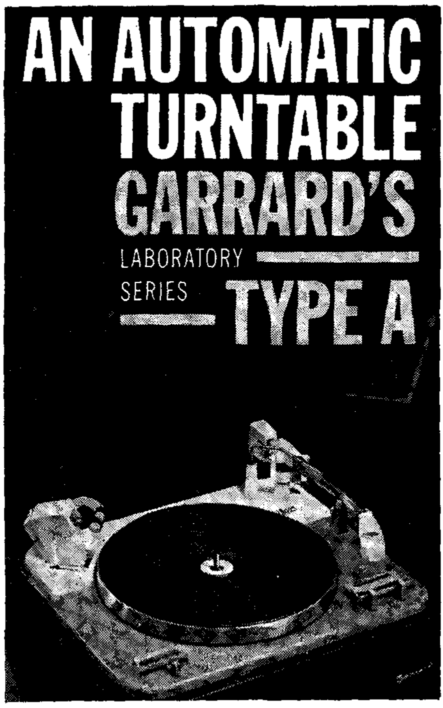
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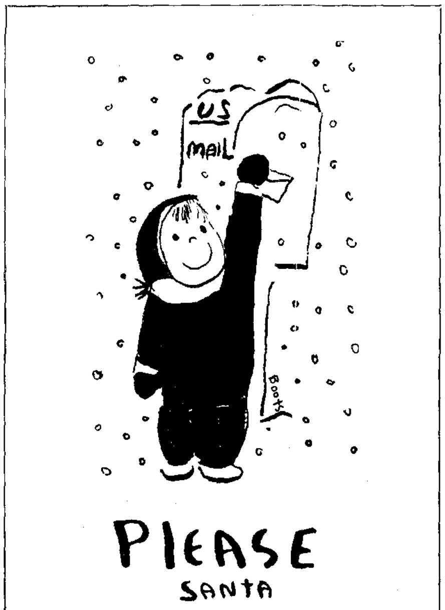
any such ideas about either the Edsel or the spadework preceding its introduction, it had kept them to itself. *Business Week*, which shortly before the Edsel made its bow had described it with patent solemnity and apparent approval, now pronounced it "a nightmare" and appended a few pointedly critical remarks about Wallace's research, which was rapidly achieving a scapegoat status equal to that of Brown's design. (Jumping up and down on motivational research was, and is, splendid sport, but the implication that it dictated, or even influenced, the Edsel's design is entirely false, since the research, being intended only to provide a theme for advertising and promotion, was not undertaken until after Brown had completed his design.) The *Wall Street Journal's* obituary of the Edsel made a point that was probably sounder, and certainly more original. "Large corporations are often accused of rigging markets, administering prices, and otherwise dictating to the consumer," it observed. "And yesterday Ford Motor Company announced its two-year experiment with the medium-priced Edsel has come to an end . . . for want of buyers. All this is quite a ways from auto makers being able to rig markets or force consumers to take what they want them to take. . . . And the reason, simply, is that there is no accounting for tastes. . . . When it comes to dictating, the consumer is the dictator without peer." The tone of the piece was friendly and sympathetic; the Ford company, it seemed, had endeared itself to the *Journal* by playing the great situation-comedy role of Daddy the Bungler.

As for the post-mortem explanations of the debacle that have been offered by former Edsel executives, they are notable for their reflective tone—something like that of a knocked-out prizefighter opening his eyes to find an announcer's microphone pushed into his face. In fact, Krafve, like many a flattened pugilist, blames his own bad timing; he contends that if he had been able to thwart the apparently immutable mechanics and economics of Detroit, which require a lapse of about two years between drawing board and salesroom, and had thus been able to bring out the Edsel in 1955, or even 1956, when the stock market and the medium-priced-car market were riding high, the car would have done well and would still be doing well. That is to say, if he had seen the punch coming, he would have ducked. Krafve refuses to go along with a sizable group of laymen who tend to attribute the collapse to the company's



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decision to call the car the Edsel (after the son of the original Henry Ford and the father of Henry Ford II) instead of giving it a brisker, more singable name, reducible to a nickname other than "Ed" or "Eddie," and not freighted with dynastic connotations. As far as he can see, Krafve says, the Edsel's name did not affect its fortunes one way or the other.

Brown agrees with Krafve that bad timing was the chief mistake. "I frankly feel that the styling of the automobile had very little, if anything, to do with its failure," he says, and his frankness may pretty safely be left unchallenged. "The Edsel program, like any other project planned for future markets, was based on the best information available at the time in which decisions were made. The road to Hell is paved with good intentions!"

Doyle, who has the born salesman's intensely personal feeling about his customers, talks like a man betrayed by a friend—the American public. "It was a buyers' strike," he says. "People weren't in the mood for the Edsel. Why not is a mystery to me. What they'd been buying for several years encouraged the industry to build exactly this kind of car. We gave it to them, and they wouldn't take it. Well, they shouldn't have acted like that. You can't just wake up somebody one day and say, 'That's enough, you've been running in the wrong direction.' Anyway, *why* did they do it? Golly, how the industry worked and worked over the years—getting rid of gear-shifting, providing interior comfort, providing plus performance for use in emergencies! And now the public wants these little beetles. I don't get it!"

Wallace's sputnik theory provides an answer to Doyle's question about why people weren't in the mood, and, furthermore, it is sufficiently cosmic to befit a semi-Brain Truster. It also leaves Wallace free to defend the validity of his motivational-research studies as of the time when they were conducted. "I don't think we yet know the depths of the psychological effect that that first orbiting had on us all," he says. "Somebody had beaten us to an important gain in technology, and immediately people started writing articles about how crummy Detroit products were, particularly the heavily ornamented and status-symbolic medium-priced cars. In 1958, when none of the small cars were out except the Rambler, Chevy almost ran away with the market, because it had the simplest car. The American people had put themselves on a self-imposed

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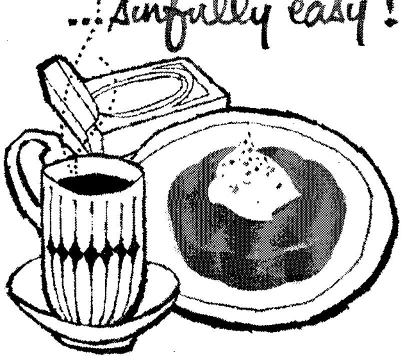

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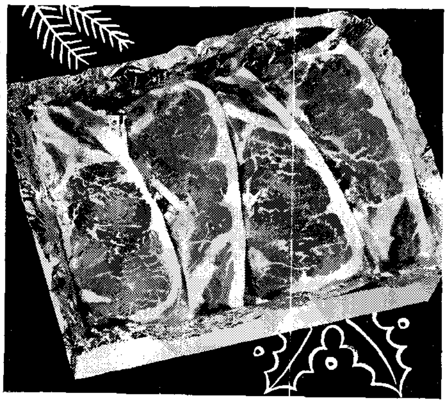
austerity program. Not buying Edsels was their hair shirt."

To any relics of the sink-or-swim nineteenth-century days of American industry, it must seem strange that Wallace can afford to puff on his pipe and analyze the holocaust so amiably. The obvious point of the Edsel's story is the defeat of a giant motor company, but what is just as surprising is that the giant did not come apart, or even get seriously hurt in the fall, and neither did the majority of the people who went down with him. Owing largely to the success of four of its other cars—the Ford, the Thunderbird, and, more recently, the small Falcon and Comet—the Ford company, as an investment, has survived gloriously. True, it had a bad time of it in 1958, when, partly because of the Edsel, net income per share of its stock fell from $5.40 to $2.12, dividends per share from $2.40 to $2.00, and the market price of its stock from a 1957 high of about $60 to a 1958 low of under $40. But all these losses were more than recouped in 1959, when net income per share was $8.24, dividends per share were $2.80, and the price of the stock reached a high of around $90. So the two hundred and eighty thousand Ford stockholders listed on the books in 1957 have had little to complain about unless they sold at the height of the panic. On the other hand, six thousand white-collar workers were squeezed out of their jobs as a result of the Mercury-Edsel-Lincoln consolidation, and the average number of Ford employees fell from 191,759 in 1957 to 142,076 the following year, climbing back to only 159,541 in 1959. And, of course, dealers who gave up profitable franchises in other makes and then went broke trying to sell Edsels aren't likely to be very cheerful about the experience. Under the terms of the consolidation of the Lincoln-Mercury and Edsel Divisions, most of the agencies for the three makes were consolidated, too. In the consolidation, some Edsel dealers were squeezed out, and it can have been small comfort to those of them who went bankrupt to learn later that when the Ford company finally discontinued making the car, it agreed to pay those of their former colleagues who had weathered the crisis one-half of the original cost of their Edsel signs, and was granting them substantial rebates on all Edsels in stock at the time of discontinuance. Still, automobile dealers, some of whom work on credit margins as slim as those of Miami hotel operators, occasionally go



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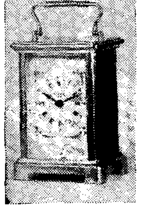

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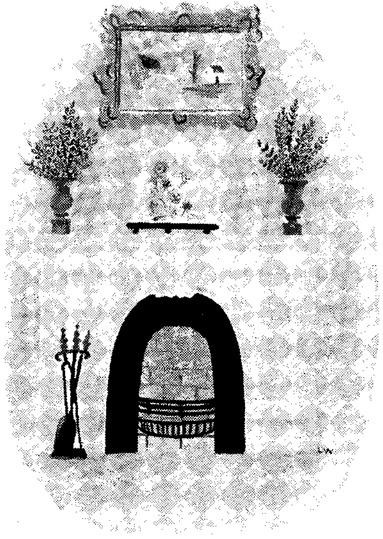
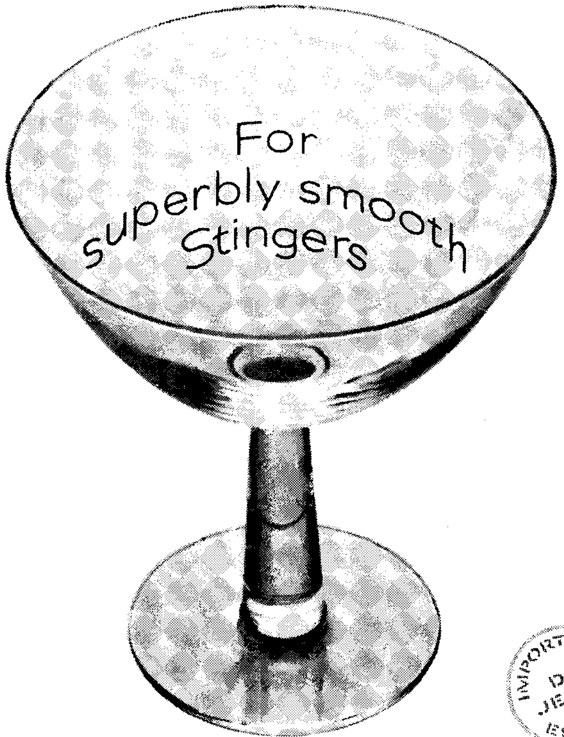
broke with even the most popular cars. And among those who earn their living in the rough-and-tumble world of automobile salesrooms, where Detroit is not always spoken of with affection, many will concede that the Ford company, once it had found itself stuck with a lemon, did as much as it reasonably could to bolster dealers who had cast their lot with Edsel. A spokesman for the National Automobile Dealers Association has since stated, "So far as we know, the Edsel dealers were generally satisfied with the way they were treated."

Foote, Cone & Belding also ended up losing money on the Edsel account, since its advertising commissions did not entirely compensate for the extraordinary expense it had gone to of hiring sixty new people and opening up a posh office in Detroit. But its losses were hardly irreparable; the minute there were no more Edsels to advertise, it was hired to advertise Lincolns, and although that arrangement did not last very long, the firm has happily survived to sing the praises of such clients as General Foods, Lever Brothers, and Trans World Airways. A rather touching symbol of the loyalty that the agency's employees have for its former client is the fact that on every workday its private parking lot in Chicago is still dotted with Edsels. These faithful drivers, incidentally, are not unique. If Edsel owners have not found the means to a dream fulfillment, and if some of them for a while had to put up with harrowing mechanical disorders, many of them cherish their cars as if they were Confederate bills, and the market in used Edsels is firm, with few cars being offered.

By and large, the former Edsel executives haven't just landed on their





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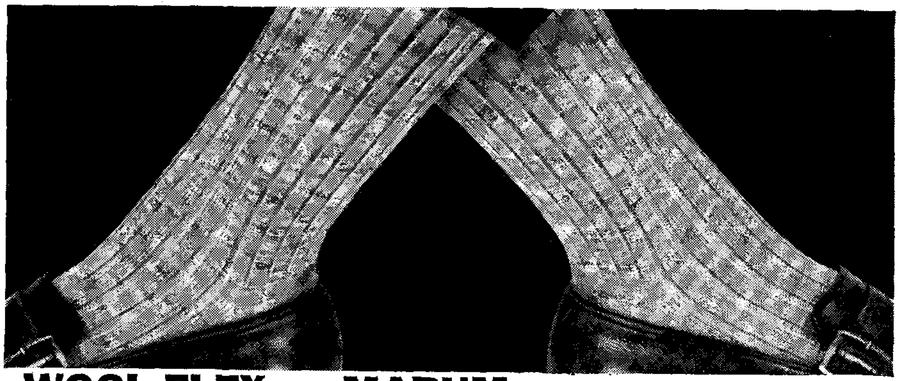

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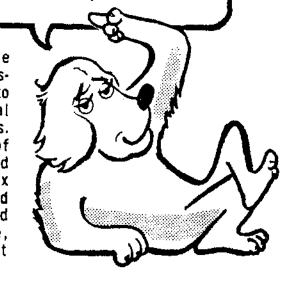

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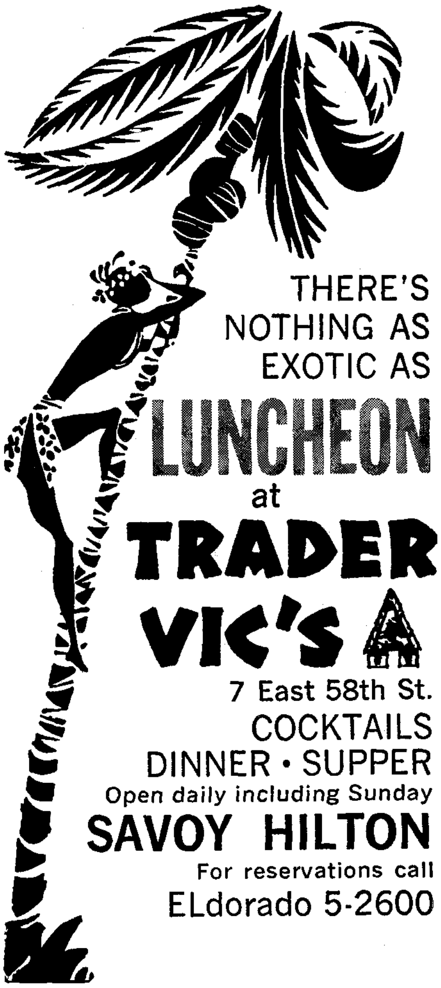
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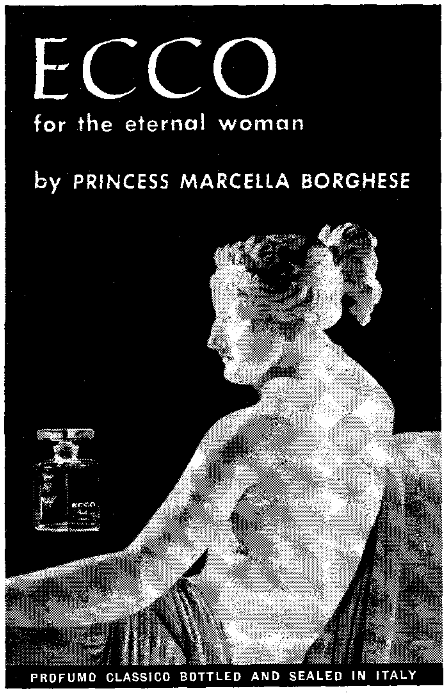
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feet, they have landed in clover. Certainly no one can accuse the Ford company of giving vent to its chagrin in the old-fashioned way, by vulgarly causing heads to roll. Krafve was assigned to assist Robert S. McNamara, at that time a Ford divisional vice-president and now the president, for a couple of months, and then he moved to a staff job in company headquarters, stayed there for about a year, and left to become a vice-president of the Raytheon Company, of Waltham, Massachusetts, a leading electronics firm. Last April, he was made its president. Doyle, too, was offered a staff job with Ford, but after taking a trip abroad to think it over he decided to retire. "It was a question of my relationship to my dealers," he explains. "I had assured them that the company was fully behind the Edsel for keeps, and I didn't feel that I was the fellow to tell them now that it wasn't." Since his retirement, Doyle has been about as busy as ever, keeping an eye on various businesses in which he has set up various friends and relatives, and conducting a consulting business of his own in Detroit. About a month before Edsel's consolidation with Mercury and Lincoln, Warnock, the publicity man, left the division to become director of news services for the International Telephone & Telegraph Corp., in New York—a position he left in June, 1960, to become vice-president of Communications Counselors, the public-relations arm of McCann-Erickson. Brown, the embattled stylist, stayed on in Detroit for a while as chief stylist of Ford commercial vehicles and is now with the Ford Motor Company, Ltd., of England, where, again as chief stylist, he directs the design of Consuls, Anglias, trucks, and tractors. He insists that this post doesn't represent the Ford version of Siberia. "I have found it to be a most satisfying experience, and one of the best steps I have ever taken in my . . . career," he stated firmly in a recent letter from England. "We are building a styling office and a styling team second to none in Europe." Wallace, the semi-Brain Truster, was asked to continue semi-Brain Trusting for Ford, and, since he didn't like living in Detroit, or even near it, was permitted to move to New York and to spend only two days a week at headquarters. ("They didn't seem to care any more where I operated from," he says modestly.) At the end of 1958, he left Ford, and he has since finally achieved his heart's desire—to become a full-time academic. He is now working for a doctorate in sociology at Columbia,

Fair ladies and honest gentlemen, a bid for your most gracious attention!

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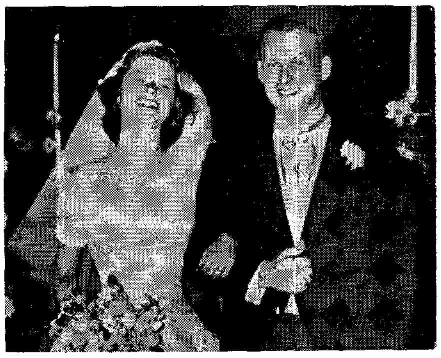
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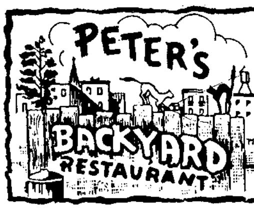

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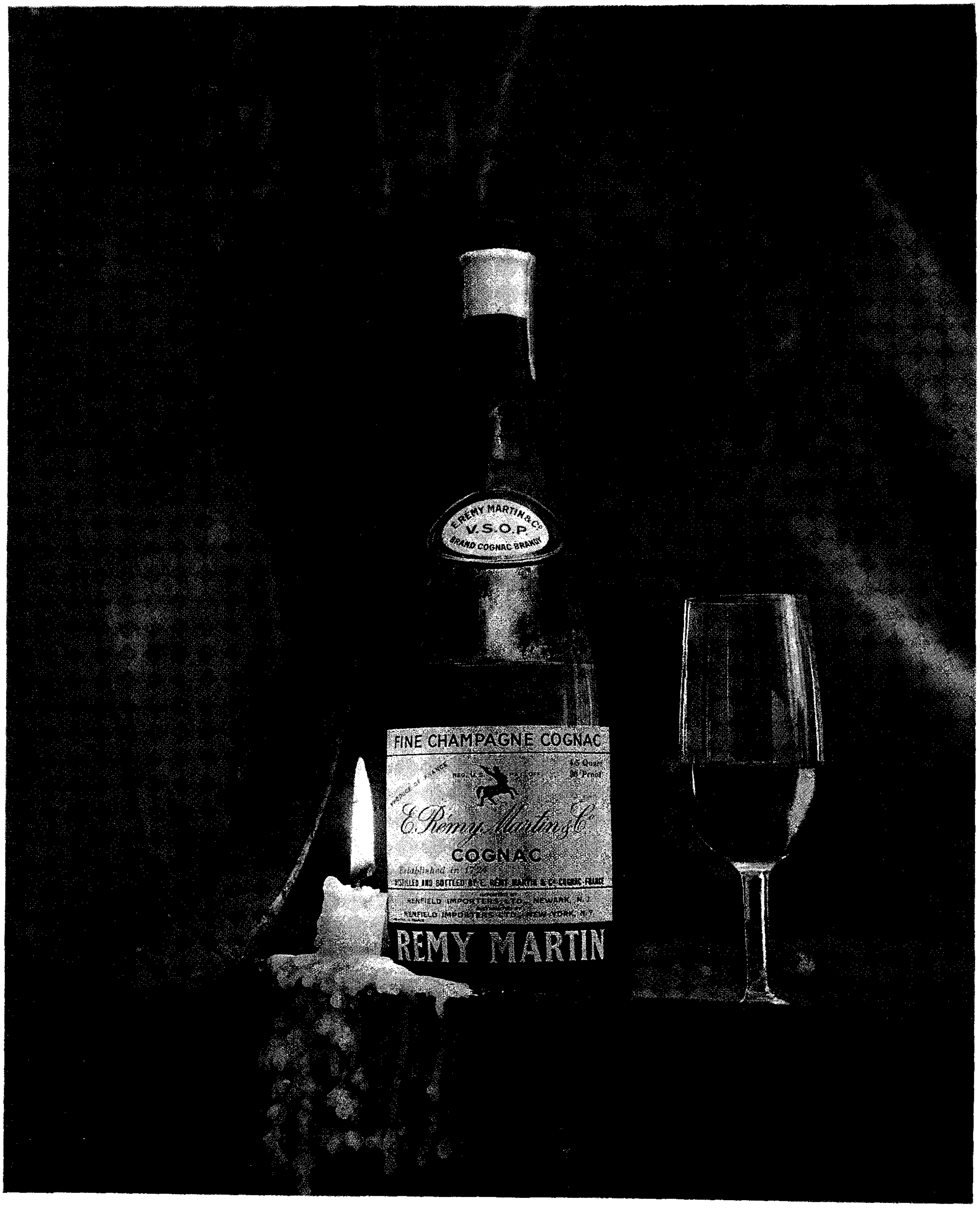
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Because it will live forever, everything about this occasion must be perfect. And what wine can set the scene so gracefully as Piper-Heidsieck Champagne? France sends you its finest for just such a moment.

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and his thesis is to be on social change in Westport, Connecticut, which he is investigating by busily quizzing its inhabitants; meanwhile, he is teaching a course on "The Dynamics of Social Behavior" at the New School for Social Research. "I'm through with industry," he declared the other day with evident satisfaction, as he boarded a train for Westport, a bundle of questionnaires under his arm.

The present euphoria of these former Edsel men does not stem entirely from the fact of their economic survival; they appear to have been enriched spiritually. They are inclined to speak of their Edsel experience—except for those still with Ford, who are inclined to speak of it as little as possible—with the verve and garrulity of old comrades-in-arms hashing over their most thrilling campaign. Doyle is perhaps the most passionate reminiscer in the group. "It was more fun than I've ever had before or since," he told a caller not long ago. "I suppose that's because I worked the hardest ever. We all did. It was a good crew. The people who came with Edsel knew they were taking a chance, and I like people who'll take chances. Yes, it was a wonderful experience, in spite of the unfortunate thing that happened. And we were on the right track, too! When I went to Europe just before retiring, I saw how it is there—nothing but compact cars, yet they've still got traffic jams over there, they've still got parking problems, they've still got accidents. Just try getting in and out of those low taxicabs without hitting your head, or try not to get clipped while you're walking around the Arc de Triomphe. This small-car thing won't last forever. I can't see American drivers being satisfied for long with manual gear-shifting and limited performance. The pendulum will swing back."

Warnock, like many a public-relations man before him, claims that his job gave him an ulcer—his second. "But I got over it," he says. "That great Edsel team—I'd just like to see what it could have done if it had had the right product at the right time. It could have made millions, that's what! The whole thing was two years out of my life that I'll never forget. It was history in the making. Doesn't it all tell you something about America in the fifties—high hopes, and less than complete fulfillment of them?"

Krafve, the boss of the great team *manqué*, is entirely prepared to testify that there is more to his former subordinates' talk than just the romantic

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HERB CAEN
San Francisco Chronicle

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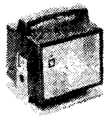

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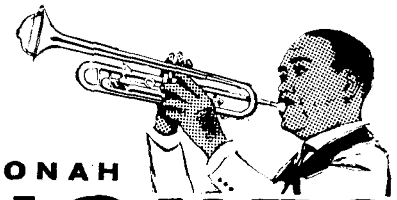

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vaporings of old soldiers. "It was a wonderful group to work with," he said not long ago. "They really put their hearts and guts into the job. I'm interested in a crew that's strongly motivated, and that one was. When things went bad, the Edsel boys could have cried about how they'd given up wonderful opportunities to come with us, but if anybody did, I never heard about it. I'm not surprised that they've mostly come out all right. In industry, you take a bump now and then, but you bounce back as long as you don't get defeated inside. I like to get together with somebody once in a while—Gayle Warnock or one of the others—and go over the humorous incidents, the tragic incidents. . . ."

Whether the nostalgia of the Edsel boys for the Edsel runs to the humorous or to the tragic, it is a thought-provoking phenomenon. Maybe it means merely that they miss the limelight they first basked in and later squirmed in, or maybe it means that a time has come when—as in Elizabethan drama but seldom before in American business—failure can have a certain grandeur that success never knows.—JOHN BROOKS

(This is the second of two articles on the Edsel.)

•

GETTING INTO THE PICTURE

The mirror will repeat
the light's equation,
suffering form's invasion:
two pears upon a plate,
a knife immaculate,
a glass with nothing in it,
releasing a watery image,
a quintessential apple
made of the sun's dapple.

The still-life is unstable
as ours. Twilight lost
bright patterns of the cloth,
redefined the table
declined from ash to maple;
a greenish pear was eaten,
and the apple was bitten;
the mirror made a neat
window into the street.

Who knows what lies behind
night's anxious watcher—wine,
guitar, and candleshine,
or something undefined,
a still-life of the mind?
Night laid the scene low;
the glass gave back sorrow.
Now, on the knife blade,
another day is made.

—GENE BARO

Black & White Wash *13½ x 10½*

WILLIAM GLACKENS
The Boxing Match
July 4, 1906
$1750

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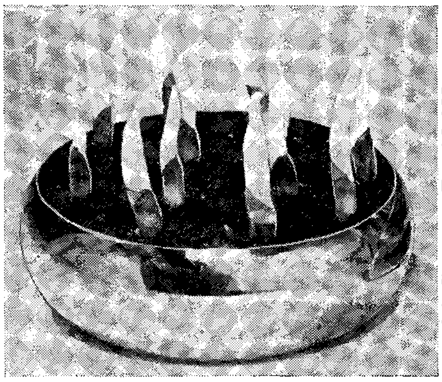

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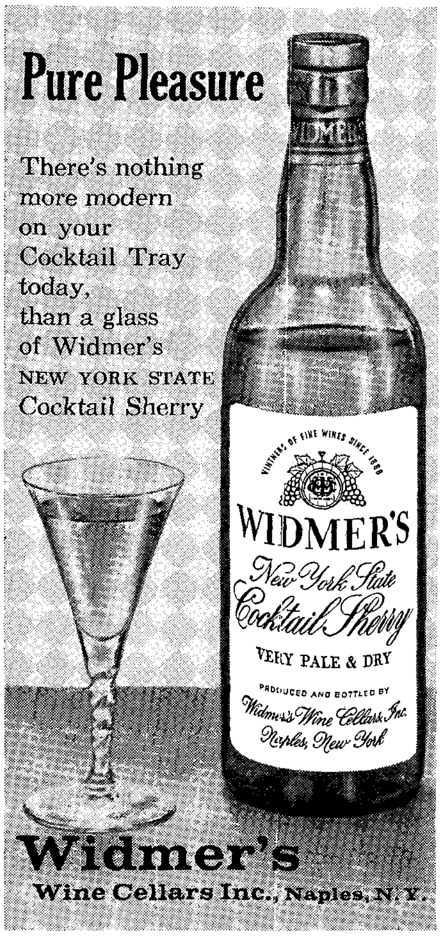

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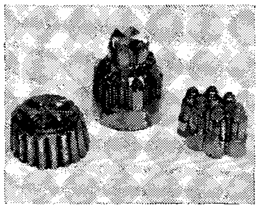

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THE MINOR CAVALIER

PAIN is expected and awaited by the Spanish people. When it arrives, there is no horrified astonishment but a grave greeting to an old friend and neighbor, a frequent and familiar visitor, never far away. A major visitation, an honorable one that merits formality, seems almost to be welcomed. Here is an opportunity to prove one's manhood, one's *hispanismo*—to represent for a while the Spanish and the human race, to redeem them a little.

Great banners of words unfurl above the heroic sufferer—*caballerosidad* (nobleness), *hidalguia* (manliness), *pundonor* (point of honor), *nobleza* (nobility). And there are tough, down-to-earth words for minor cavaliers—*machote* (virile), *fuerte* (strong), *acojonado* (male courage). The Spaniards bring three ancestral attributes to bear on the occasion of agony: the Roman concept of honor, the Gothic sense of tragedy, and the Moors' grim passive obedience to the will of Allah. As I lay there in Spain with a broken leg, such thoughts swam into focus.

There is, of course, another side to it. Let pain sneak up on a Spaniard in some petty and unworthy form—a toothache, a boil, or some other pest at a sub-heroic level—and let wife or mother or only intimate friends be present; the conquistador collapses, groaning theatrically and dashing manly tears from his anguished eyes. Thus, my friend José Romero, of Jerez, who leads horses into the bull ring on Sundays, held public court, chuckling and smoking in a hospital bed, with a seven-inch horn wound in his thigh. But the same man, when he skinned a knuckle at his weekday work of bricklaying, turned green in the face and reeled off to the nearest clinic.

A broken leg is a borderline situation. If, however, it is broken very publicly, in dramatic circumstances, then there is no doubt—it qualifies for the heroic treatment. The classical canons of *hispanismo* demand a major act. I am English, but I had lived in Gibraltar long enough to know this when, last Whitsun, I suffered, at the great Romería del Rocío, what I have since learned is a third-degree Pott's fracture. And, acting correctly, I became a minor hero in the wilderness of the Guadalquivir River, in southern Spain, and all along the white highway to distant Gibraltar.

THE Romería is an annual concourse of the simple and the sophisticated at the miraculous shrine of El Rocío, in the heart of the vast marshes at the mouth of the Guadalquivir. The shrine is fifteen miles of dirt road from the nearest town, Almonte, and about sixty miles from Seville.

To this remote place the Queen of the Marshlands, Our Lady of the Dew, calls out the simple, merry folk of Seville, Triana, Huelva, Cadiz, Jerez, and a hundred Andalusian villages at Whitsun every year. They come to pay homage and to pray to an image of the Virgin, enshrined where she appeared, they say, in the estuarine marshlands of the River Guadalquivir. And they come for ancient custom's sake, and for fun as well.

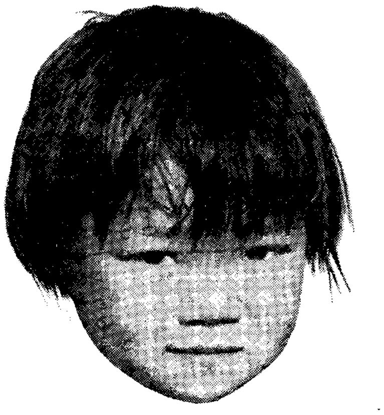
My party of ten, in three carloads, included my wife and—thank God—the colonial surgeon of Gibraltar. There was only one other foreign group there. This festival comes too early in the year to draw the tourist trade, and the place is almost inaccessible by car.

The Spaniards present—some thousands—were mostly gypsies and true believers in music and miracles. We foreigners were, I fear, mere saunterers in the oldest sense—seekers after *santa tierra*, and idle rascals, too.

At El Rocío, the Saturday before Whitsunday is called the Day of the Arrival. Throughout the day, from all points of the compass, long cavalcades of covered wagons come in, drawn by decorated bulls and stuffed with gaudy flamenco girls. Some of them have been on the road for four days. Bulls and girls alike are white with dust as they file past the shrine and bow—bulls and all—to the gilded image of Our Lady of Rocío. That night is for saturnalia. There is free wine for all, wild music, frenzies of handclapping and castanets, and the strange, haunting one-man band of drum and fife. Throat-searing *cante hondo* wails from every bivouac.

Sunday—after a cold dawn hour spent on a camp bed set up under the eucalyptus trees—is the day when the

LONELY, HUNGRY, COLD...



Jong Sook lives with her grandmother in a tent. The grandmother peddles soup. She earns enough for one meal a day for herself and Jong Sook. Jong Sook dreams of school but her grandmother cannot afford the small school fees.

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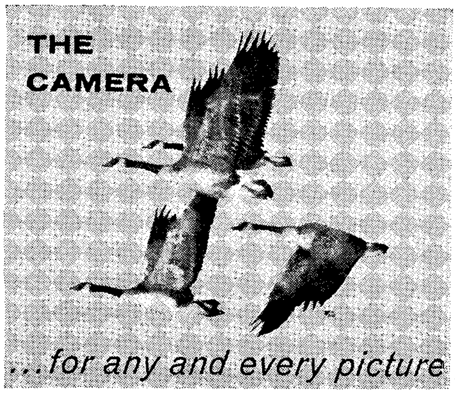

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Virgin is visited and venerated, and petitioned by the sick and lame. Sunday night is a repetition of Saturday night, but with added fervor. Monday is the time of sad farewell, when the Virgin is left in her lovely marshes for another year. So they tell me, at any rate; I was not at El Rocío on Monday.

ON Sunday morning, all desiccated with excess sherry, and chilled stiff by the marsh winds and the dew, my party came to life slowly on coffee laced with *anis*. An hour later, bolder, we fried something and ate it. More coffee, more *anis*, and then—recovered and eager—to the festival.

They were at it again—or still—at nine o'clock that morning, dancing the *sevillanas* and *fandanguillos*, beating up the yellow dust and sweeping it out of the air with their skirts. These round dances make fine photography, and the best way to catch the pattern is from above. I climbed onto the low roof of a *caseta*, a flimsy structure put up to provide shelter at night in case of rain, and trained my camera on the scene below me. But that roof was a gimcrack affair of half-baked tiles; it began to crackle under my feet. To avoid (of all things) damaging it, I jumped down. I jumped down some six feet, and hit the hard ground with a jar that astounded me. I have jumped with impunity from far greater heights onto the soft turf of England, but I shall never try it again. "When is he going to hit the ground?" we ask of someone perpetually elated, elevated. It is a strong metaphor. So it was for me. My landfall was total; physically and spiritually the flight was over, and middle age began at that moment.

I sat stunned on the ground while a crowd gathered around me, and the colonial surgeon came over and, after a quick examination, said, "Lie down. You have broken your right leg."

An occasion like this has its compensations. There comes upon the victim a sudden magnificent sense of irresponsibility and release from care. Someone else can plot and plan henceforth—look after the money, chart the route, talk the Spanish, pilot the car. He is free to resign and retreat.

In a third-degree Pott's fracture, there are two breaks—one in the fibula, and one involving the ankle joint. The surgeon set the bones—both of them—then and there, and all I felt was a slight foreign fiddling. Then he went to look for splints.

I lay and looked up at a ring of excited and amused young faces, Spanish faces, fringing my personal patch of sky.

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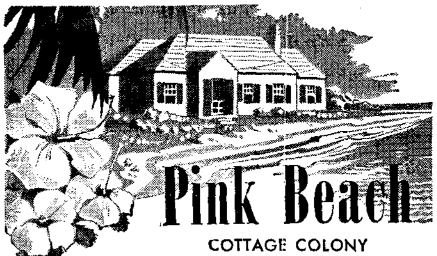

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They had come, fascinated by disaster, as birds flock uselessly around a wounded comrade. They laughed—not callously but in unease and embarrassment. They joked about the old roof, the jump, my optimism, my odd clothes and attitude. Girls giggled down at me, were pushed toward me, jumped over me trailing their spotted skirts. Little children peered wide-eyed through the fence of legs.

I suppose I fainted. I became aware of my face being slapped hard but painlessly; I held it up for further slapping. A man knelt and spoke to me vociferously, but I could find no words to answer him. There was a lot of fast discussion above me, and then, suddenly, I was swept up shoulder-high, and poised horizontal, like a coffin, closer to the open sky.

Thus do they leave the ring, I thought, all the wounded *toreros*. ("Keep him flat, keep him straight, so that his broken ribs may not pierce his lungs." Every hooligan in this country has a morbid knowledge of anatomy. "Above all, since it may be the femoral artery, take him out fast!") I was sailing through and over the crowds, feet first. Behind me—but what did I care?—I could hear the doctor shouting to them to stop. The broken foot jiggled at every step, he told me later, and looked as though only skin and sock held it to the leg. But the stretcher party was committed now to the exhilaration of action, and paid no heed to the doctor's orders. They knew their duty and their goal. Laughing and cheering, trailing crowds behind them, they ran me into the first-aid post and placed me gently in an armchair.

There, after more face-slapping and rough encouragement, I focussed slowly on a ring of dark faces. In the middle of it, his hands cradling my foot, and a defensive look on his face, stood the doctor. I was set again and splinted, and then there was a long wait while one of the men in our party cleared the back of his station wagon to improvise an ambulance.

I remember that wait as a happy interlude. It seemed long enough to dispel the last remnants of strangeness that set me apart from the Spanish people. I had lived among them for six years, but always as a stranger, as a man with advantages. Now, at last, I was brought by mishap to their basic human level; I was at their mercy. "Don't worry," they told me. "Down with depression!" They were in holiday mood, and the little drama of the injured Englishman was crowning their occasion. Every

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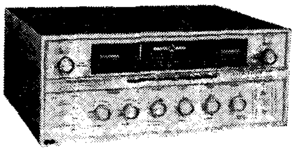

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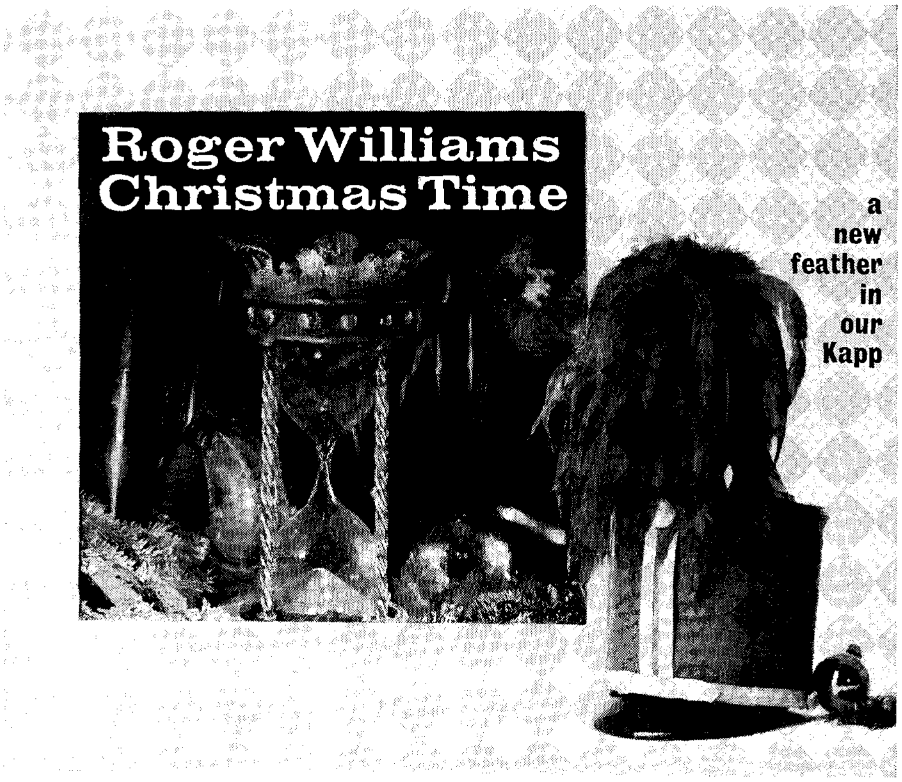

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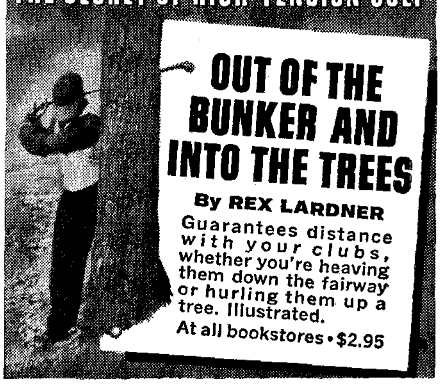

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word I uttered was received uproariously. I knew three Spanish proverbs about worry, one of them very bawdy. All three were enormously successful. I was privileged to say anything in front of anyone.

"Wear this holy medal," a girl said, "and your bones will mend soon." She invested me with a big gilt medallion on a green cord.

"Who is this on the medal?" I asked.

"Our Lady of the Dew, man!" they shouted. "You're in good hands! Last year, an ox wagon tumbled right over, here in this very place, and it was full of kids. Not a scratch on one of them! Miraculous!"

"What about me?" I pointed at my foot. "I got a scratch, all right!"

They hooted with laughter and ruffled my hair. "You jumped, man! You threw yourself off a roof! Do you expect the Virgin to run about after every fool in the fair?"

I could see some sense in that. There must never be a glut of miracles. They must be strictly rationed, for a commonplace miracle is a contradiction in terms. I said that I was glad the children had been looked after instead of me, and the Spanish cheered this sentiment and asked the doctor if I might have a drink. The doctor thought it might be a good idea. What was it to be, they asked, thrusting out their wineskins. *Vino?*

"*Vino*, no!" I told them. "It breeds mosquitoes and frogs and alligators." Let it be a *palomita*, a baby dove, innocently so called, which is dry *anis* with water, looks like skimmed milk, and kicks like a brave bull. They cheered the choice, and poured me a stiff one, white as chalk.

As I drank this, the doctor told me that I had six bad hours ahead. The station wagon, its owner at the wheel and my wife beside him as nurse-attendant, would have to travel one hundred and fifty miles of dubious roads—from this wilderness, by way of Seville, Jerez, Puerto Santa María, and Algeciras, to Gibraltar, with its operating theatre. For even the most devoted of Hispanophiles do not extend their warmth to Spanish surgery. He was sorry that he had no analgesics with him except a small supply of codeine he had brought along for hangovers. The first-aid post could raise nothing stronger than aspirin; Spain is a pauper in drugs. It was then that I thought of Nelson's Navy and the surgery performed under alcohol. I would apply bibiotherapy—if that is the word. Here in my hand was an anesthetic stronger than any Navy rum;

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one could even play on the name *anis*.

Anis (*pastis* in Provence, Pernod in Paris are its kindred) is pure grape alcohol united with its ancient spouse aniseed. In Spain, it has great traditions and is still regarded as something of a lifesaver. The laboring people take a tot of it at dawn each day, muttering traditionally, apologetically, as they do so, "*Para matar los gusanillos*" ("To kill the worms"). What worms? Figurative rather than physical, I feel sure—hunger, weariness, frustration, and pain itself. The magic liquid comes in litre bottles tasselled with the national colors and brand-named after those classic conquerors of human weakness the matadors of the Golden Age. The strongest and the best *anis*—it is judged by its whitening effect on water—is called Machaquito.

With a litre of Machaquito, a flask of water, a holy medal, and a rattling box of quarter-grain codeine, I set off, bumping and bouncing down the forest road, with an escort of outriders, and a horde of footmen straggling behind. And the last I heard of the Romería del Rocío were the "*Viva!*"s and the good wishes for recovery and the invitations to come back, dancing, in the years ahead.

THE long journey is blurred and foreshortened. There was singing all the way, I remember, and merriment at every stopping place, when the windows of my ambulance were filled with curious faces.

"What have you got?"

"A broken leg."

"May God save you!"

"He has done so already."

"Where did you get it?"

"At the Romería del Rocío."

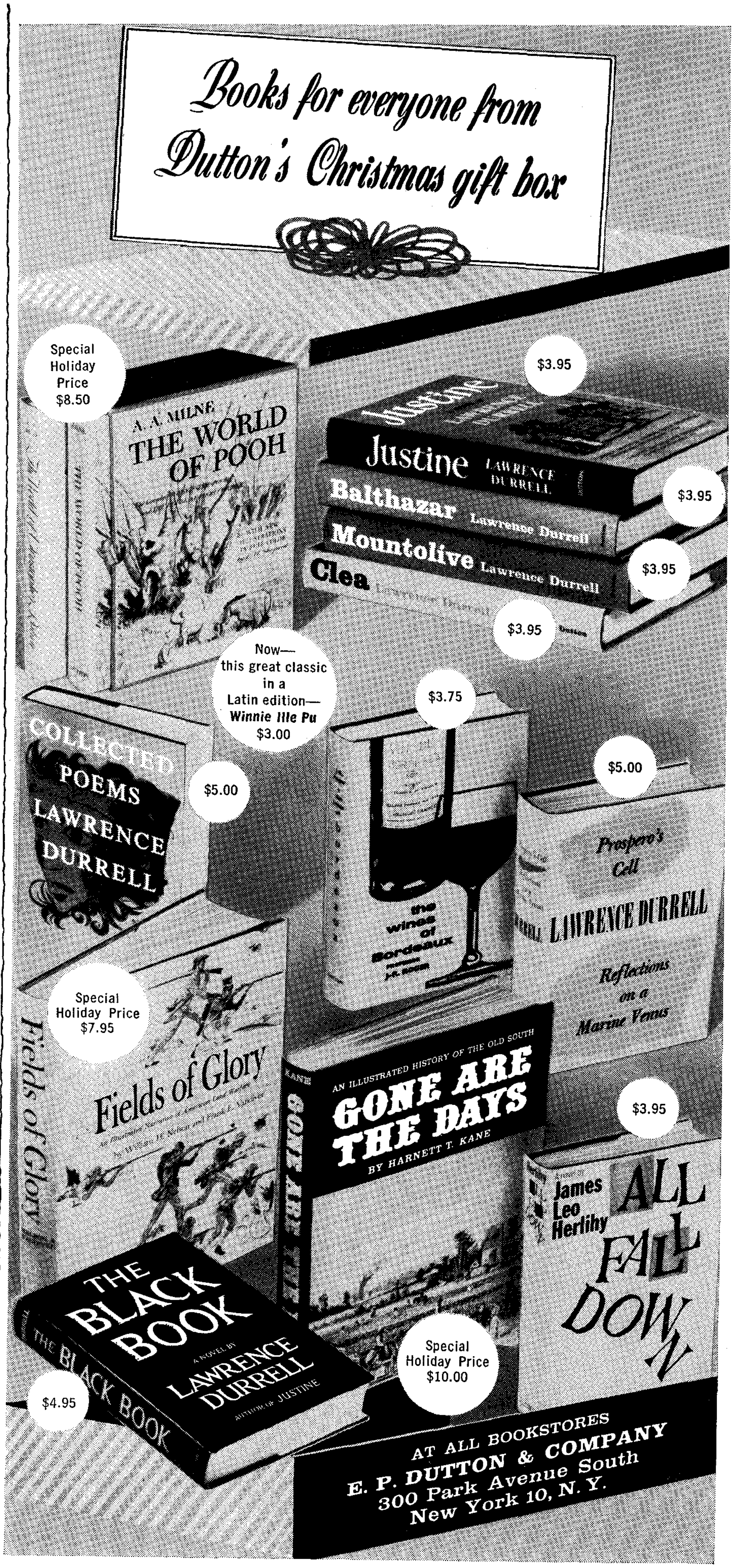
"Fighting?"

"No, man! Dancing."

"May it alleviate now!"

"Thank you, man."

At Puerto Santa María, we drew such a crowd that the traffic policeman left his unnecessary post to give us unneeded protection. Here they pushed the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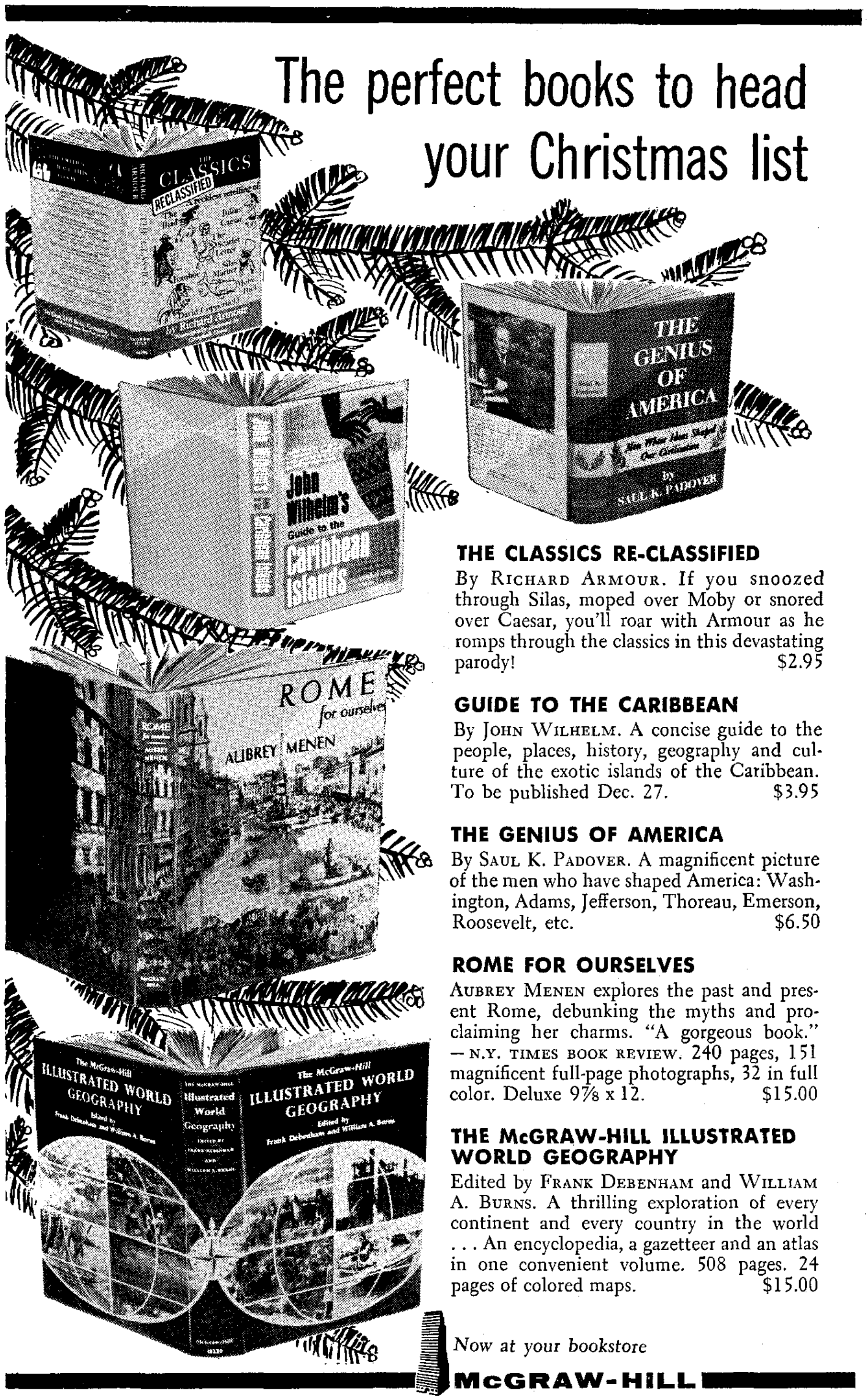
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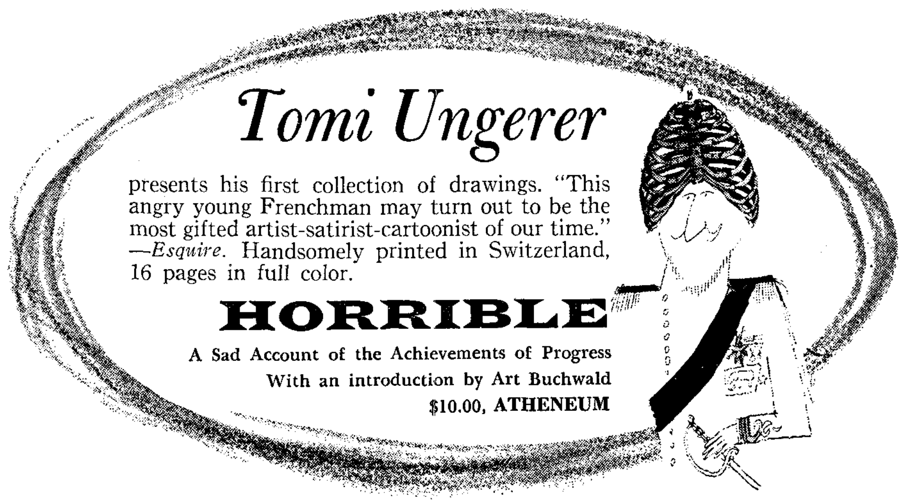

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children to the forefront to see the merry wounded Englishman and learn from him the ancient formula of behavior under pain. By this stage of the journey, the Englishman was merry indeed, waving his bottle and singing the praises of the brave bullfighter Machaquito.

"But Belmonte has a hundred and twenty scars on his body," a boy said.

"Pedresito was carried twice round the ring at Seville with a bull's horn through the roof of his mouth!" said another.

A little girl piped up, "There's a man in our patio who had his legs ground off in a mill!"

"And how are they all, these people?" I asked.

"All well and happy," the children said. "Thanks be to God!"

The girl lifted her brother up to see me. He thrust his tiny brown arm through the window and held it before my face. Just below the elbow, a grave gray chameleon grinned at me and rolled its independent eyes. "For you, sir! Take it! Take it!"

The chameleon, like the legendary fireproof salamander, is a stoic symbol in Spain. I put my arm next to the child's, and the chameleon strode slowly down the child's arm and onto mine. "He walks through the fire," the little boy said solemnly. "He walks through the fire, and he lives on air."

—JOHN D. STEWART

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The Fair Lawn Group theatre will give a workshop for the Golden Age and Golden Circle groups tonight at 8:40. If you are interested in going it is at the Plaza building and there is no Plaza building.—*Fair Lawn (N.J.) News.*

This is no Golden Age, either.

•

As the *Sunday Journal* news story indicated, at least one school in Rhode Island—Park View in Cranston—meets almost all of Dr. Conant's specific recommendations. Joseph F. MacAndrew, its principal, commented on the report by saying: "It sounds like we wrote the script!"—*Providence Journal.*

You and Bergen Evans.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch*]

INDIANAPOLIS (AP)—Mr. and Mrs. Leo S. Miller hoped everyone understood when their 13-year-old daughter, Carol Sue, said the family was eating cantaloupes from the garbage.

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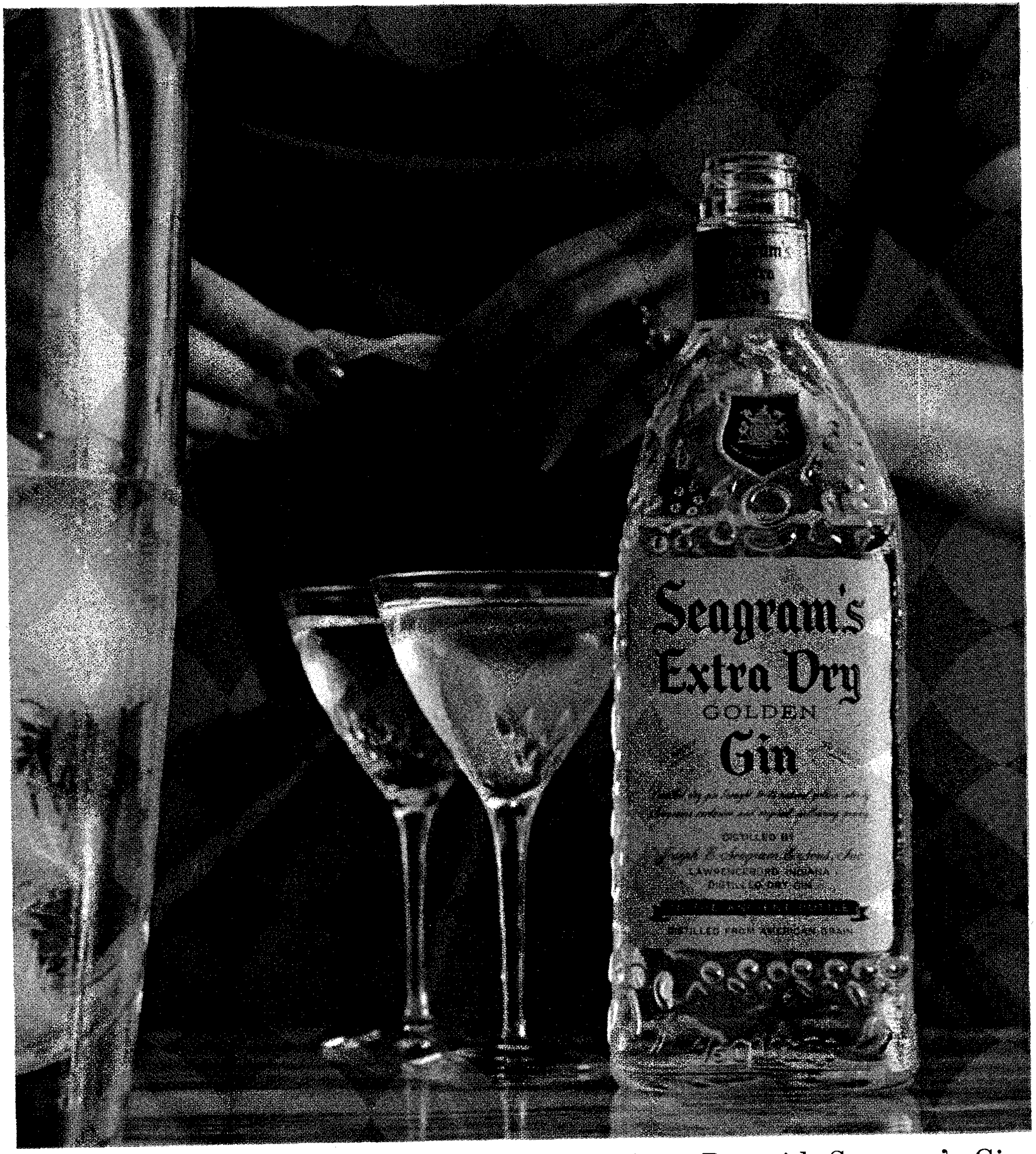
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LETTER FROM THE EAST

WORMWOOD,
NOVEMBER 21

ALL kinds of new, interesting developments are taking place around me, and I feel always a little behind events. Our new post office, now nearing completion, has two picture windows in the front, and I think this is in preparation for the day when the mail arrives in town by rocket. The windows will give the postmaster an unobstructed view of the sky, so he will be able to see the mail coming. A rocket group over in Lincolnville have been making some test shots from their pad, and everything has been going pretty well. They have retrieved quite a lot of mail from Penobscot Bay, not much the worse for its trip, and I imagine their aim is improving all the time and one of these days a sack of mail will drop into the center of town or possibly go right through one of the picture windows. It will probably contain a letter for me from the National Geographic Society notifying me that I am now eligible for membership.

In addition to its picture windows, the new post office will have a flush toilet—another federal first for our town. The old office has no toilet; the postmaster just walks home—a pleasant break in any man's day. Soon, with the new conveniences, he will be cooped up in the office for the entire working session. In some respects, this is a backward step. I am a great believer in a person's getting out into the air every chance he gets.

We have a brand-new mail-delivery system in Maine now, called the Metro system. Instead of letters' being sorted in a nearby office, the way they used to be, they are now sorted in the county seat. This has greatly stepped up the distance a letter travels if it is just headed for somebody in the neighborhood. Many a letter that would formerly have gone a mile or two is now quite well travelled by the time it reaches its destination. If I write a letter to a friend in the village a couple of miles away and drop the letter at the post office that is nearest my house, the letter gets taken all the way to Ellsworth, which is about twenty-five miles in the wrong direction. There it gets placed in either the right sack or the wrong sack, according to the way things are going in Ellsworth that day, and then it is rushed back across the county and goes down the road to the addressee. A better way, really, would be for me to take the letter in my hand and start out on foot with it, wearing a bright-orange cap so as to negotiate the deer crossings safely, and hand it to my friend. This would get me out into the air.

Before the Metro system went into effect, I could put a letter for New York in the mailbox in front of our house toward the end of the afternoon and get an answer back in four days. With the new, improved system, it takes five days. Postmaster General Summerfield is still not satisfied and is full of plans for a new kind of electronic "speed mail," by which a letter can be flashed across the country in a matter of seconds. He says that although the letter must submit to being reproduced, the sanctity of the mail will be preserved, because "no one but the machine" will have a chance to read it. I have thought this over and am still undecided about letting a machine see my private correspondence. The modern machine is rapidly acquiring man's characteristics, and nothing I have read lately has convinced me that machines are as closemouthed as we have always tended to think they are.

Railroad passenger service has also been modernized in my state. This was accomplished by the simple, bold act of removing the trains altogether, which is about as modern as you can get and gives Maine the distinction of being the first state on President-elect Kennedy's new frontier. Settlers are arriving every day in covered station wagons. The last train between Bangor and Portland ran on September 5th, and the last State of Maine Express, between New York and Portland, ran on October 29th. This about winds up railroading. I noticed, though, that when a group of Democrats visited Bangor on a campaign swing just before the election, they arrived in what was dubbed a "victory train." They had hired a truck and fixed the back end of it to look like the rear platform of a whistle-stopping Pullman car. The gubernatorial candidate, Frank Coffin, stood on the simulated platform and advocated a plan for developing a "progressive spirit" in Maine, in an effort to keep talented young people in the state. I think progress has already been made in that direction; there is certainly no way a talented young person can escape from this area by *rail*, unless he wants to be crated and shipped out as a live animal.

Some of the lobstermen along the coast are complaining about a new hazard in their business—skin divers. They

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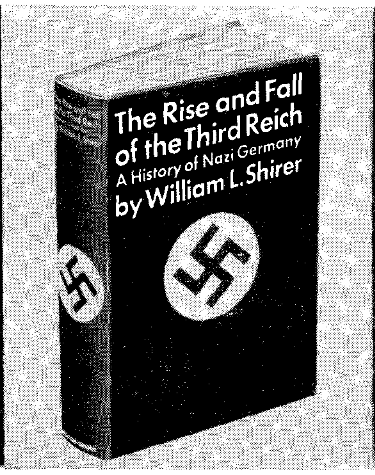

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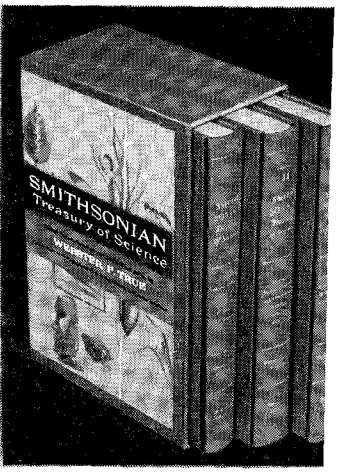

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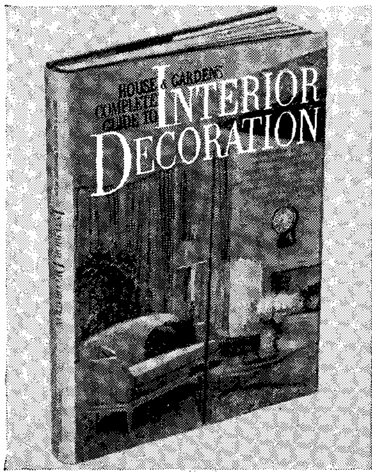

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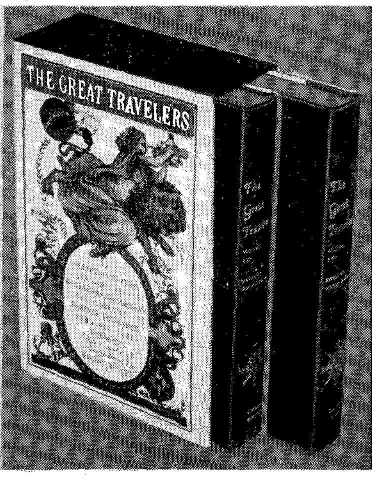

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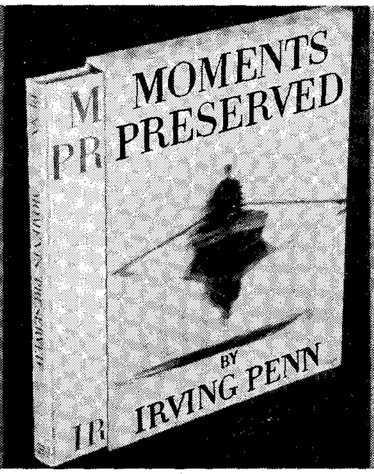

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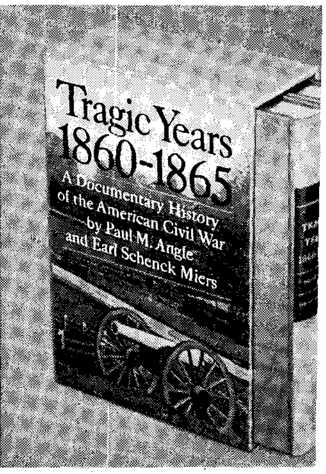

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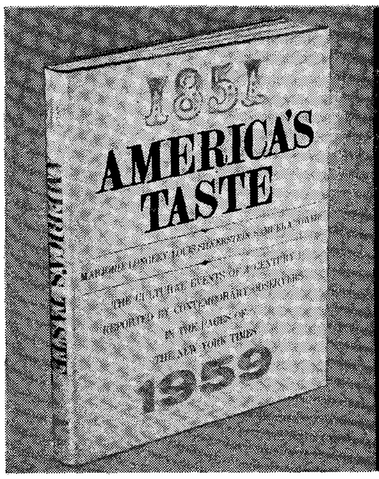

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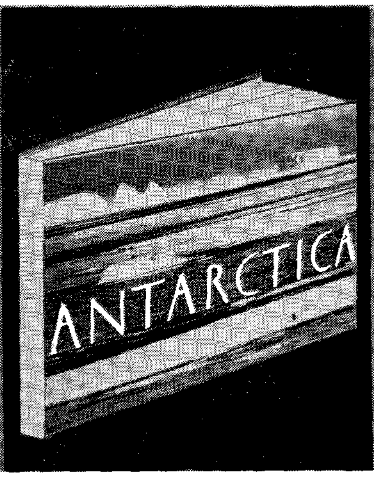

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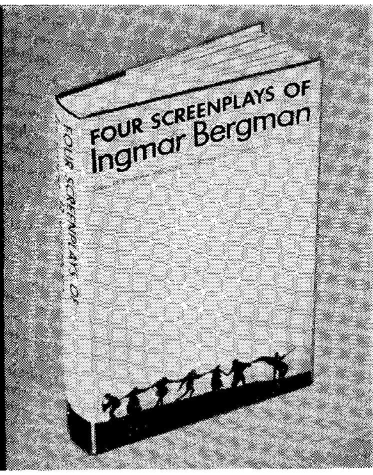

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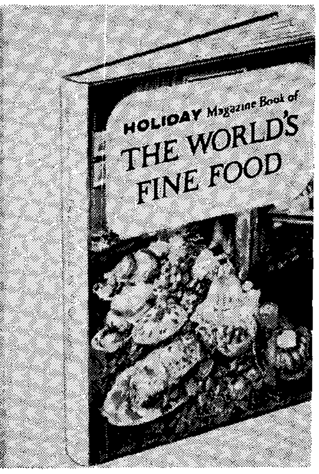

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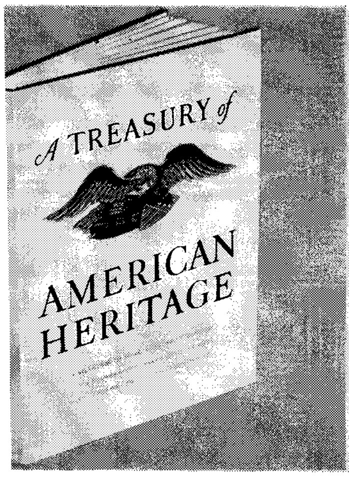
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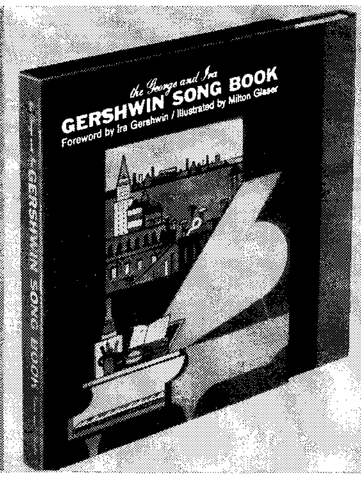
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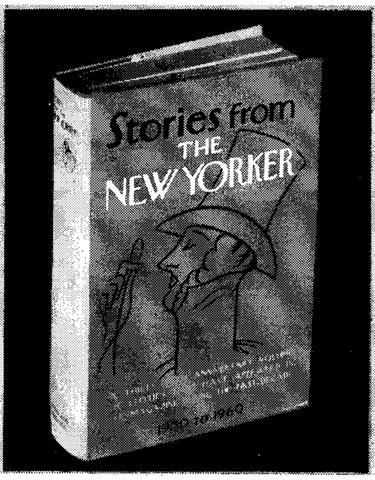
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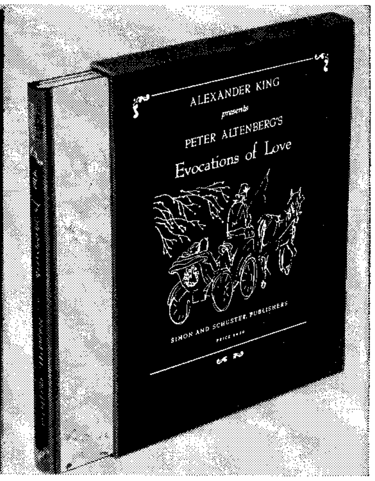
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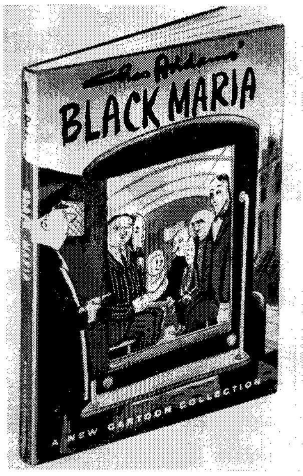
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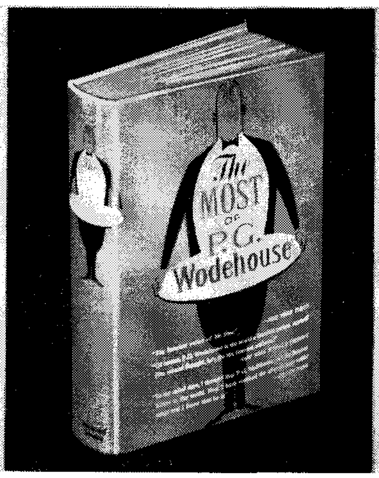
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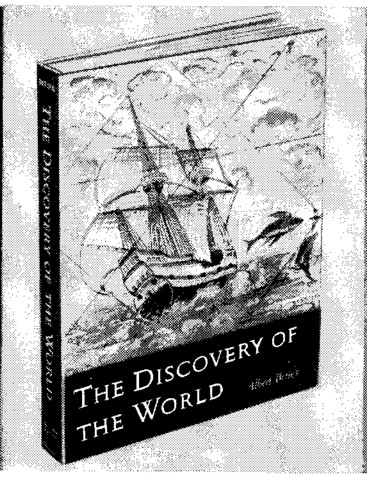
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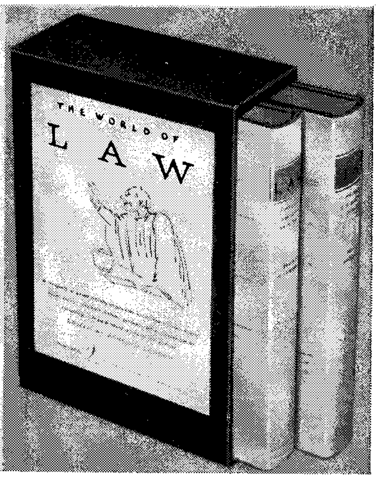
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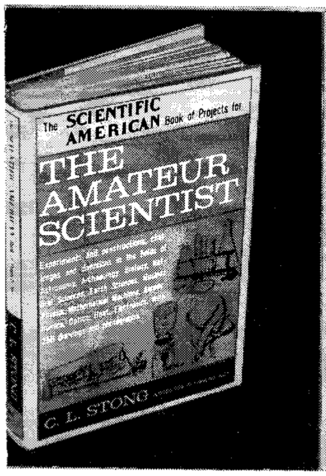
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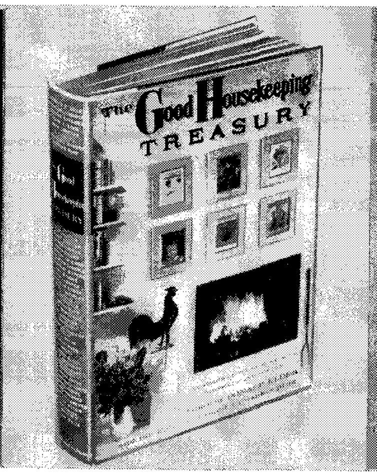
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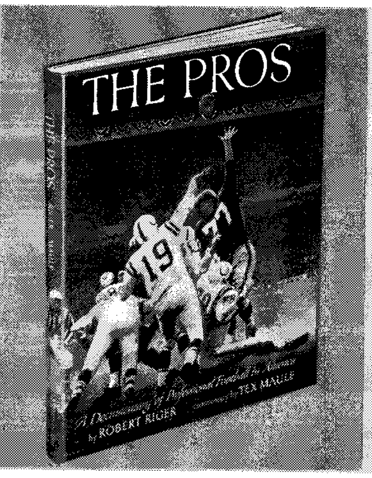
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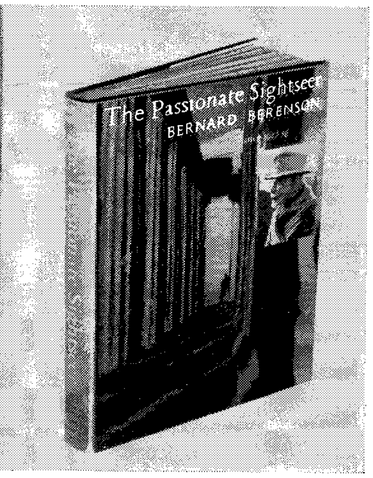
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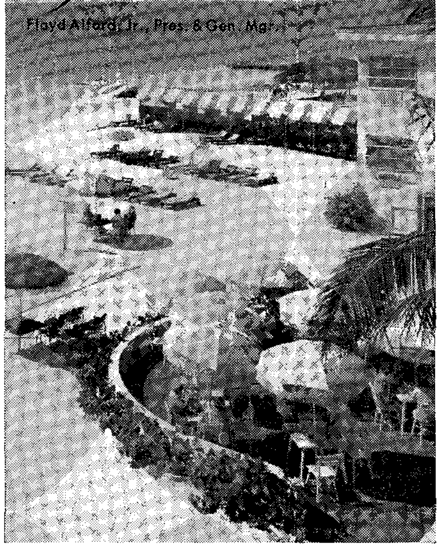

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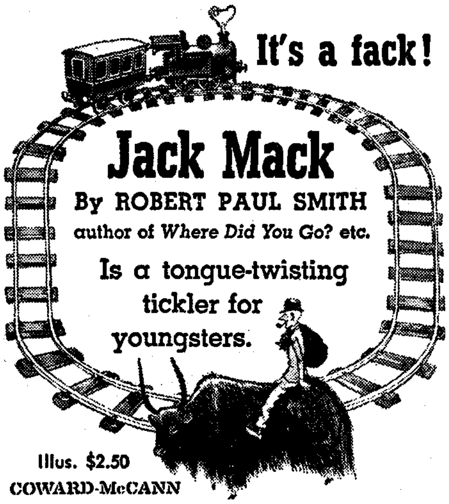
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say the frogmen swim down and steal lobsters from traps on bottom. The Sea and Shore Fisheries Department is taking the matter seriously and is thinking of hiring two skin divers as underwater enforcement agents. These, I guess, will be our first submarine policemen, and their work will be almost as complex as that of the United Nations troops in the Congo. I presume they will be armed with bows and arrows, and will shoot anyone found robbing a trap.

Over on Mount Desert Island, there has been a population explosion among white-tailed deer, and this poses a problem in game management. Hunting is illegal on the island, and the National Park Service people are faced with whittling down the deer population without actually killing any deer. The plan is to shoot about two hundred deer with tranquillizing pellets, capture them while they are tranquil, and remove them to the mainland, where they will be released in the woods, lose their tranquillity, regain their suspicion, and then be shot in the normal manner by licensed hunters with real bullets. You have to meet these modern problems head on. Of course, there are always a few deer that swim back and forth between Mount Desert Island, where hunting is illegal, and the mainland, where hunting is permitted. This constant movement back and forth keeps changing the population count in a very vexatious way, and it may become necessary to post extra skin divers beneath the surface along the principal water crossings. A deer will not be able to smell the frogmen, because of their being underwater, and the men can take a census by looking up from below. It is believed that if the tranquillizing program proves ineffective the deer on the island will be shot by game wardens with live ammunition, and the meat distributed to schoolchildren and hospital patients. This would save one step in the process of getting a piece of venison from the woods to the table.

DURING the Presidential campaign, both candidates flirted around with America's farm problem; they discussed quotas, surpluses, the soil bank, price supports, and controls. To the best of my knowledge, though, neither candidate put his finger on the root of the farm problem; namely, that the farmer himself has disappeared. In his place stands a wholly new man, a fabulous fellow, part industrialist, part mechanic, part chemist. The farm as a source of individual needs and a sup-

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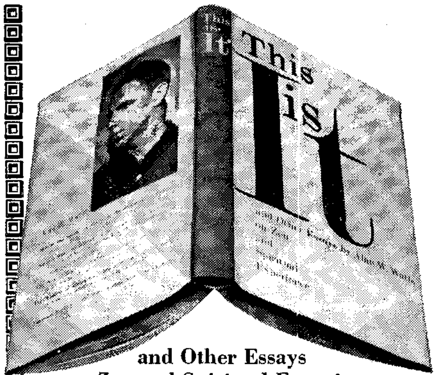

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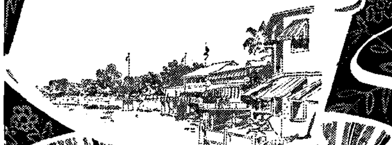

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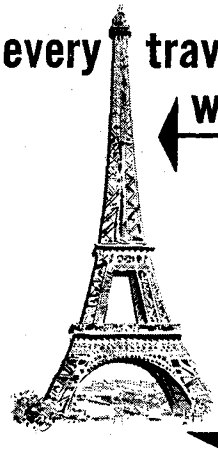

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plier of personal wants has almost vanished from the scene. In its place is a sort of dirt-factory operation, and the land is not so much cultivated as it is mined for gold. Curiously enough, among the few farmers who are still doing things in an old-fashioned or backhanded way are fellows like me, not truly countrymen at all but merely dudes who have the time or the money, or both, for such bygone frivolities as raising some of the stuff they eat and drink.

Thirty years ago, almost every house along this road was hooked up to a family cow. In summer you would see her in the pasture or staked out in a field; in winter her presence would be known by the conical pile of manure against the barn, its apex under the window of the tieup. Most homeowners planted a garden, raised fruits and vegetables and berries, and put their harvest in jars against the long winter. Almost everyone had a few hens picking up the assorted proteins of yard and field. If you walked into a man's barn, you found a team of work horses shifting their weight from one foot to another. This pleasing rural picture has been retouched until it is hardly recognizable. The family cow has gone the way of the ivory-billed woodpecker. Householders no longer plant gardens if they can avoid it; instead, they work hard, earn money, and buy a TV set and a freeze. Then, acting on advices from the TV screen, they harvest the long, bright, weedless rows at the chain store, bringing home a carton of tomatoes with eye appeal and a package of instant potatoes. The family flock of hens has also disappeared. I still have a flock secreted in my barn, but it is not considered the thing any more if you are to enjoy a high standard of living. Hens, if kept at all, must be kept in multiples of a thousand. The largest building that has been erected in this vicinity in recent years is an egg factory—a handsome four-story ovulation arena housing about eight thousand birds. An elevator lifts boughten grain to a high bin, from which an endless chain carries it around the pens in troughs. The owner, one helper, and the Bangor Hydro-Electric Company can take care of the whole operation. The pens do not contain roosts and dropping boards, which are now old hat. The modern hen just sleeps around.

A farm paper that I subscribe to recently sent a poultry reporter to the Maritime Provinces, and he came back with the news that the family flock is on the wane in New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia, and that

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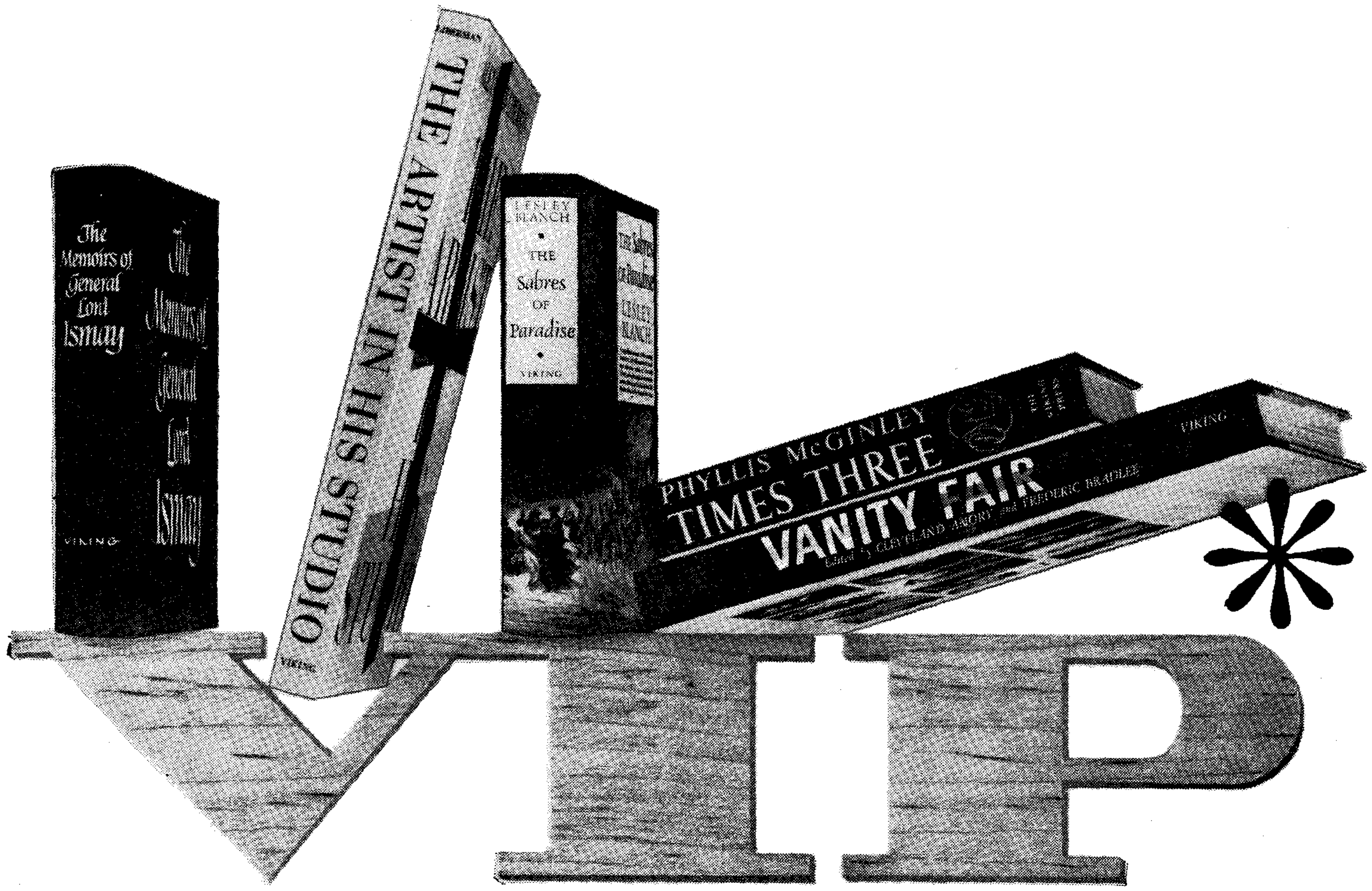

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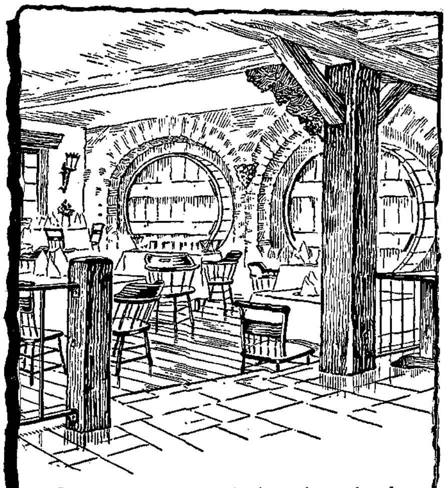
farming in those regions is on the move. He attributes some of the new ways to television. A lot of farm families who used to rise early are now late sleepers, and this has worked changes in their husbandry. Both Nixon and Kennedy have been guests of Jack Paar, but I don't recall that they found any connection between the lateness of the hour and America's farm problem. "In travelling," wrote the reporter, "we could hardly get a cup of coffee before 10 A.M. We thought it interesting to see how quickly customs of people change with a little higher economic level of living." As a man who tries to keep his level of living high, I find it necessary to walk steadily back downhill toward where we all used to be. I still live fairly high on the hog, but it takes an unfaltering spirit of retrogression to accomplish it. The minute I follow the crowd, my standard of living goes down.

I heard a TV comedian the other day make a crack about one of the early-morning educational programs on the air. "It's O.K.," he said. "Anybody who watches television at six in the morning is stupid and needs educating." But I tuned in at seven one morning to watch a program listed as "Today on the Farm," hoping to find out what's the matter. The thing started off with a hillbilly singer plucking away at my early cobwebs and then swung into a study of modern pig farming. The picture showed a sow during farrowing. She was in a white-walled hospital room, under anesthesia. The farmer, dressed for surgery and sterile up to his elbows, was removing her uterus and its interesting load, in order that the pigs might come into the world without being exposed to disease germs. I watched for a while, but I had chores to do and had to turn off before I found out what the man did with the uterus—whether he replaced it in the sow or used it for packaging potato chips. Anyway, it was a clear picture of Today on the Farm, and it stayed in my mind while I was down in the barn cellar in a high state of unsterility, tending some females of a different order. There is still a pigpen in my barn, and it recalled to my mind certain delicious nights when I had sat up with a sow, receiving each tiny pig as it came slithering into the lantern gleam and placing it in a fairly sterile whiskey carton until such time as its mother was ready to receive it. I couldn't help comparing the scenes I remembered with the progressive scene I had just watched on television. And I couldn't help feeling pleased that among the females with whom I was at the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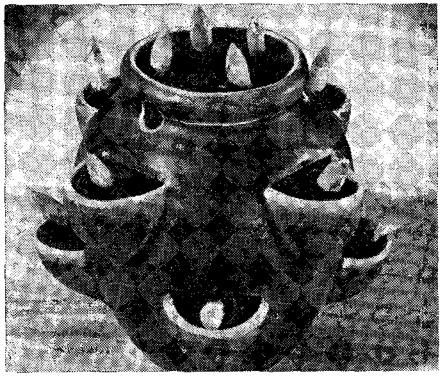
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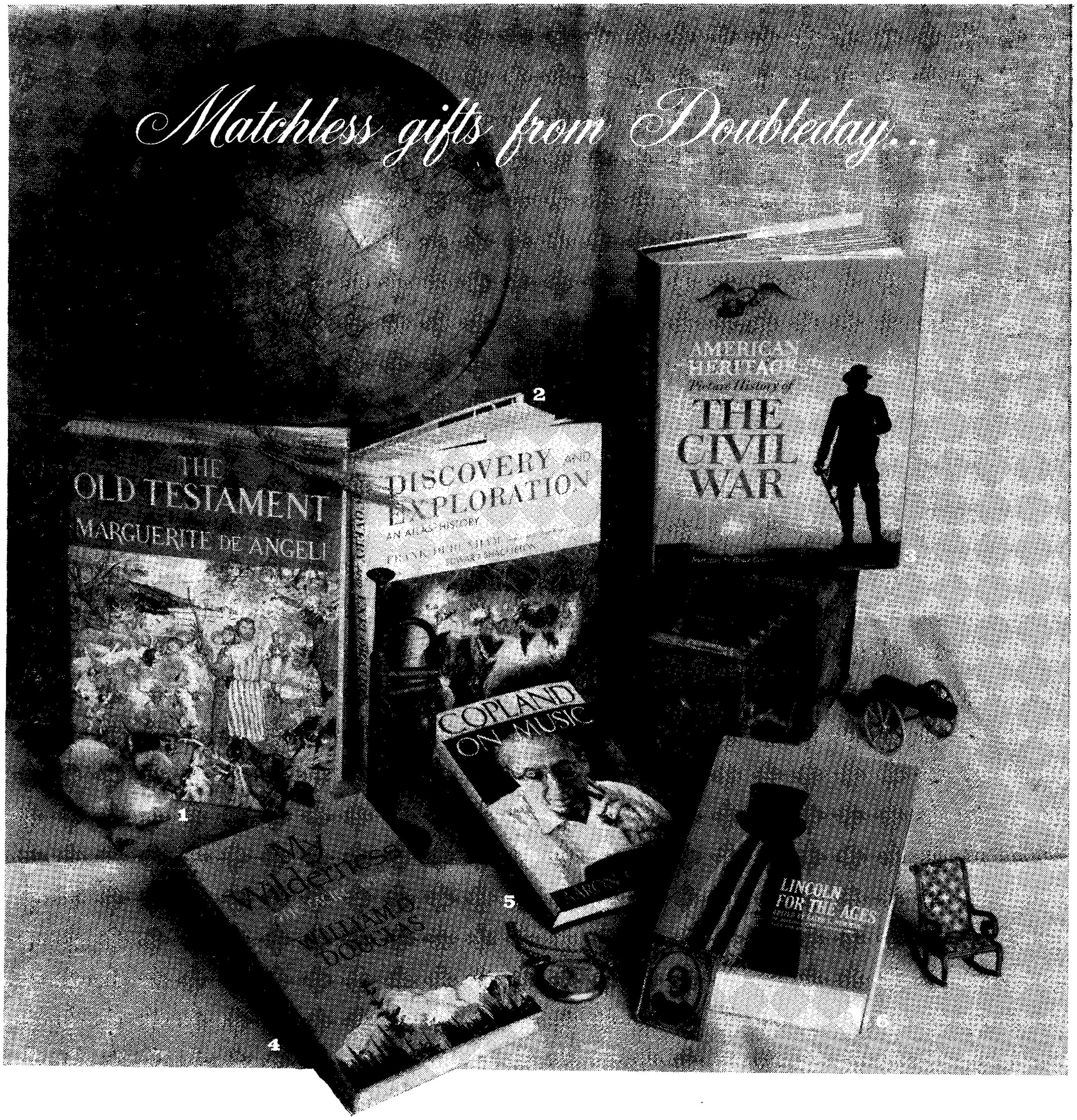
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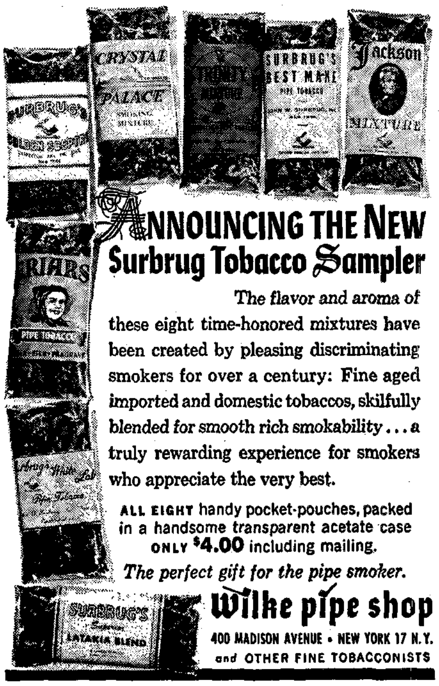

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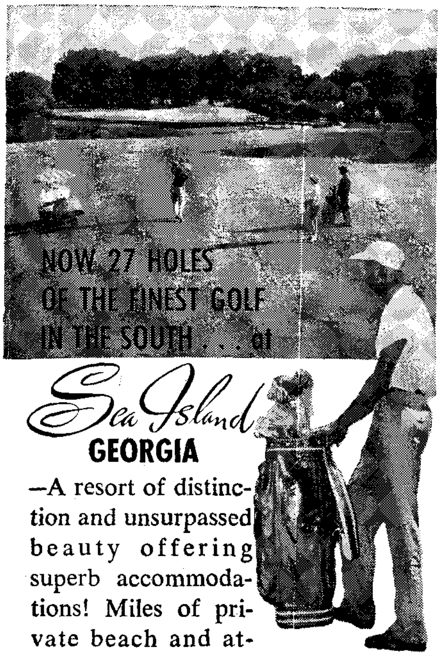
THE effects of television on our culture and on our tone are probably even greater than we suspect from the events of the last few years. TV's effect on political campaigning was great, and, as Richard Rovere recently pointed out in these pages, not entirely healthy. The debates were not conducive to reflection and sobriety; they encouraged quick, cagey answers delivered in headlong style to beat the clock. TV has kept the farmer up late at night, has lured the unwary candidate to offshore islands, and has drawn quiz contestants first into chicanery, then into perjury. It has given liver bile and perspiration a permanent place in the living room—the world's most honored secretions.

John Crosby, who watched television for a living until he felt himself getting loopy, wrote a very instructive column about the whole business several months back. Viewers, he reported, are less concerned about the falsity and fraud of commercials than about the annoyance of them. This is true, and it is unsettling. But you have to go beyond the mere characteristics of commercials to get at the real source of the annoyance. The physical form of TV is so familiar to all of us by this time that we seldom examine it with a fresh gaze. I believe that the basic shape of the audio-visual world is inferior to the shape of the world of journalism and the world of the stage and music hall. The trouble with TV is not that the programs are poor and the commercials sometimes repulsive but that the advertising matter is not in direct competition with the editorial matter, as it is in newspapers and magazines. I see no hope of improving television until this structural fault is corrected.

Take the world of journalism, which is the one I am most familiar with. If you open a copy of the *Times* to a page that has in one column a Macy ad displaying a set of china and in an adjoining column a news story about China itself, your eye makes a choice; you read about Macy's china or about Mao's China, according to your whim. It's a free selection. But if you turn your TV set to a channel, only one image appears, and after you have watched for a few moments, an advertiser buttonholes you and says his piece in a loud voice while you listen or try not to listen, as the case may be. Thus, your attention is not just invited by the commercial, it is to a large extent preëmpted. Preëmption of this sort does not occur in periodicals. It



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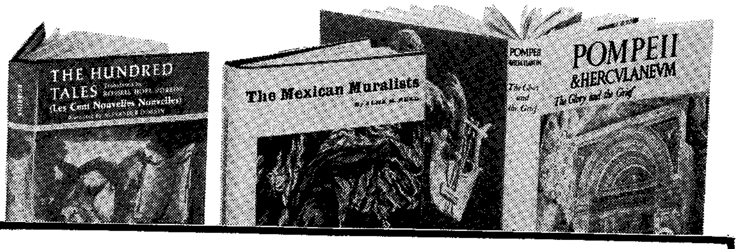

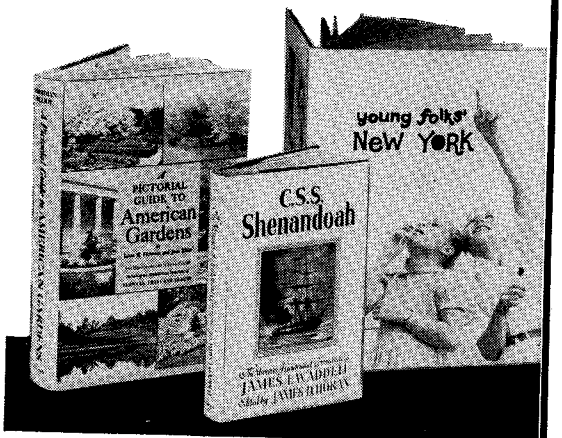

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SEASONED
SALT
SUBSTITUTE
FOR LOW SODIUM DIETS

SEASONED
SALT SUBSTITUTE
for low-sodium diets

Adolph's new Seasoned Salt Substitute provides an exciting blend of ingredients, including pure herbs, spices and mono-potassium glutamate. Now Adolph's adds the flavor lift of Seasoned Salt *without the sodium* to salt-free diets. Use at the table and in cooking. At your grocer's.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

You'll also enjoy Adolph's Salt Substitute.

GIVE . . . or enjoy at home
FAMOUS STEAKS
served by America's luxury restaurants!

pfaelzer
PRIME
FILET MIGNON

You can't buy them in *any* market. Pfaelzer's U. S. Prime filet mignon is served in America's finest restaurants, hotels and clubs. Tender and flavorful . . . aged to mellow perfection . . . a wonderful gift for friends or family. Quick-frozen; perfect arrival is guaranteed! Allow two weeks for delivery. Attractive gift box.

Box of 16 Filet Mignons $33 *Railway Express Prepaid*
6 oz. ea., 1¼" thick

Write for free booklet describing many other Pfaelzer gift items.

PFAELZER BROTHERS (*pronounced FELZER*)
Dept. YP • Chicago 9, Ill. • YArds 7-7100

新雅酒家
The house of quality food for the Epicurean
1341 THIRD AVE.
at 77th St., N. Y. C.
BU 8-2886
Carte Blanche, Diner's and American Express
SUN YAH

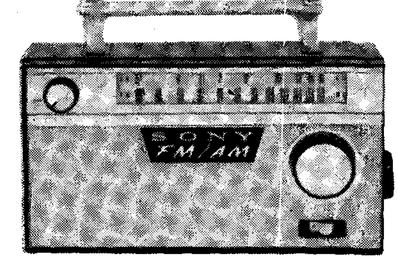
cannot occur. There, advertising matter competes with editorial matter for the reader's attention, and it is fair competition.

Open *The New Yorker.* You may start reading a Profile and, in mid-course, switch to a shoe ad, either because the author of the Profile has allowed your attention to wander or because your feet are killing you. Or you may start reading an automobile ad and switch to the Race Track column, horses suddenly seeming, by contrast with cars, more amusing or more profitable. Whatever happens to you as you dip and sway in these pages happens because of competition. The text and the ads are on an even footing. The choice is yours. I think the cause of my own exasperation with television is that I resent having my attention preëmpted by anyone at all, whether pitchman or prophet. And because television has access to both eye and ear it presents a far more complex problem than do newspapers and magazines, which command only the eye. The problem is stickier, and no easy solution suggests itself.

Another structural difference between television and publishing is that in the case of magazines each article or poem or story is supported by the whole body of advertising, lumped, and not by an individual advertiser. In television it's the other way round; a TV show is usually identified with a sponsor and his product. The sponsor not only backs the show, he gets it up—with the help, of course, of his Madison Avenue outriders. Thus, Chevrolet has Dinah Shore for its girl, Kraft Cheese has Perry Como for its boy. Suppose this passionate arrangement obtained in the world of periodicals; you'd have Walter Kerr reviewing the theatre for Hart, Schaffner & Marx, and you'd have Walter Lippmann cleaning up the political scene for Fab. Such an arrangement would be unnerving, to say the least. If Hart, Schaffner & Marx happened to own a piece of a show, Mr. Kerr would twitch in his seat so violently that he would wear out his critical judgment before the first-act curtain.

In newspapers and magazines (good old newspapers and magazines!), a great number of advertisers (the sum total of those represented) simply join forces in supporting the daring venture of putting out an issue; they buy space and hope to attract some unwary reader's glance, but they don't buy a writer or an artist, they don't create material, and their products are dissociated from the work and the personalities of the men and women who do create the ed-

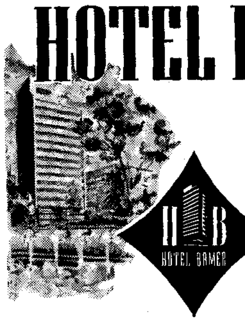
ENJOY FINE MUSIC ANYWHERE
with the remarkable
SONY
FM-AM
BATTERY-OPERATED
ALL-TRANSISTOR
PORTABLE



*RESEARCH MAKES THE DIFFERENCE
Weighs only 3 pounds, including batteries. Features 12 transistors, 4 diodes. The SONY TFM 121 is a marvel of radio engineering and practical convenience. Plays on FOUR FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES, obtainable anywhere. Ideal for listening to "fine music" FM programs—and other programs as well, on FM and AM.
THE PERFECT EXECUTIVE GIFT.
Price, complete with batteries and earphone.................99.95
FREE DELIVERY ANYWHERE IN U. S.
(add 3% tax in N. Y. C. area) *TM

450 MADISON AVENUE AT 50TH STREET, N. Y.
150 EAST 42ND STREET (New Socony Bldg.), N. Y.
975 MADISON AVE. AT 76TH ST. (Hotel Carlyle), N. Y.
795 MADISON AVENUE AT 67TH STREET, N. Y.
PLAZA 3-0180
197 EAST POST ROAD, WHITE PLAINS • WHITE PLAINS 8-5050
LIBERTY Music Shops

In Mexico City
HOTEL BAMER



the most distinguished hotel
Represented in U.S.A. and Canada by:
UTELL INTERNATIONAL New York Plaza 7-2981

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
QUO VADIS
Luncheon · Cocktails · Dinner
26 EAST 63RD STREET AT MADISON AVENUE
TEMPLETON 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
13 E.55TH
PL 3-7296
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55 ST.
daily except Sunday
luncheon
cocktails
dinner
PAVILION
JU 6-5950

ANNOUNCING... three superb new SKIRA ART BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

MODERN PAINTING: CONTEMPORARY TRENDS

Text by NELLO PONENTE
With 100 reproductions
in full color

This long-awaited volume now takes its place beside the Skira History of Modern Painting as one of the classics of postwar art publishing. It offers a sweeping panorama of contemporary painting, from 1945 to 1960, from many countries and in an exciting variety of styles. The engrossing text clearly shows the relationship between modern painting and the currents and crosscurrents of contemporary thought. $27.50

HIERONYMUS BOSCH

Text by ROBERT L. DELEVOY
With 54 reproductions
in full color

A fascinating study of the mysterious Dutchman who lived in the late Middle Ages and painted his golden dreams of Paradise, and his nightmarish visions of Hell, with an explosive power and concentrated intensity far surpassing anything to be found in modern Surrealism. $5.75

CHINESE PAINTING

Text by JAMES CAHILL
With 100 reproductions
in full color

A breath-taking view of twenty centuries of Chinese painting, with all its incomparable refinements of design and profound experience of nature and man. The most precious Chinese paintings are still jealously preserved in the Imperial collections in Formosa and in inaccessible temples and private collections in Japan. Many of these exquisite masterpieces are reproduced here for the first time. The first volume in the new **Treasures of Asia** series, in format identical with **The Great Centuries of Painting** series. $27.50

At all bookstores,
or mail this convenient coupon now ▶

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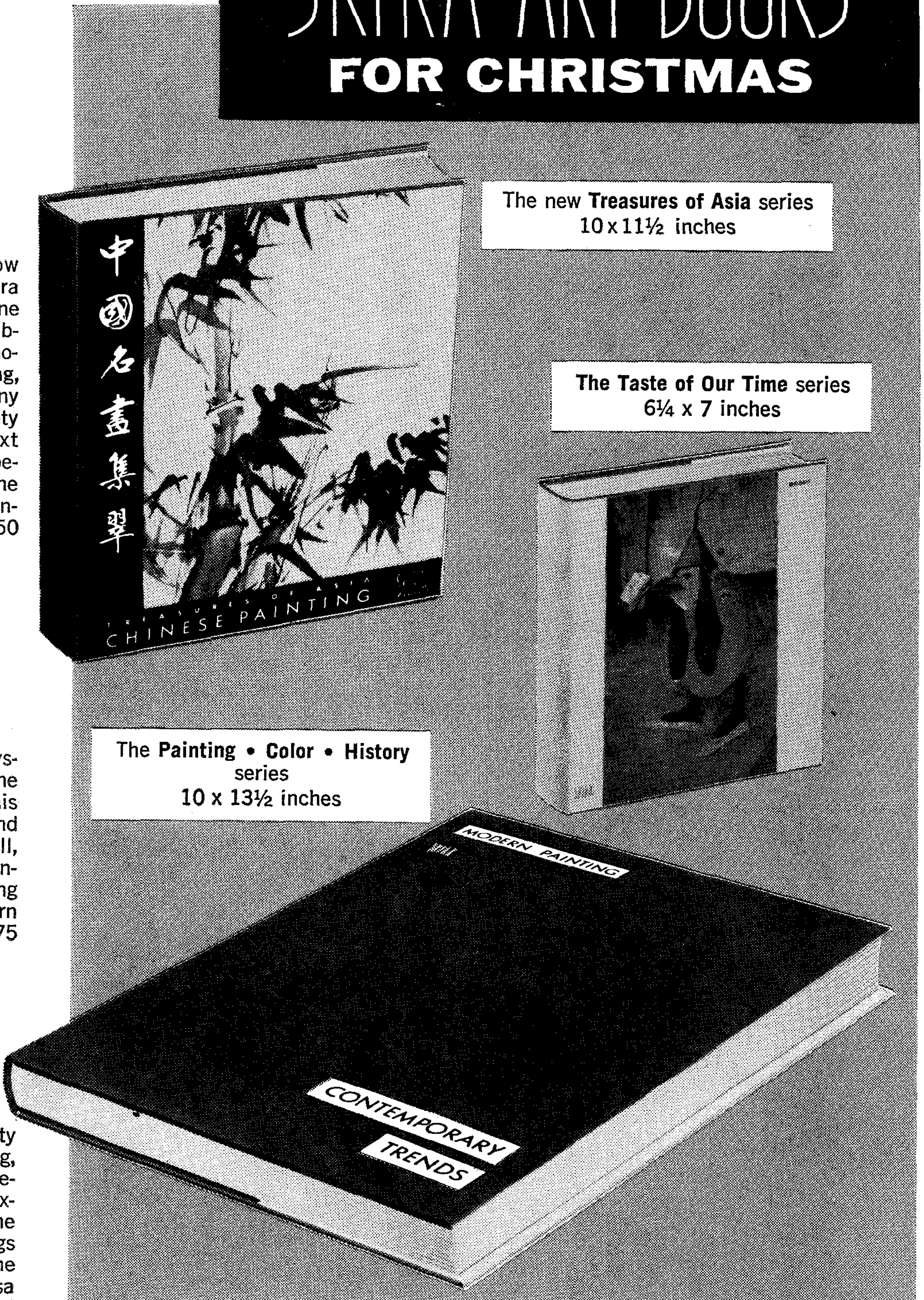
DISTRIBUTED BY WORLD



The new **Treasures of Asia** series
10 x 11½ inches

The Taste of Our Time series
6¼ x 7 inches

The **Painting • Color • History** series
10 x 13½ inches

To Your Bookseller, or

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY, 2231 West 110th Street, Cleveland 2, Ohio

Please send me postpaid the books checked below. I enclose $____ check/money order. It is understood that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return the books within 10 days for full refund.

____copy(ies) of MODERN PAINTING: CONTEMPORARY TRENDS @ 27.50 per copy.

____copy(ies) of HIERONYMUS BOSCH @ $5.75 per copy.

____copy(ies) of CHINESE PAINTING @ $27.50 per copy.

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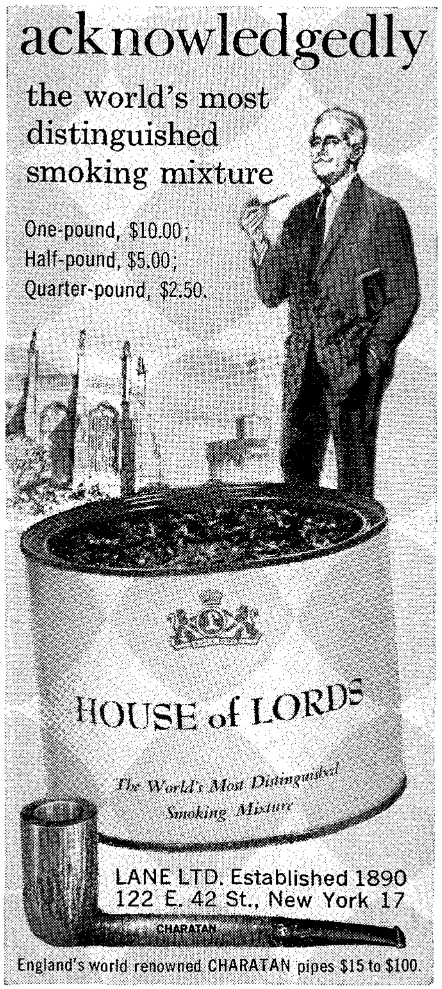


acknowledgedly
the world's most distinguished smoking mixture
One-pound, $10.00;
Half-pound, $5.00;
Quarter-pound, $2.50.
HOUSE of LORDS
The World's Most Distinguished Smoking Mixture
LANE LTD. Established 1890
122 E. 42 St., New York 17
CHARATAN
England's world renowned CHARATAN pipes $15 to $100.

for LUCK and SUCCESS

Genuine Ancient coins bearing fine archaic portraits of the Deities believed to help one's pursuits.

for example: CUFF LINKS or CHARM
MONETA—Goddess of Money $13.50
FORTUNA—Goddess of Fortune $13.50
MINERVA—Goddess of Wisdom $18.00
APOLLO—God of Music $22.00
SALUS—Goddess of Health $20.00
PEGASOS—Patron of Writers $26.00
THE WINNER—Ancient Jockey $26.00
MERCURY—God of Chance (Modern) .$ 6.50
For other jewelry send for "Order Sheet."

CUFF LINKS . . . BLAZER SETS of old Hunt and antique buttons send for listing . . . NOT illustrated

W. KENDALL-SMITH
Jeweler of Coins & Buttons
65 East 54th St., N. Y. C.

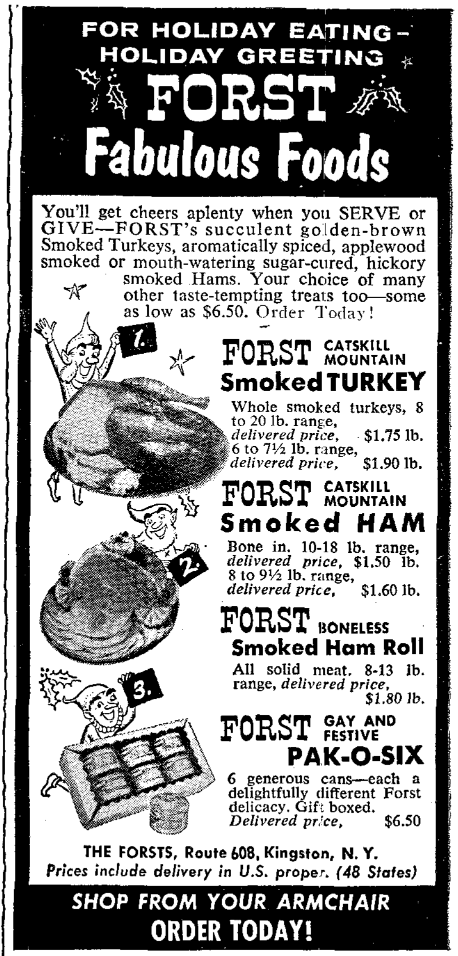
Lenny Bruce • Al Hirt
BASIN STREET East
"He's the King"
Nightly except Sun.
by reservation only
48th St. east of Lexington Ave. • PL 2-4444

itorial content. How different is TV, where the sponsor and his agency are in the saddle most of the time! Correction: the whole time.

The TV industry should realize that being in possession of a customer's ear is a responsibility unlike that of being in possession of his eye. The eye can reject an image, but the ear cannot escape from sound. TV from the start has seized this advantage and exploited it to the hilt, and from the start the audience has resented it. The exploitation mounts, the resentment mounts, and I think the resentment will continue to grow until something gives way and busts.

I'm a firm believer in the system of having private enterprise support public utterance; advertising is the safest and best foundation for free speech. It is also diverting and instructive in itself, being the showcase for our national dream, and people like to study advertising, provided they do so of their own free will. Advertising becomes objectionable and irritating only when it gets the upper hand, and that is exactly what it has got in television. The basic design of the medium is somehow defective.

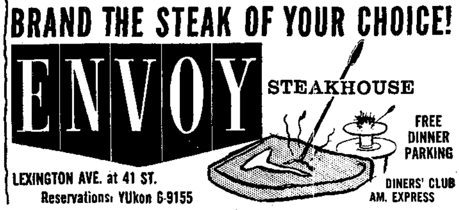
Ideally, if TV is not to preëmpt the attention of the viewer and is to permit him a free choice of material, such as he enjoys with newspapers and magazines, a TV set should have two screens, one right next to the other—a delightful, if chaotic, situation. One screen would be the showcase for advertising, the other the showcase for editorial matter. The revenue from Screen 1 would support the material on Screen 2—the debates, the panels, the drama, the weather, and the news. Stations and networks would be in the same boat with publications; the editors would put the whole show together, without one single assist from advertising genius. Ronald Reagan, instead of appearing for General Electric, would appear for Ronald Reagan. Advertising would be regularly scheduled and would have its separate listing in the guide. A master switch would be at the viewer's hand. If he desired utter confusion, he could watch both screens at once. If something occurring on one screen seemed more diverting than the thing occurring on the other, he could flip. The viewer would enter his living room and find both screens going full blast—bedlam. On the advertising screen Zsa Zsa Gabor would be giving the news of underarm security; on the editorial screen the Secretary of State would be giving the news of national security. The viewer could decide which presentation, which person,



FOR HOLIDAY EATING—HOLIDAY GREETING
FORST Fabulous Foods
You'll get cheers aplenty when you SERVE or GIVE—FORST's succulent golden-brown Smoked Turkeys, aromatically spiced, applewood smoked or mouth-watering sugar-cured, hickory smoked Hams. Your choice of many other taste-tempting treats too—some as low as $6.50. Order Today!
1. FORST CATSKILL MOUNTAIN Smoked TURKEY
Whole smoked turkeys, 8 to 20 lb. range, *delivered price,* $1.75 lb.
6 to 7½ lb. range, *delivered price,* $1.90 lb.
2. FORST CATSKILL MOUNTAIN Smoked HAM
Bone in, 10-18 lb. range, *delivered price,* $1.50 lb.
8 to 9½ lb. range, *delivered price,* $1.60 lb.
FORST BONELESS Smoked Ham Roll
All solid meat, 8-13 lb. range, *delivered price,* $1.80 lb.
3. FORST GAY AND FESTIVE PAK-O-SIX
6 generous cans—each a delightfully different Forst delicacy. Gift boxed. *Delivered price,* $6.50
THE FORSTS, Route 608, Kingston, N. Y.
Prices include delivery in U.S. proper. (48 States)
SHOP FROM YOUR ARMCHAIR
ORDER TODAY!

"Unqualifiedly admirable"
—Anthony Boucher, *New York Times*
A MARK OF DISPLEASURE
by Elizabeth Hely
Murder in Edinburgh at festival time. $2.95
a Scribner suspense novel

OLD KINDERHOOK PRODUCTS, INC.
KINDERHOOK, N.Y.
Offers large and juicy, hand selected apples from the *famous Hudson River Valley—Gift packaged in custom* designed boxes—Shipped direct to you from the orchard. An ideal present for children at school, for friends at Christmas, or try them in your own home. Red Delicious, or McIntosh—24 apples @ $5.60/box prepaid anywhere east of the Mississippi. (Add $1.00/box west of the Miss.). Check or money order please.
Mail orders to Box 410, Kinderhook, New York



BRAND THE STEAK OF YOUR CHOICE!
ENVOY STEAKHOUSE
FREE DINNER PARKING
LEXINGTON AVE. at 41 ST.
Reservations: YUkon 6-9155
DINERS' CLUB
AM. EXPRESS

seemed the more attractive or instructive. No program would have a patron, every program would enjoy the support of the entire field of advertising, and Dinah Shore could see the U.S.A. in a moving van if she wanted to. I do not sketch the outlines of this dizzying structure to show the solution to the problem of TV, merely to show what the problem really is—or what I think it really is. The problem is how to support the editorial stuff with the advertising stuff without subjecting the viewer to a thousand indignities and without compelling singers and actors and reporters and philosophers to identify themselves with hair sprays, bug sprays, floor wax, and marshmallows. If television advertising were truly in competition with editorial matter, instead of being in command of it, the quality of TV advertising would immediately improve. It would have to, in order to stay alive.

The most troublesome result of television's format is that, slowly but surely, the industry has pushed almost every celebrated performer into the role of pitchman. There is hardly a person of any note in the TV world who does not lead a double life; right in the middle of whatever he is saying or doing there comes a pause, and the performer holds up a can of cleaning fluid and recites the lesson. Prior to this unseemly pause, the actor or the singer or the ballplayer was obviously a person whose opinions and ideas were spontaneous and his own; then it suddenly turns out that his good opinion of the sponsor's product has been prefabricated and is, in reality, the opinion of somebody else. (Next week the sponsorship may change and his good opinion will shift smoothly to the new product, for the same or more money.) This is a relatively new cloud in the American sky, this practice of commandeering people in the arts for advertising and promotion. Across the TV screen marches an endless procession of peddlers. There is no parallel to it in the publishing world. Some TV performers like it, some hate it, some, like Godfrey, are switch-hitters, as happy in one role as in the other; most (I think) simply accept it as an occupational hazard. No matter what a man thinks of it, he is not in a good position to hold out against it; the pressure is always on.

As a viewer, I feel demeaned. I hate all kinds of fuzziness. I believe that when a TV personality speaks disinterestedly one moment, interestedly the next, it does something to the performer and something to me. Even after so

THE BOOKS TO GIVE ARE
"Books that Live"

THE LOVELY AMBITION
By **MARY ELLEN CHASE.** This great best seller is "a joyous story of Maine long ago."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "A lovely book."—*Washington Post.*
5th PRINTING. $3.95

WINTER SOLSTICE
By **GERALD WARNER BRACE.** This new novel by a distinguished American author is "highly readable . . . one of the best books we have about modern New England."—*N. Y. Times.* "First-class."—NEWSWEEK. $3.95

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF MUSIC
By **PAUL HENRY LANG and OTTO L. BETTMANN.** The pageant of music, in over 600 illustrations from the art of all ages, with evocative text. A sumptuous gift book. $10.00

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THE NEW COLLEGE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC
By **J. A. WESTRUP and F. L. HARRISON** of Oxford University. A splendidly comprehensive, authoritative work of reference, at a remarkably low price. 739 pages; over 1000 musical examples. ONLY $6.95

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC.

CLEAR VISION

"What does he see in her?" "What does she see in him?" Who hasn't heard those comments often enough to be convinced that beauty is indeed in the beholder's eye.

Unfortunately, when it comes to investing, value is sometimes in the stockholder's eye instead of in the company, where it belongs. Many an investor has bought stock on a tip or a hunch, seen the price toboggan, and stubbornly refused to admit his error and sell, taking his loss like a man. You might say that his vision is clouded, and woe will be his lot in the market.

Clouded vision, blindness, myopia, rose-colored glasses—these have no place in investing. What's more, sentiment should be submerged, and pipe dreams should go out the window. When you invest, be as clear-eyed and cold-blooded as you can, for your own sake.

If you'd like to have the help of our Research Department, whose job it is to see financial life steadily and see it whole, whose members deal with facts and figures, not fancies, feel free to call on them. Their services are yours to command.

They can supply you with information about almost any company that interests you, review your holdings if you have any, suggest suitable investments for any sum of money . . . all without charge or obligation but in the candid hope that if you decide to invest, you'll choose to do business with us.

JOSEPH C. QUINN

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH
INCORPORATED

Members New York Stock Exchange and all other Principal Exchanges

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132 offices in U. S., Canada and abroad

many years, I experience a slight internal twinge, as though I had taken a tiny bullet from a distant gun.

A year or so ago, payola was in the news and TV was in the doghouse. Americans were shocked at the way money was being passed around for sly promotional services. But payola strikes me as much less disquieting than pay. Payola has been around since the invention of money; it will always be around, because there will always be a new crop of alert characters willing to take money for undercover service. Payola is simply an evil associated with the human character, which is less than perfect. But the steady drift of people from the lively arts into the ranks of advertising is not an evil; it is a mist settling on our pond. The old clarity simply isn't there any more. In its place we have the new, big, two-headed man, one mouth speaking his own words, smiling his own smile, the other mouth speaking the words that have been planted, smiling the smile that has been paid for in advance. This is nationally demoralizing.

If anybody thinks I'm implying that TV artists have compromised themselves by giving the pitch, he fails to understand my complaint. I do not think anybody has compromised himself; I think everybody has fallen heir to a system that is disagreeable, disenchanting, interruptive, and unhealthy. Any person who, as a sideline, engages in promoting the sale of a product subjects his real line of work to certain strains, and fogs the picture of himself in the minds of all. It seems sad that the TV industry, on which ride the country's hopes for entertainment, education, and information, should have felt it necessary, as a first step, to equip its pundits, its clowns, its reporters, and even its children, with something to sell.

—E. B. WHITE

•

Engle said the way to break the north-south deadlock on water is to "provide enough water in the next 15-20 years so the south can receive assurances it will get water from the projects its tax dollars help build and the north will be able to give these assurances without fear of being left high and dry.

This is one helluva story.—*Los Angeles Times*.

Stop talking to yourself!

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From a newssheet published by Station KWBE, Beatrice, Nebraska*]

Police Chief Gene Burton reminds all dog owners in City of Beatrice that all dogs must be tied up, retroactive to first of this month and until further notice.

Only 80 miles north of Montreal

Mont Tremblant Lodge club and cottages

Learn to ski in our famous L'Ecole de Ski du Mont Tremblant under Ernie McCulloch! Ski Weeks from $105 including classes, all lift tickets, meals and lodging. Here, at the highest peak in the Laurentians, are over 50 miles of downhill trails for novice or expert served by chair lifts and T-bars. Accommodations in Lodge, Inn or your own private chalet. Delicious French-Canadian cuisine, movies, dancing nightly. Write today for colour folder!

Mont Tremblant, P. Q., Canada

Mrs. Joseph B. Ryan, *President and Managing Director*

Your Address: Chicago's magnificent gold coast

Enjoy superlative luxury only five minutes from downtown . . . steps from famous restaurants and exclusive North Michigan Avenue stores. Superb appointments and friendly service. Rooms, suites and apartments by the day, month or year.

New York Office PL 5-9747
Donald O. Cronin, Mgr.

LAKE SHORE DRIVE HOTEL
181 E. Lake Shore Dr. • SU 7-8500

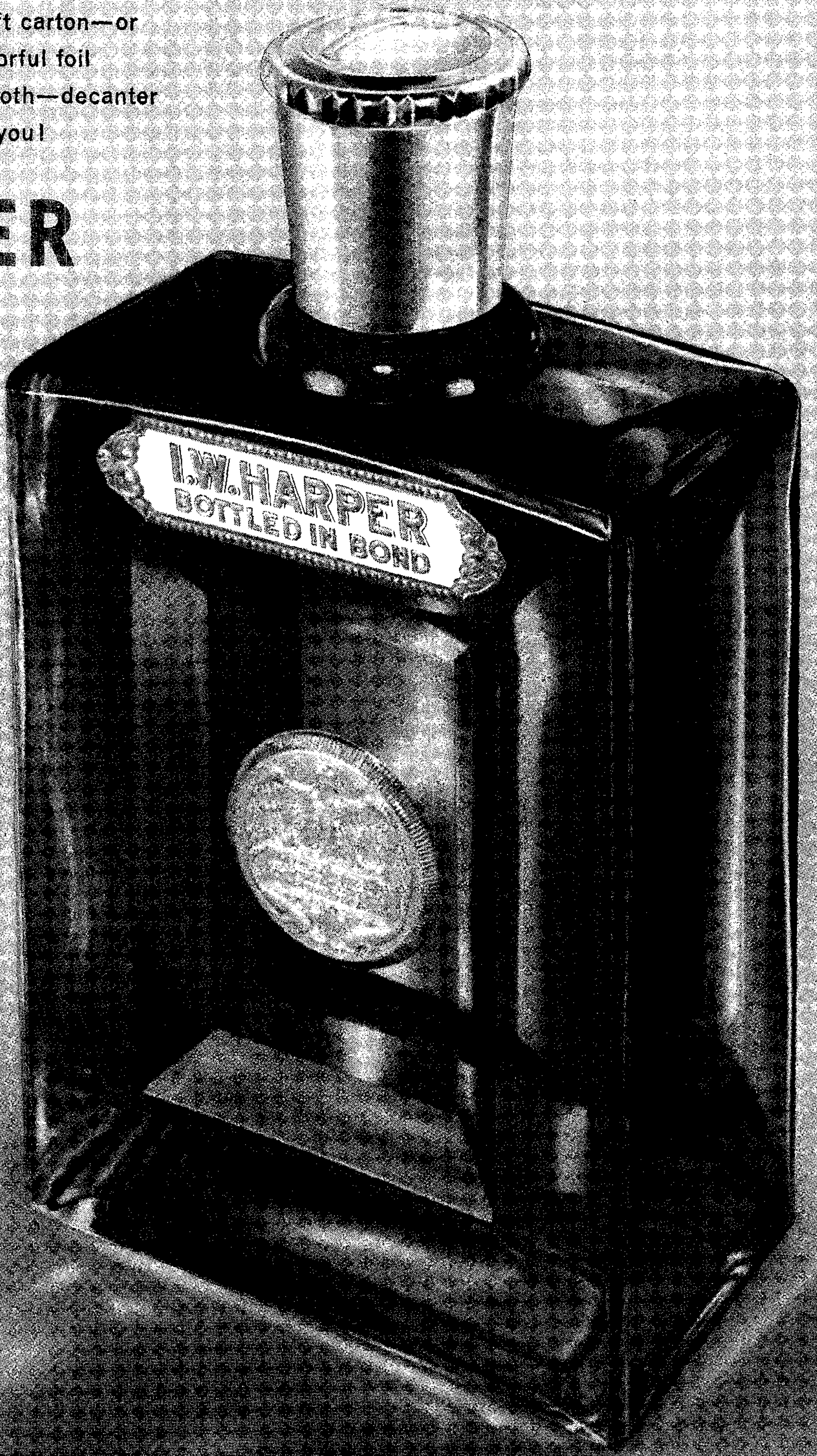
Luncheon at the Airport
at the PANORAMA
in the amazing new Pan American Terminal
and, of course The Golden Door
atop the international arrival building
also the VISA VIE
for cocktails & espresso
RESERVATIONS OLYMPIA 6-6060
N. Y. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

Holiday-time...
and the giving is easy

It's easy to please...when you give the Prized Kentucky Bourbon in this dramatic "Medallion" Decanter with richly embossed gift carton—or the familiar round bottle in its colorful foil gift-wrap. Same fine Bourbon in both—decanter and gift-wrap at no extra cost to you!

I.W. HARPER


I.W. HARPER
BOTTLED IN BOND

BOTTLED IN BOND
I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
THE GOLD MEDAL BOURBON

...it's always a pleasure since 1872

THE BOURBON INSTITUTE
FOUNDING MEMBER

FULL 4/5 QUART • KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED AT I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

On one of the sweeping, pink beaches that ring the Baham

When a lady needs a lift . . .

Nassau
and the Bahamas

To create this classic pick-me-up, nature blended pink sands, transparent sea and sopl ticated pleasures. Little wonder many say this happy-go-lazy British colony offers best resort life of our time. Enjoy cosmopolitan Nassau, with its striking contrasts gentle ease and gay excitement. Visit smart shops, where perceptive girls can buy tre ures at prices so low they're corrupting. Then complete your store of memories ar the outer Resort Islands, where modern comforts belie their romantic 18th century setti

Your Travel Agent will plan your vacation in Nassau and the Bahamas for you. for additional information, please write Dept. CU, Bahamas Development Boa 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y. Telephone PLaza 7-1611.

BY SEA: From New York, Holiday Cruises, Dec. 23 and 30. Weekly sailings Saturdays, 4 P.M. thereafter, M.S. ITALIA, Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York 4. From Miami, Mondays and Fri S.S. BAHAMA STAR, Eastern Shipping Corp., Miami 1. **BY AIR:** Direct, daily flights from New York (2½ hours); Miami (50 minutes) and other Florida cities. Direct service from Toronto and Mont